

Hello, and welcome to our Trilogy

First, again we want to thank you for showing an interest and taking the time to check out our Trilogy. Starting back in April of 1990 is when we began with the idea to write about our wild at times adventurous clandestine life experiences over many years, and by 1998, we were having a full-on soul healing cathartic trip happening. And if there's one thing we can honestly say that we learned from all the twists and turns that came from the very beginning after we met, is that one never knows what's coming around the corner in life..!!

When we started writing we learned right away that nothing goes in the order of thought placement turned into chapters as planned, so we kind of quickly adjusted to go with the flow, and not stress out over the small stuff. And now many years later looking at all the dozens and dozens of descriptive chapter names that give a glancing detail of our world we insanely at times lived in, well a Trilogy of this unusual kind sort of shaped itself up with all kinds of twists & turns over time, and it all seemed to work out just fine. And like I said in the above paragraph, 'you never know what's coming around the corner in life'.

Inside our books you will discover deep and thoughtful humane action, plus near and far out futuristic visions, along with the high probability of drastic and world altering events. You will also discover an eclectic array of meaningful ideas, borne of clairvoyant moments, stirred up by our shared wild ride of all our experiences. And so, we humbly say, we felt the need to write about them for all those curious and interested to ponder.

Please understand how hard it is to express in this short opening statement what we are trying to fully communicate in our unique novel/Novel. The first 'novel' represents the adjective as you know it, meaning new and unusual in an interesting way. (NESARA) ++ The second 'Novel' acts as the definition for what we are presenting: A narrative/of DOTS &@& codes which to this day R systematically placed all throughout our Trilogy pages. In the old days we used the Yahoo finance message boards, & others in my multiple coded languages, but now I've updated my coding with the boys, but it's none'ya binn'ness'..

We have always hoped that every reader would experience positive knowledgeable outcomes from a plethora of mind action awakening thoughts we have placed throughout our dozens of chapters in our Trilogy. If we may say, we're sure you'll find them, for it wasn't our intent to be evasive when trying to lend a helping hand in being passers on of anything to help our fellow American citizens. NESARA=NO MORE FEDERAL TAXES++

Right from the outset of it all, we worked tirelessly on everything we're presenting here, including our book cover artwork, and we hope you'll look closely at them on our website, and absorb the subliminal meaning of our positive hidden messages within the artwork.

At various times over the years we all had to help each other through and along with what's called '**Writers Block**'. Together we got through it all and now we hope that millions of good Americans, as well as people all around the world will hear about our Trilogy, but most importantly, our new & groundbreaking Independent Political Party.

There has been an ongoing long train of abuses by too many of our representatives in Washington D. C. and we believe that the time has come to put 'We the People' sincerely back into the limelight, & that straight up means '**WE THE PEOPLE COME FIRST**'.

You will see our party show true grit and strength, and work tirelessly to bring forth the steady pounding of the drum, of our '**American's Patriotic Life Improvement Movement.**' We never intended this to be a slogan, but it kind of grows on its own merit to be just that, so, just sayin'. (NESARA) needs to become the free & fair taxation way!

Of the multiple goals we hope to pursue via our books, the profound and absolute key will be to bring **Peace to the World**, with the idea that '**Cooler Heads Must Prevail.**' We are ALL living in fast moving, dangerous times, and all leaders **of all** countries must realize that no one can ever win a **NUCLEAR WAR!**

~ ~ ~

Now I have to add something very important, so the air is clear and understood about our writing style and tone. It is us, plain and simple, meaning we never hired any editors, proof readers or asked for any second opinions to rewrite any parts of our work.

The real deal of it all, is that we are here writing out everything in our rawest, down to earth, natural feeling, speaking, and thinking ways we are, Period!

Please overlook or let me ask you to forget about our poor at times punctuation mistakes, cause there's plenty of em, along with our lots of not so perfect grammar, plus paragraph breaks and possible occasional spelling errors, but that seemed to get lots of correcting with this new fan dangled built in word processing technology, so cool, and thanks. And if you see these double commas occasionally (, ,), it's our way of saying that there is a short spoken word pause going on with one of us or other characters speaking to one another. I mean come on, people do pause in their thoughts when talking amongst each other.

Okay, last but not least, this has to be spelled out and made clear and understood. Our books are a work made up of 'A Stream of Consciousnesses', and without any negativity, my dear good buddy/co-writer, wants this fact upfront and understood. And that is, from his growing wild childhood on up, he had a tendency of butchering a few, or actually many words of and in the English language, and you'll pick up on all of them right away. But I'm absolutely sure in time once you're in his rhythm of word slaughter, you'll flow with (em) in his general straight forward & easy manner of communicatin'. Yes, I'm sure you will.

The bottom line is, we really hope you will overlook our imperfections, and understand our strange and adventurous entered thru at times Quantum Leap existed lives, and more important I feel, my future vision world telling. We also hope you learn a variety of helpful and meaningful ideas that you can carry with you throughout your future lives.

OK, Cool Biz, we're glad to open up like that, & just be straight up. LOL, but serious too!

Now a quick introduction of our Political Party

Our new political parties' goal from the beginning will be to help all our fellow good countrymen, for there has been a governmental ongoing '**Long Train of Abuses**', and it all needs to be stopped and be absolutely corrected immediately. . . Yeah, for sure easy to say, I get it, but TB always said to all of us, 'if good men & women neglect to fight against what is truly **WRONGLY BEING DONE OVER & OVER, THEN THE BAD GUYS 'WIN' JUST BY DEVAULT**'.. IT'S JUST THAT SIMPLE~! Fight for (NESARA) learn about this!!

The abundance of WASTE-FRAUD & ABUSE going on in our country is going to eventually sink the ship WE ALL ARE ON! And it's true and anybody that can do simple math and has basic common sense, that we need to RIGHT THE SHIP in many regards.

We are going to do our best to right the wrongs, but we are going to need you to learn all about us, and then give us your approval and join our Party if you believe we truly can make a difference for you, and most important, for our great country.

At stake is making an everlasting peace agreement with Russia, and then working with them to bring along logical thinking actions for all nations to work to clean up the poisoning of our climate and our vast Earth and Oceans, before Mother Nature really decides to show who is the REAL BOSS! Technology can clean our oceans, air, and land!

We are the heartfelt and caring Mayflower Compact Patriots, (MCP) and we ask you to go visit our <http://www.mayflowercompactpatriots.com/>), so you can learn all about our well thought out platform of key crafted ideas that are true logical levelheaded plans for the security and betterment of all American lives.

We sincerely Thank You. (Addendum 2024) Contact us at: katmandue707@proton.me
{America's Patriotic Life Improvement Movement, is what we want & stand FOR}

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This is a very unique novel/Novel. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner, and some serious revelations going on inside the many pages. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. Protect our close associates is our goal. The owners/writers have full control of their work, and worked hard to hopefully have an outcome to achieve a goal of educating, entertaining & bringing Harmonious Peace to the Planet, especially between the United States and Russia.

ISBN XXXXXXXXXXXXX

Right The Ship



Right

We the People

The

Ship

The Next Revolution,

America Reborn

... This Matters!



Always Think Outside The Box

John 15:13

TR & Stoney

‘Pardon My Polite Explanation’

This needs to be said up front and in a direct open confessional admitting way. Ok, so here it is, this manuscript you just opened up to read was not written by me, and actually what is even worse (I really mean to say), is the authors don't have any knowledge or even the slightest hint or clue that their apparent years of work is being published. And I'll tell you something else, I don't think they ever wanted their book out in the world, but just kept on writing in it because of some sort of deep personal venting and cathartic exercise it mentally gave them. The fella that kept writing these 'Blink of an Eye' chapters, at times went on some very angry ranting and raving directed at some highly positioned political people, but as I got into their books, I couldn't blame this guy from all that he learned over the years. You'll see, you'll get it, but that's just my gut feeling, and hey, maybe you'll come away feeling the same.

So the real deal is, this book you're starting to read came from a stolen large tightly wrapped package that was inside a fairly good size army style duffel bag, which was ripped off by an inappropriate, bad-behaving and one-time close associate I'll admit I know. And further, I'm absolutely sure they shocked and without question big-time pissed off the victim that they slickly set up and did their bad deed upon.

The leader of the pack of thieves explained to me they got lucky with their chance window of opportunity, when while carefully following their target, he surprisingly made a stop into a poorly lit computer store parking lot off of Federal Highway in Fort Lauderdale Florida. The boss of the operation told me it all went down when this old guy exited his rental vehicle, then went into the store and that's when the leader made his move in a time frame of less than fifteen fast moving seconds.

The bags they robbed were owned by this old dude who had Spirit Airline tags on them and a passport stamp showing he just returned from Costa Rica in the year 2050, but that's the crazy mystery of it all because we're only in June of 2018. Did you catch that because when I first picked up on seeing those dates on his two bags and passport, my one-time friend, the boss, well he and I didn't know at all what to make of it. He told me the old guy's eyes from a distance looked young and alert, and his body and voice too, but

if we went by the date of birth on his stolen passport, then that would make him one hundred years old. In the beginning of it all and even as you read this, I'm still wondering and don't quite know what to say about the oddity of those dates of 2050.

So that being that, I need to explain something important to you, and that is the counter car rental young clerk was working with these thieves, so the old guy didn't have a chance from the minute he walked up and got sucked into the awaiting scam.

You see for the bad guys the set up was all about getting their victim switched out of his original car he wanted and into an easily accessible trunkless minivan. For the most part, everything they planned for the kiosk action went as smooth as could be expected, other than some surprising rough verbal blowback from the old man who the boss decided was going to be their easiest target from other travelers he could have picked from. The situation was originally for the old guy to receive what he specifically ordered a few weeks earlier, which was a car with a trunk, but the kiosk clerk told him there weren't any available but that was a complete lie. The boss of the theft ring group told me the old boy put up quite a bit of a fight telling the rental agent to get one brought over from another lot, and after he explained to him there weren't any, this old dude looked him in the eyes and told him he could tell every word out of his mouth was a lie. He also said some other not so nice spicy words too, but we'll just let that go.

So, the fact of the matter was he never got what he originally ordered and paid for, and I'm sure he wasn't a happy camper one bit. I will say this though, the way his bags were stolen wasn't the original plan but how it worked out saved the old man from really what was going to be a complete home invasion style robbery, because the leader had all that info and was seriously thinking about taking in a bigger haul.

More often than not, these people behind the desks you walk up to can have or get their hands on your valuable personal data super-fast, so don't be fools being too trusting and careless with what they ask you and carefully think about all the answers you give them. The old guy had the right idea wanting a car with a trunk, but the key here is for you to let this be a wakeup call to all tourists because you never know who's greeting you behind each counter you innocently walk up to on your vacation, or you're just out there in your normal day to day routine of life in your own hometown.

And for gosh sakes, whatever you do don't ever volunteer any kind of information to anyone, anywhere in this world you go out into. And if you're suspicious about dealing with someone, go with your gut and back away and seek refuge without hesitation. Pardon me, but I'm trying to repent and be helpful, all in one. Just sayin!

So, inside the old man's tightly packed duffel bag amongst many things was this thick eighteen-hundred-page manuscript and in five different located small custom stitched hidden inseams, they found thumb drives and mini-SD cards with copies of the book on each one plus the artwork for the cover and some cool political style logos and patches.

Now since there is no honor amongst thieves and I being the more studious and book worm reading type of them all, I needed to get my hands on this super thick package of papers. I was already beyond curious of what's going on here with his bags and passport stamped with the futuristic year of 2050, and when I saw the pretty extreme and bizarre title and sub title and artwork layout for the cover, I began to really want to know what kind of story is happening inside all these book pages. It all became intriguing right down to the unique subliminal messages that were implanted on the book covers, but the future forward dates puzzled me, and the story the boss told me about how the old guy looked nothing like a hundred, well I became compelled to dig in and try to figure it all out.

My goal now was to negotiate with the leader, my once upon a time friend, to allow me some portions of the book to check out and if I eventually cared for the rest, we decided he could choose some things from some bad acting misadventures of mine in the future.

Yes, obviously I'm still no better than them at this juncture of my life, but I'm a work in progress and I'm trying to be totally honest here and asking you to bear with me, so if you could, cut me some slack.

Okay, so, I got my deal I wanted and soon after got busy digging in and reading the book and believe me, forget about our bad behaving thieving ways because there are far more important relatable, relevant, and serious meaningful and impactful lessons for your lives coming out of these pages, and I can honestly tell you I say that in all sincerity.

My point being, the totality of you the reader and all of humanity could possibly, no, actually definitely be in play here, seen by the futuristic and I'll say clairvoyant visions of the old man that was robbed.

This old guy and his co-author I'm assuming were first-time writers but I liked their unusual style of writing because it all fit together and was easy for me to follow. Everything about them felt human but then out of nowhere their lives had actions with burst of a whole lot of funky wild **crazy**-craziness going on, but after getting to know them, I came to appreciate this total hidden bizarre life they lived in. And then the books stories about them switched gears and went into the old man giving informative and easy to follow history lessons of America's true beginning patriotic times & each very short crisp chapter was a worthwhile refresher course of our countries past. The old man seemed very patriotic and he and his co-writer and the boys who made up the rest of their little tight nit roaming Central Latin America gang, well they were dudes that seemed cut from the Wild West free gun slingin' times, but these guys were pure righteousness paybacks a bitch believer's and flat-out doers. But for me of most interest, was the many short sprinkled throughout the book chapters called, '***In A Blink of an Eye***'.

I began to realize these teachings were all part of their grand futuristic dream to set the stage for their books sub-title, '*The Next Revolution, America Reborn*', and their way of introducing their visionary new Political Party, the '*Mayflower Compact Patriots*'.

The years and the timeframes of the chapters move you around in a not so perfect chronological order, but wait, you'll be able to easily get into the flow of it. You'll follow their normal lives and then on a dime switch with them into their unfolding clandestine espionage wild west filled world they lived in, that over the years seemed to shape their political thinking. And I say all that because during the next couple of days I quickly really did get busy, easily knocking off all the stolen sections I negotiated for. And in just those two-hundred plus pages, well let me tell you that I came away with clearly understanding what made these close buddies' bond and click so well in the hidden world they existed in starting in their wild early twenty's and carrying on together beyond their fifties.

And I imagine to this day the old man is still scratching away at life even after one hundred years of living, by still doing his cancer and blood researching, and finding fresh ideas to

help mankind and still keeping up on all the geo-political intrigue and action going on around the world, but one other point about him and his obvious feelings, is he wanted a complete overhaul of the taxation process. Maybe at least a hundred times he wrote in red letters the word (NESARA) all throughout the almost thousand pages of the manuscript. I never heard of the word before but once I took my time to learn about it, I agreed with him, and I even more so liked this old guys forward thinking and caring about America's future, and better fair and balanced way to take care of and treat the entire middle class.

In their own way they'll explain it was because of '*cathartic reasons*' (that is their phrase they often used) why they kept on writing and editing their books in such strange, unique and definitely different novel/Novel) ongoing ways.

But wait, more importantly inside their world will come warnings and ideas to help aide all of us with the serious life changing nuclear events the old man's visions see coming. He saw all this seriously getting into gear in 2015 and possibly reaching a world changing massive human deadly catastrophic conclusion for three countries before October first of 2025. This was all very real for the old man and his co-author and once closest friend who wasn't with him anymore *but still talked to him often in spirit*. And from the old man's gifts of insight to the future caused by as he put it, 'corrupt, immoral & pure EVIL American leadership, they come right out and in your face in no uncertain terms to write about what all hard working people of the world need to insist their "so-called" leaders of the world need to do in order to stop the coming nuclear attacks and man-made bio-weapon viruses. And from those writings came the name of their first book for all of America and the world to benefit from, called '***Right the Ship***'.

You will come away feeling the old dude is doing his best to be a world U-Niter and yes, a stone cold at times fighter too, giving no ground, and his co-writer being of the same mindset, (in reality, a much more often dangerous living on the edge lifer) and each always having each other's backs, no matter what. And something else cool about these guys, besides being on the same page for seeking answers to create world peace, is they each had older and wiser friends who over the years taught them many wise and good practical things, and in turn the two writers wanted to pass all that along in their Trilogy.

This wasn't often spoken, but I picked up right away that both dudes were about learning and searching for greater personal enlightenment, and passing on to all the important need to take care of Mother Nature's earth, air, land and seas.

This needs to be said, as you get into their book, you'll notice the pacing of it is not typical, such as the way the chronological years are not always in order, but none of that made it difficult to follow and understand, and I've got a hunch it was all done intentionally.

In a summation of sorts about their Mother Nature cares along with their patriotism you'll see is very strong, both dudes have serious alarming concerns about the slaughter of the precious large roaming beautiful animals on the African Continent. But first and foremost, these guys are all about the meaning and respect of the country's high-flying Flags and with great gratitude they salute all the men and women soldiers and Veterans that were and now out somewhere in the world defending and protecting all of us.

I apologize because I just paraphrased their words again and I have to say I totally agree with all the above sentiments, and so many other interesting things you'll read and learn about from this unusual very recent stolen Trilogy.

Everything will come out what both friends are trying to do to help prevent what's in the old man's world changing visions. Read and search carefully in trying to understand how his logic of world events made his visions clear to him. You may find him strange and out there but I didn't at all, instead I came away wondering to myself are his thoughts and clarity at all possible, in their chapters called, *'In a Blink of an Eye - 2050'*.

Without giving anything away, I'll say just be prepared for a book about two dudes that have seen a lot, done a lot and came to a point where they wanted to take their own life lessons and help do something really good for their own countrymen. That was all!

So now allow me one last thought, and that is I know I'm a thief and maybe a bit of a hypocrite too, but I have to say that their manuscript has opened up my mind like I never expected. That's the real deal, because I'm very appreciative that all these pages came into my hands and then had the chance to read them and come away with some new and interesting life lessons, **plus**, take to heart the knowledge of the possible futuristic shocking world-wide nuclear events to come. And I fear now what the old man warns of!

So that said, Please Excuse My Polite Interruption

‘Right The Ship’

The Next Revolution,

America Reborn

This is how the Trilogy illegally found its way into the World

‘Can You Perceive This!?’

“What do you mean you don’t have the car I ordered?”

The old man’s voice could be heard from a distance, clearly speaking directly at the car rental agent standing right in front of him at his desk. This customer totally caught the young man off guard because he didn’t expect the old guy’s quick, strong reaction.

“Sorry Mr. Stone, but the system is showing nothing available,” The rental clerk timidly said.

“You’re telling me this worldwide car rental agency doesn’t have one friggin’ normal car with a trunk like I specifically ordered ten days ago?”

“Yes sir, th’ that’s the situation now.” The agent’s nervousness was now fully exposed.

“How can that be possible?” The old man fired back.

“It must have been a computer error at our holding lot that caused the problem, but if you want to wait three hours, we can have one here from Miami.”

“Are you kidding me! I’m not waiting around here for even fifteen minutes.”

The old man’s tone was clearly pissed and after the young agent heard those words, he paused for a few seconds but finally spoke up.

“I see we have a nice minivan in our system, so, um, and I can have it brought up for you right now and that’ll get you out of here right away.”

The old man caught how uptight the young man was but that wasn't his intention nor problem. He was just so fed up with it all, plus he also was feeling tired, a bit cranky and just wanted to get any car now to make the twenty-five-minute drive so he could get to his place and start unwinding after a long day of International travel.

He was done wasting any more of his precious energy, so after what he considered a reasonable amount of time making his case, he finally just gave in to accept the vehicle he was being offered.

After quickly signing all the paper work, the car was ordered by the young agent who used a two-way walkie-talkie system and delivered so fast to the pickup area that the old man shook his head in a disbelief. As he was dragging his large army style duffel bag and carrying his old leather hand bag towards the minivan, he suddenly let go and dropped both pieces and then walked back to the kiosk counter and faced the young clerk.

“Excuse me, but what’s your name son, I don’t see any badge or identification on you?”

The young man heard him and so did the person who just dropped the car off, who was standing just feet away ready to hand him the keys. The old man’s eyes were showing he was pretty damn serious, and showed it by shooting the exact same question back again.

“My name is Robert, sir.”

“Robert what, and would you mind showing me your company ID?”

The quick questions and tone caught the clerk again by surprise, but he slowly said his last name and then showed him the ID his company had for their attendees.

“Why aren’t you wearing your badge, Robert?” The old man asks semi calmly but gets no response back.

“And I’d appreciate you looking me in the eyes when you’re talking to me now, not down at your papers.”

This straight and rather brisk talk by the old guy now has the young man a bit flustered again, and the car delivery person who just arrived didn't know what to make of it all. They both just stood there looking at this old guy who wasn't a happy camper at all.

Then the old man had had enough, so he turns around and takes the key from the car delivery dude but has the presence of mind to thank him, although he wasn't feeling too much love inside himself at that moment. He then goes over to gather up his tightly packed duffel and leather bag and after walks over to the vehicle, then opens the back-passenger side sliding door and then crams his two bags into the back-floor area. Then he shut the door, checks it to make sure it's secure, then walks around and gets in his seat and just drives off, burning a little rubber in the process.

As he's driving now, he can't get the thought out of his head that something wasn't right with what he just experienced. He's never that kind of a gruffy guy but he felt a strange vibe once he entered that car rental area, but he couldn't put his finger on what was causing it. Thinking about what just happened while he's driving, his thoughts are tossing in his head about that weird vibe that hit him, and then switching to his clear recall of ordering a car specifically with a trunk. Now talking to himself he say's out loud;

“Something just doesn't feel right about that whole scene, and it's impossible they didn't have available what I ordered almost two weeks ago. It was just total bullshit back there!”

He's definitely not happy about what just went down and he can't let it go. All the while he's slowly drinking the fresh water bottle he bought before he was at the car rental kiosk. He started his trip waking up at 5:30 am, and after taking care of all the last-minute activities he's ready for his longtime trusty taxi driving friend to pick him up at 9 am to take him to the airport. All is well, meaning he's checked in and ready to go but there's a delay in the departure time and his plane finally is off the ground and leaving Costa Rica by 2:30 pm.

Now the time was showing 8:30 pm Florida time and he was tired, a bit hungry and his bladder was more than full and he was still fifteen minutes from his condo.

Right then and there he sees a computer store and decides to make a quick stop to pick up something he needs for tomorrow's work but more importantly to him, he needs to use the store's customer bathroom.

He puts his right turn signal on and then just keeps on driving a hundred or so feet more before he has to make the right turn. He's got everything under control, including taking another good size swig of his water.

"What's he doing?" A voice rings out saying from a car following the old man.

"Don't know but make sure you keep this distance and don't use your signal like he did."

"Okay but," "No buts, just shut up and do what I say." The obvious boss of the two barking out orders with no hesitation at the seemingly nervous driver.

"That's it, stay on him like white on rice, and don't touch that turn signal."

The old man parked in the middle of an empty parking lot. He's seems to be in a hurry but he double checks all doors to make sure they're locked, then heads straight towards the front door of the computer store to enter. The two guys in the trailing car are intently watching all the old man's actions.

"Can you believe this?" the driver says to the boss.

"Alright now, stay cool and do exactly what I tell you."

Now the old man can be seen opening the front door and walking in.

"I see him, he's going to the back of the store," the driver says.

"Perfect, okay, go ahead and pull up alongside his van on the passenger side and open this car's automatic trunk opener right now. DO IT, POP IT MAN!"

The boss practically screams out.

The driver does exactly what he's told to do and then the passenger gets out quickly but intentionally doesn't completely shut his door. Then he swings around to the trunk and takes out a waiting positioned crowbar, then runs up to the passenger's window of the rental minivan and shielding his eyes, smashes it twice, opening a big hole. Then the dude puts his gloved hand and arm in and stretches it out to unlock the back-sliding door and then easily slides it open. His next move is he grabs the old man's two bags on the floor

and then drags them along-side the minivan in a crouching down position to stay out of sight as much as possible.

His next move is he throws all the stolen bags into his opened trunk along with the heavy crowbar, then quietly shuts the trunk. He's still in motion, now quickly in front of the ajar waiting passenger front door. He jumps in and then orders his driver to get moving out of there but without doing any kind of nervous heavy-footed acceleration.

The robbery takes less than twenty seconds in total to pull off and they were in and out of that dimly lit parking lot in less than a minute's total time from entry.

It was dumb luck and all how this theft went down, meaning nothing like the boss originally planned, but the execution of it cleanly happened, along with a smooth exit.

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And now this criminal act done by these low life characters will begin to unleash one day political twists and turns that will positively affect over three hundred million American citizens.

That point will all boil down to this Trilogy will go beyond affecting just one country, for it will eventually reach out and touch the lives of all the HUMAN and ANIMAL inhabitants on the PLANET, once it is carefully examined and all sorted out.

And it will, but you'll just have to be patient

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Read On and See the Possible Future

‘Always an Exception in Life!’

First, my names TB and excuse me for some of my poor English pronunciation cause you’ll begin to notice I don’t speak some words correctly, and that’s been goin’ on my entire life. Okay, so that out of the way, let’s go on. My buddy Stoney was right where he was supposed to be, that bein’ Miami Beach startin’ in the late part of 1969. He didn’t know it at the time but his life would really begin to be a part of many fast-moving events of history over the next couple of years, but not much really was phasin’ em. He told me he loved the action, just flat out, , always eatin’ it all up, then lookin’ for more but carefully takin’ precautions and makin’ sure he used as much as possible a good dash of assorted developed instincts, along with smarts and all the luck he could get at every turn that came his way. But the thing in life for all of us, is we don’t know what the futures goin’ to bring, and that’s what my buddy and I started talkin’ bout’ from the first day we met in Acapulco and kept that conversation goin’ on throughout our thankful and forever friendship.

Well wait now, I think I just got a little deep there and slightly ahead of our story. So that said, let’s back up a year or so from our first time he and I ever met in Mexico and check out one of many eye-opening learnin’ paths my buddy ventured down in his very early 20’s.

Oh, and that thought of not much ever phased em, well there’s always an exception in life. So here in his own words let’s go back with em in time to late January in 1972 to the one of a kind never forgotten experience that became part of the many platforms that forged his inner-strength and character. Here’s that eye-openin’ experience;

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*In life, we all have some sort of unique type of event when we’re young that lays down foundation markers which are good, some bad and lots of everything in between, and the wise thing to do is use those experiences to draw on in all our life existing days forward.*

I’m going to use the word foundation once more, because I never took for granted any and every kind of learning experience I had, and fortunately I was able to mentally compartmentalize everything for future use when needed.

*I hope I can do justice to this personal surreal event that I'm going to write about, for it was the absolute scariest situation I've had at that point in my young life, but at the same time I learned some valuable lessons and kept them all tucked away and fallen back on them for the rest of my life going forward.*

*I'll remember that day and all that happened as part of the needed building blocks that I would utilize and soon after begin drawing upon for my life's growth and future secret existence I surprisingly easily grew into. That beyond bizarre event is forever etched in my entire being, and now I'll use my best recall to tell it all;*

'Other than Hurricane season, the weather in Florida really can't be beat, well that is especially compared to the tough snowy winters happening up North in the country. I was always working two to three jobs a day with my camera and loved the action no matter what I was photographing.

I was a young at heart not yet twenty-two-year-old who was fortunate enough to be living in a small room in a hotel located on the beach, and with that good luck I made time to walk out of this hotel's back door and hang out on the sandy shores every opportunity I could get. It was truly a dream come true, and I knew it and appreciated every moment.

It was February 7<sup>th</sup>, 1972, a beautiful perfect weather day, and I was having the good luck of hanging out with my young sweet Cuban gal pal. We picnicked a little, then enjoyed being innocently playful in the calm turquoise colored ocean and after had a nice easy-breezy walk all along the beach. After all of that, we went up and down the concrete First Street Ocean Pier where dozens and dozens of tourists and locals were trying their luck at fishing off of it. But like all good things, there comes a time for an end to appear and this fun time with my friend being no exception. I had to leave her and get ready for work which on this day I had three nice families lined up to do portraits for.

We made plans to meet tomorrow and after saying our goodbyes I then headed back to my little hotel room. Everything was grooving along until my shower head in my place was plugged up big time with calcium or something, and after trying to fix it without the proper tools and whatever else I needed, it just wasn't going to give me a break and work.

Well now I'm thinking what am I going to do, being I have to get to work soon and I'm full of sand and feeling pretty gringy and dirty. So alright, fine, I'll ask my gay good friend Romeo if I can use his hotel room's shower. I walked down the hall and asked him if I could clean up in his bathroom and I told him I'd be finished in no time. As usual, my buddy never stopped hitting on me and now he naturally got all excited and started up about showering together and getting as he often would say right out of the blue to me, *'CAN WE GET HAPPY TOGETHER'*.

We were friends, and I didn't give a crap one bit that he was gay, but he knew I wasn't that way in a million lifetimes, and like always I would say to him, *'Come on man, give me a break already'*, and then told him to forget about the shower, but he came back fairly quickly saying to me like always with his big bushy eyebrows flying, *'NO-NO-NO, I'm just joking, Verdad, that's the truth Amigo'*.

What a character and a good guy deep down inside. Well anyway, I could pretty much thoroughly read Romeo by now after living in the hotel a few years during the winters and thoroughly sensed I could trust him to buzz off and leave me alone while I cleaned up naked just eight to ten feet from him in his little room, so all was well in that sense.

As I had just started turning the water on, someone enters Romeo's room and begins having a conversation with him in Spanish, but I never heard them clearly talking at the time. At one point after about two minutes into their fast-paced Spanish exchange, this stranger realizes that someone is showering in the other nearby room, so the dude walks into the bathroom, pulls out this Ivory Pearl White handle shiny blue-steel barreled hand gun and slips it through the shower curtain and places it, or more like thuds it against my left temple.

It all happened so fast that only when I felt the hard steel of the gun barrel against my tender skull area, did the reality come full force and hit me like nothing I can even begin to explain. Somehow my left eye instinctively began to look to the side of my face and the first thing I saw were his big knuckles, then I took in the colorful Ivory handle area which was partially visible, but it was his index finger on the trigger that made me freeze with a form of fear I've never experienced before in my life, I mean seriously, in my life.



Within the first second, I could hear Romeo's voice very close to the man's head area, speaking to this guy rapidly in Spanish but the only thing I understood was when he was repeating the words NO-NO-NO!

Just as insanely as it all started, was the same way it ended as the heavy feeling steel barrel's pressure on my head quickly stopped and then the gun slowly edged away from my skull and then backed out from the curtain.

Their voices still talking but trailing away into the other room, I remember my knee's practically buckling and I was feeling stunned and very weak, so I slid my back down on the shower wall and sat on the floor butt ass naked while I let the water stream down on me until I regained my composure. And to be honest, I totally lost track of time of how long I was down on the shower floor.

Only later that night out on the porch of the hotel did I find out what was going on. First, Romeo made me swear to secrecy which was no problem because I had been doing that for years with him. He had been telling me many stories about Fidel Castro and the Bay of Pigs invasion, plus unbelievable amazing unknown information he knew about regarding President Kennedy's assassination.

On that night Romeo proceeds to tell me that the guy was there to talk about some work he was going to be paid to do at some very big hotel called Watergate.

None of it made any sense to Romeo or me, but this bad ass dude took it quite seriously that someone was in the room and he didn't realize it until after he had been talking to my friend about this Watergate place.

Romeo explained to me that he convinced the guy that I didn't speak any Spanish and that it was impossible for me to hear anything in the shower anyway. He also told the guy I was his gay young new partner and to please leave me alone.

I thanked Romeo for all the information and also told him, 'I'd never ask to enter his room again, even if it were the last shower on the planet working'.

Sheesh, I mean I like to have fun and party-party and have a sense of humor too, but that gun, well that wasn't a joke and it goes without saying, nothing near funny about it!

And something else I'd never thought about before, was maybe I needed a gun in case this guy changed his mind about me, but when I mentioned that to Romeo he put me in my proper paranoid place at the time and he was right to do so, so that was that. But it really wasn't paranoia for me, but rather one of those early on **life preservation** reaction modes kicking in.

So here I am listening, learning and getting a sort of mini briefing about the Watergate hotel break-in activity before it even happens. That wild political robbery could have almost cost me my life before any of it went down, and the thought of that moment with the gun in my temple and the seriousness of the situation still brings up that insane and sort of haunting memory.

Now moving forward and years after, the public really doesn't know the whole truth about the break-in and that thought boggles my mind but I'm getting ahead of myself. Romeo later on had more informative detail gathering meetings with that guy and eventually knew exactly everything about the when, why and who else was this guy going to be working with regarding this Watergate hotel deal.

My inquisitive mind was in overdrive because of so much explicit information Romeo had been teaching me over a long period of time about the underworld government assassination of president Kennedy, plus explaining amazing details of the intricate world of the CIA and their Bay of Pigs involvement. Over time it became normal for me to push Romeo to teach me new historical facts about Cuba and the CIA activities, and he really proved to be a patient excellent teacher, because once we started, I really grilled him. And there's one thing for sure I can say about my friend, and that is he was a well-informed really good teacher and I was a willing tell me everything and don't stop kind of student.

So yes, I have to say that all the information he shared with me over a short period of weeks about Watergate were eye opening to say the least, and I did exactly what he asked me to do, which was never speak about it with anyone back then. But within four months' time of me knowing all about it, the whole world would be reading and talking about that amazing historical Watergate hotel break-in, which eventually led to the shocking downfall of President Nixon...

Oh, and my photography and darkroom skills, well Romeo would one day soon connect me with work to do for one of his two alphabet soup government agencies he dealt with. And that's another story in its self for another time, and besides that, all my darkroom skills and the future Watergate break-in were on a collision course that I narrowly escaped, and humbly speaking, that's best for another time also to get into.

My life seemed to be just warming up and I thank God for all the luck and guidance He and His Angels were watching and guiding over me with.'

***And so, A Very Valuable & Scary Snippet in Time***

***Please Scroll Down***

## **‘Good to meet Ya’ - May 1998**

David is having a nice picnicking afternoon in Northern Michigan with Katie his close friend he met back in the early '70s in Miami Beach, and since then they've been off and on companions for many years. They're on when they're both off, and off when one of them's on, if you follow my drift. Well anyway, she'd been bugging him for the longest time to tell her how he met his tightknit friend TB, my Cousin and best friend, , so on that beautiful spring day he finally decided to open up and let her in on one of his longtime well-kept secrets.

So here's a more or less breakdown on how their conversation went;

“I was in Acapulco with my brother in March of 1973, recuperating from that bad knee injury you knew about. I was messed up really bad with torn knee ligaments, stretched out tendons, that meniscus deal Doctors called it, plus ripped cartilage damage, and some sort of blood vessel disruption of sort. But I gotta say the most painful part of all that mess, was a constant fluid build-up that needed draining all the time. Bottom line I was a physical mess and in that exact same period of time my best friend Marty died and from it all I was just mentally hurting like never before in my life because I was unable to let go of this deep-felt sadness and unrelenting mental pain. I was for the first time in my life I think depressed, but I know for a fact I was confused and really lost and questioning the purpose of my life. I never did that before, I mean I never even thought about questioning our existence and reasons for being here. I just lived and played peacefully every day, maybe being too absorbed in myself and not really paying attention to any deep thoughts about the purpose of life.

I didn't have any answers because I was feeling clueless, lost, and just a wreck, but after meeting TB in Acapulco and hitting it off so well, I began to feel alive and adventurous again, and so our new friendship was a major positive turning point in my life, and as it turned out, TB's too.

He wasn't any kind of saint by any means, but somehow, he became like this kick in the ass spirited lift and from then on TB gave me that spark I lost and so badly needed back.

I felt his total presence and energy giving me a feeling of a new lease on life and putting me up and away on my mental comeback to really feeling alive and lucky again. I'm speaking truth to truth with you Katie, and there's no other way to lay it out here."

David got emotional and just stopped speaking for a long thinking pause. He knew what he was saying and it was hitting him hard going down into his memory lane. He gathered himself and continued.

"I was limping around pretty much the entire time when my brother and I first entered Mexico, and on this one fateful day I just hobbled my way into this little Mexican church I'd seen before and had a real curiosity about it. I came into that spiritual place after a long downhill walk from my hotel and I was in pain at that moment of entering into that church.

I needed a place to sit and relax without any unfortunate down and out beggars walking up to me and practically knocking me accidentally down with their outstretched hands and arms, which almost happened fifteen minutes earlier on my slow painful walk downhill.

The church was down in the City Square and it was the first church I ever entered in my life, , I swear. So I went in and sat on a wooden pew and was looking eyes forward at all the lit candles and the wooden carved out pretty good size statue of Jesus on the Cross.

The six to seven people sitting around me appeared at first to have this sad kind of look in their face, but I thought I also saw some kind of light in their eyes, and it wouldn't be until months later when I had gotten to know these people's culture better, that for me what I saw was The Lord's spiritual light in them.

A few minutes went by and then a voice from directly behind me was speaking in English, asking me not to turn around and to please just listen carefully. It all happened suddenly but I wasn't shocked or anything, so I just stayed calm and listened. I did notice though he had kind of a strange sort of English annunciation pattern like he didn't quite finish off some words and then neatly melted another word right after into it, but I understood the lingo he was speaking to me, so we were fine.

He said he needed a big favor and asked me if I could help him and in the same breath, he asked if I would just stand up and walk out to the front of the church and see if there were any military police vehicles around, plus to see if there were any soldiers walking in the area also. He then asked me to go sit by the area where the people were feeding the pigeons and keep my eyes open for them for just five minutes. After that, come back in and let him know what I see going on out there. So my mind started racing big time with all kinds of questions but then I quickly just decided to help this guy, so I leaned back into the pew, eyes forward and told him ‘*Sure, I’ll do it*’, and I remember thinking why not.”

“David, weren’t you scared or concerned about getting in the middle of something you shouldn’t take a chance with?”

After Katie’s question, there was a short pause, then,

“No not really, you see his voice was very calm and sincere with no panic in it and I just made up my mind I could check things out for him and I’d be fine.”

“Go on, I didn’t mean to interrupt.” Katie softly apologizing.

“No-no, it’s okay, don’t worry. Anyway, so I followed his instructions as he asked me to do, and as I stood up I shot a split-second glance at him but he never looked at me so if someone was watching him, they couldn’t tell if he and I were communicating with words or our eyes. So I walked out and after about five minutes I came back in and strategically sat down behind him this time. I quietly told him I did everything he asked and nothing was happening out there other than a couple of young blue shirted regular police walking around, but they were too busy eyeing all the pretty young ladies.

With that said he slowly got up and walked down to the end of the wooden pew he was at and paused a few seconds. Still, without making any eye contact because his eyes were focused directly on the front entrance of the church doors, he spoke to me without moving his lips and he did that pretty well actually.

He asked me to follow him after waiting for a three or four-minute span in my present position in the church, and then come sit about six feet from him on the park benches where he would be feeding the pigeons like many others were doing.

When he got to the outside benches, he sat down with a good view of the roads leading into the entire area and after waiting inside as he asked me to do, I then walked out of the church. When I came near him, his eyes and a double head and neck smooth flickering motion did the directing and talking, suggesting I sit down in the corner little spot where we didn't look like we were together but still could freely talk. Fact was now, we were in deep sync without saying a word, and we both recognized that. So now that was my first moment of ever reading his entire body language and I felt no danger even though I had a better view of his ever-present large physical stature, which I kind of caught inside the church too.

Seconds later, I put my attention to what I first came out to do for him which was looking for any signs of those people he asked me to check for, but the coast was clear and there was no other visible outside threat from the surrounding area as well. I made it a point to tell him all of that because all my own instincts and radars were kicking in and I wanted to make sure he felt he had an extra pair of eyes he could trust at that very moment.

Then in a strong way in a split second of time, right then and there we had some sort of mental telepathy that happened for us the second after our first real eye contact.

I can't explain it, but I know he felt that energy, that real-life unexplainable connection. After less than twenty seconds of sitting about six feet apart, he moved within a handshake to me and that's what his intention was. He put out this huge paw and introduced himself. He said his name was T\*^#\*r B\*!#n but to please always just call him TB. I introduced myself as David Stone but months later he gave me two nicknames, Stealth and Stoney, but I can always tell when he's very serious about something because he usually calls me by my real name, which is David.

He didn't keep his eyes on me very much because he was still patrolling for these military vehicles he spoke about. In a strange way, I was doing the same thing but I really sensed no danger for him. I said to him that I knew a safe place where we could go and that maybe he would feel better, and without hesitation, he said sure, then thanked me in the sincerest verbal tone but first asked me to wait right there at the benches while he went back into the church. He returned in two minutes with a small backpack, and then we went to the El Mirador Hotel where the famous cliff divers did their thing and that's where I was staying with my brother.

We started making our way up the steep inclined bumpy uneven road that I originally came hobbling down on. At that time in my life, I was still using a much needed cane to help me with my balance and he noticed some trouble I was having trying to make it up the rocky torn up pitted road. He put his big hand on my shoulder and we stopped walking, and he then looked squarely in my eyes and said *'Is there anything I can do for you'*, then he paused, looked all around and then said *'Let me go run down to the main street and get you a cab'*.

It was very thoughtful and kind of him but we only had another seven hundred or so paces more to go, but truth be told, I actually could have really used that cab ride at that very moment, but I was embarrassed. Katie, I, , I just felt that way standing there with him and can't explain it any better.

The seed was sown right then and there with his words and sincere act of kindness. This was a total stranger with this good-hearted act that I could feel deep down was thoughtful and really concerned about me. So well, I mean he didn't look or act like a bad guy and definitely wasn't drugged up or drunk, but again most importantly for me was his voice, for it had a ring of true caring, offering his support to genuinely help me.

Believe me my dear, I was no match for his physical presence and if he wanted to hurt or rob me at any time, he easily could have. Instinctively I knew sitting and having our short chat he needed and wanted a trusting new friend, and down deep inside of myself I was feeling the exact same way in my life. And truth be told, I felt I had nothing to fear other than perhaps losing a possible new friendship with a dude I was immediately connecting with on a guy-to-guy natural level, albeit we were total strangers to each other who just met. And that was the absolute grace and beauty of it Katie, we met in this down to earth no frills humble little Mexican Church.

We eventually made it up to the top of my hotel and sat beside the pool sitting under two large shading umbrellas. The hotel was built right out of the mountainside and this gave him a great high-top viewing position of all the roads that led in and out of the hotel, which lay in eye-shot below us. When I told him to sit in the lounge chair with the view of the roads and city, he could tell I was flowing with his thoughts."



“Wow, you guys were hitting it off fast, don’t you think?”

“Yes, you could say that, because it just all felt right. . . I asked him what he wanted to drink and he said he’d like an Ice Tea and then thanked me, so I ordered two of them. He said he was feeling much better and I actually remember him leaning back comfortably into the lounge pool chair and just letting go of his obvious built-up stress. I could see everything about his physical being becoming more at ease, and sitting here telling you all this, it’s like I remember that and our conversations like it happened yesterday.”

Right there David took a breather to recharge his lungs after being on a long-winded run, and Katie sat back thinking she was enjoying learning about her man’s long-time mysterious close friend. We’ll take you now to how the boys poolside back and forth conversation years ago basically went down;

*“I want to thank you again for all your help and this surveillance position you put us at. Where did you learn this kind of thinkin’, in Viet Nam or some military school? It really feels safe up here and all the views besides the lookout are so peaceful.”* TB speaking.

*“No, just logic and some common sense. You needed a view of the coming and going traffic and I wanted to help you, so here we are.”*

*“Well man, I’ll say you got the logistics and strategical layout for surveillance down pat and I really appreciate your concern for me.”*

“At this point Katie we both were kind of easily but with purpose gazing at each other as if to thoroughly be checking each other out mentally and physically.”

David pauses right there and tells Katie he’s having a very visual mental flashback to that time. Their conversation continued on;

*“I have the feelin’ we’re both thinkin’ the same thing right bout’ now.”*

“Oh, what’s that?” David asks TB.

*“I notice you seem to be studyin’ me and I have to admit I’ve been wonderin’ bout’ you too. I mean you handled yourself very calmly and didn’t hesitate to get involved with me down at the little church, and again, I really appreciate that.”*

*“It’s fine, , and thanks.”*

*“I guess I owe you an explanation bout’ what’s goin’ on.”*

*“No, you don’t have to but I am the curious type.”*

*“No-no, you really helped me out and bein’ straight with ya is definitely the right thing now for me to do.”*

“So Katie, with that he began to tell me about the events of the last eight hours but first he wanted to explain to me his bad speaking habits. He told me he short ended at times words ending in ‘ING’, and just about most of the time couldn’t spit out the word ‘*ABOUT*’ or ‘*BECAUSE*’ and ‘*THEM*’ correctly. He said he wasn’t proud of butchering the English language, but since he was a child it became ingrained into his way of regularly talking. I told him not to give it a second thought and just be your regular self with me.”

After that explanation about his new friend’s way with words, David’s mind seemed to go into total recall that gave him a clear vision of the events of that day and the history of TB’s personal life, that is, as much as he wanted to let Katie know. She waits for him to gather his thoughts, and then she sees he’s ready.

“We were both twenty-four, but TB had lived a much harder and more incredibly dangerous and horror-filled life. He started out in the ‘XYZ’ but quickly showed skills that caught the attention of higher-ups. By the time he was shipped over to Viet Nam, he was a one-man complex and very capable and willing wrecking crew. His skills were honed in many areas before he even joined the service, he told me. He was a natural fighter, the obvious looking tough-guy type all his youth. He could track down on any nature seeking outdoor outings any kind of animal he wanted, but he wasn’t into killing any creatures, but all those skills came into play for him on many occasions that put him in the jungles and other locals in Viet Nam.”

Right there David took a quick needed lung breather, then went on.

“One of his crazy quirks whenever he had downtime over there, was practice with force throwing a very lethal knife at an exact tight target area, with the purpose of causing death. They trained him in bomb-making and booby trap setups along with infiltration tactics and counterintelligence. My friend is like a living ghost, and I say that because he learned the art of how to disappear as efficiently as humanly possible, and he used that skill whenever he went on his requested and assigned missions.

Back in his very early teens, he could tear apart any car engine or any type of farm equipment and afterward put all the things back together. With those important skills plus already in his early teens having hours of training time flying helicopters, he was ready for Viet Nam. One thing he always did was work side by side with a few select trusted mechanics to do needed tuning and repairs for his upcoming missions because he told me he really respected but flew the hell out of his personal birds. Those were his words...

He went on the most dangerous assignments he could get involved in, which included extracting wounded soldiers from over enemy lines, to flying solo missions for special operations that involved independent counterintelligence and surveillance work that was done in secrecy for some special part of the military, but in those conversations he didn't elaborate to me much about any kind of details.

He admitted that the war made him sometimes feel like a bloodthirsty animal, but what bothered him the most was that even now which is twenty-five years later after we met in Acapulco, he still has that bloodthirsty desire, but only towards the evildoers and greedy bloodsuckers of today's world.

In TB's mind, it's like a good-versus-evil thing and I get it, and truthfully, I feel the same way in life. I believe him when he tells me his deep down dark mental crazy feeling secrets because I have learned his moods and seen his true actions up close and personal and he, um, , well he's seen mine.”

“David, I caught that.”

“Caught what?”

“That hesitation about seeing each other’s actions up close and personal.”

Right there David caught what Katie said but he realized he had to think quick on his feet to spit something out so as not to go too deep with her, for personal reasons.

“Yes, well you know we’re tight, and so,”

“Alright, but it was like you were going to say something much deeper and then you caught yourself and stopped.”

“Katie, he and I have grown to be so much alike, with good things and maybe other not so good actions rubbing off on each other, but that’s who we are,”

“Yes, I, , I guess I understand.”

“You know me sweetheart and we’re always straight with each other and today I’m opening up to you about TB and doing this at your request.”

“You’re right, I’m being unfair questioning you, , sorry. Please go on.”

David pauses again, shuffles around on the picnic blanket and sweeps with his eyes left and right, gazing over the beautiful lake, then does a pretty good body stretch and some deep breathing routine exercises. Katie’s seen him do that forever so she’s totally accustomed to that, and now he’s feeling refreshed and ready to go on.

“My friend’s eyes have three windows letting you inside of him to see. One look is very normal, pleasant but guarded, another look is sort of neutral which can be the look that is sizing up a situation and the third look is he’s very protective or angry and you could be in a very grave dangerous situation if he felt it was at all personally necessary.”

He suddenly paused, half smiled, then went on.

“His eyes will never lie to me or anyone else.”

“David, doesn’t he in a way scare you and make you fear him?”

Right there David easily smiles and half chuckles, then in a soft voice,

“No my dear, not at all! TB and I are more alike in our total ways of thinking than I could ever begin to explain. Remember though, I told you he seeks me out.”

“Well what is he seeking?”

“Amongst many things we talk about, he generally is seeking some spiritual guidance and we talk about The Lord and right and wrong done by man against man, and how all that really frustrates him.”

David paused because he was having some deep inner thoughts, but then went on.

“It was the Mexican church chance meeting that brought all this life and spiritual connection for both of us. In our first hour together up at the hotel mountainside pool, I opened up to him about my faith in God and talked about Jesus. He said most people feared and turned away to talk to him and especially about religion and he’s always admitted he never reached out to anyone to learn. I’m no saint, and I hardly know anything about what the Bible is talking about, but he knows me well enough after all these years and trusts me better than anyone. I know this because he and I have had these ongoing conversations over decades now about our unique friendship and camaraderie and proven it by trusting each other with our own lives in each other’s hands, literally starting with day one and never stopping since.”

David pauses right there and Katie could see her friend was in deep thought again, then,

“So to answer your question, I have no questions, concerns or fear of my friend at all and I have and will continue to trust him with my life.”

David takes a quick pause again, eyes gazing out far and wide, deep in thought but then easily continues on.

“His time in Viet Nam made him, unfortunately, an admitted very confused young person. He entered the war early on in 1968, and by the end of 1969 he was deeply rooted in all the illegal activity one could possibly get involved in over there.

Towards the end of his tour of duty, he headed up and safely arranged two separate smuggling trips of one-half ton then a ton of Tai Stickweed going back to the states. He coordinated this wild money maker with three tight buddies of his he came to know and trust in his Viet Nam days.

He told me they all worked well together fighting the enemy, and then he had full faith and trust even more to bring them in on this wild Tai Stick adventure.

After succeeding with *that* heavy bat shit crazy action, he had some rather big money in his pocket, so that new world caused him to trust practically no one but his three pals, but when he was at ease he could be engaging and a regular kind of guy for the most part.

But the truth back then and now, is he spends his life living in an underground state of mind with a keen eye on always practicing an on-guard mental and physical behavioral mode. So Katie, that's my friend TB in a nutshell."

"I like hearing about your close friend, but how did you guys ever start getting so curious about the idea you always gravitate to talk about, that 'We are not alone in the Universe?'"

"It all started when we experienced Comet Kahoutek in Acapulco and then we just started talking about UFO's. Over many years TB told me about guys who swore they saw UFO's while flying, and the truth is thousands of pilots have had that experience, and believe it or not, I'm sure billions of people around the world have the same curiosities as us."

"I believe it, I really do, and maybe the truth about UFO's one day really will happen and if the truth came out that there really are UFO's, then I sense the world would at first be beyond curious to know more, but over time the masses would handle the idea of it all."

"Well said baby, right on, but Katie, governments around the world are holding tight onto the truth, but for TB and myself, we think it's time they all let go. So who knows, maybe we'll uncover what's really going on someday, but for now we'll keep connecting the dots and searching as best we can, but most importantly we're sticking to our mantra and guns that, 'We are not alone in the Universe'."

"You've told me you would love to have an actual UFO up close and real encounter, right?"

“That’s a fact, and like you’ve told me before, you’re curious but afraid of having an encounter, , but sweetheart, I say just open your mind and prepare for it if it ever happens.”

“You’re so funny David, but I know you’re not joking, and your memory is accurate about what I’ve told you my concerns are if they really exist all around us and out there.”

“I’ve said it to you before and I’ll repeat myself, have no fear because that’s the only way you should think. I want to tell you that TB and I talk and dream about hoping one day we have the good fortune of together or separate, having a real UFO experience. . . Yeah- no really, seriously, we do.”

Now David pauses to breathe easy and carefully thinks about this last subject matter of what he just spoke about, and in one part of his mind he wants to open up more but for the moment he shuts himself down from going any further about UFO’s.

He knows down deep he hasn’t really scratched the surface of opening up to Katie about his very close friend and their deep ongoing secret research being done from gleaned unwound hidden DARPA files about UFO’s, but he has beyond serious good reasons not to. He knows & trusts her totally but there comes a point where less is best, and for now, that’s just the case. Yeah, that’s just the case!



## **‘Can’t Judge a Book by its Cover’ - Jan. 7, 2002**

*The phone is ringing on a cold wintry day in the apartment of Katie Johnson. It’s her twin sister Joanna calling from her apartment located about seven miles away in Ferndale Michigan. The two siblings have had the most open and constant ongoing talkative communications ever since they opened their eyes as infants. Absolutely no secrets were kept from each other, and all hush-hush conversations told between them never were passed on to anyone. They were truly connected from birth in some sort of amazing indescribable telepathic linking way. Fact was, their lives were mentally connected as one at every waking moment even though they lead two different lifestyles and often were a thousand miles apart. Their twin sisterhood was beyond strong, with lots of give and take and here’s a sampling of just that;*

“Okay Katie, it’s time for me to hear again those tapes of David and pick up where we left off as soon as possible. I really want to learn more about all that wild youthful Miami Beach past of his and also hear about his strange big buddy, TB.”

“Don’t let David hear you call his friend strange because I don’t think he’d appreciate that sis, seriously.”

“I didn’t mean it in a bad or harsh way, honest.” Joanna speaking defensively.

“Well anyway, you promised before to help me keep transcribing the story but all you want to do is hear David’s voice or read the boys jotted down notes.”

“I swear sis, we’ll start kicking butt and help make this book come alive for the guys. There’s an important story here developing, and,”

“Yeah sure, you always say that Joanna. Talk-talk-talk.”

“No, I’m serious but you always were the one who lived the wild life and my journey went straight into the safe and comfortable walls of being a librarian and bookworm.”

“Don’t complain.” Katie shoots back sharply.



“And you and David had a wild hippie fling or two back in the days of Miami Beach, and you too really lived fast and loose compared to me.”

“Come on sis, we’re here to talk about the book, not our personal sex lives, so,”

“Okay, you’re right, I’m sorry.” Joanna sheepishly backing down.

“Good. So I’ve been thinking to make this an unusual book combining at times first-hand events by playing the hours of tapes that David made for me right into the pages and the boys will edit later and have the last say of how the orders of the chapters should be laid out in their books.”

“Of course, but we have to keep their one-on-one dialogs going and make sure we include plenty of TB’s Cousin Fitz in the book because he plays a big-time major role in both of their lives.” Joanna’s tone was upbeat now.

“Oh, I totally agree, so good call on that one. The key though, is they want to be their genuine selves and be directly speaking to the heart of the reader.”

“That’s good sis, they’ll like that plus you know what else I just thought about.”

“No, what?” Katie seriously asks.

“We have to advise them to label this book a Novel/Novel, you know, so as to protect the boys if you know what I mean! Ya think?”

“Yes, I get exactly what you just said because you’re definitely right. Another good call Joanna. See you little devil, when you get focused, you’re spot on.”

“Well thank you my dear.”

After that exchange the sisters caught the importance of that critical book description decision, then Joanna continued.

“After all I’ve learned from the tapes and tons of notes plus from you, their lives’ offer some pretty bizarre intrigue to write about.”

“Oh I agree, but being real we know there are lots of people with interesting stories out there but the boys are different because David and TB have a righteous revolutionary agenda in their books and want hundreds of millions of Americans to be helped with their **Causes** they’re going to be pursuing.”

After Katie’s remark, there’s a comfortable sister silence, then Joanna went on.

“Well then that’s how you need to explain to them the way their first book has to sincerely come off, but they’re realistic and totally committed to staying down to earth and real about it all.”

“You’re right and nicely put.”

“Thanks, but another thought if I may Katie, is their going to need a lot of patience.”

“They’re in no hurry, so don’t be worried about that.”

“You know sis, as a librarian I like reading David’s various history lessons and his idea of placing them sporadically throughout the book is a good plan.”

*“He thinks he was a teacher and warrior in his past lives, and now is ready to do it all over again but starting at a much older age in life.”*

“Katie my dear, if there’s one thing I can feel for sure from you, is you believe David when he speaks about the clairvoyant thoughts that wash over him,”

“I do and he always turns back from there to talking about how he wants their books to open up young and old minds worldwide to get ready for possibly the final war of wars that will be horrendous but bring forth a new humanitarian peaceful world for all.”

“Well his ideas and thoughts about the future are pretty scary and also literally way out there, but if you think about the world we live in, his dark thoughts are possible.”

“David feels that ever since they landed a man on the moon in 1969, he sees the baby steps that are quietly but steadily going on, and he wrote four out of this world lean and thought provoking chapters called ‘*A Deep Future Cometh*’ and his thinking and visions are clear to him about all of the future, and TB agrees.” Katie knows her man.

“David’s not a simple person but he’s definitely down to earth about it all, and he certainly gives off that aura.”

“Yes, but you know Joanna, his mind can move very fast at times and then I’ve seen him slow his pace down and really go into a deep focused researching clear visionary mode.”

“But Katie, one of the keys that will have to be included in this first book and even become center stage just on its own accord, again are those dark and ominous visions he foresees.”

“Yes, that’s a fact that needs telling, and he’s not going to be holding back anything.”

“They both sense it’s that important, and with no sugar coating any of it!”

“Joanna, I feel they’ll tell a relatable story and I know the big wish is for their books to hopefully reach all ages of the public and somehow become an everlasting educational tool.”

“Oh for sure, especially David’s basic history lessons about the brave people on the Mayflower big wooden ship, and the all-important Mayflower Compact they wrote in the bowels of the boat, and afterward they all agreed it was wise and needed to be done.”

“Well you being the librarian in the family, I know you grasp all the importance of that long-ago valuable history.”

“I do Katie, and the boy’s principles of having a new political party that has the first goal of UNITING the public from lessons from the Mayflower Ship, and the compact that was written to keep the people together and strong.”

“Can I read you what David wrote and TB totally agreed with.”

“Of course.” Joanna quickly answers back.

“Okay, good. Here goes.”

*‘Our future party’s goals are focused to help all the people to Right The Ship of all the Long Train of Abuses that politicians have allowed to happen, and a new party will come together and strong-willed incorruptible citizens will join and help righteously take care of the 99 percent who now are being herded like sheep by the ONE percent. Those of past and future criminality, along with greed and contentment of the law, will be found out and prosecuted no matter how deeply entrenched they are, and pay a steep price, and during our rise in public awareness, all will be done to encourage righteous and human caring behavior.’*

“Wow, I like that, and it proves to me your boy sometimes gets pretty deep.”

“They both get pretty deep sis, and one day when this all starts, they’re going to do their best to make their Mayflower Compact Patriots party come to being well received by millions of Americans because they’re beyond serious about all their platform **Causes**. . And one last thing,”

“What’s that?”

“It’s their rallying cry, ‘*Mount Up*’, and you what sis, I totally really like it.” Katie speaking proudly.

“I do too, it all nicely fits together and most of all, I like their long-range plans.”

“Good to hear, and I’ll tell the boys that.”

After Katie’s words, there was a comfortable silence over the phone. The sisters were in sync and that pleased them both. Then Katie wrapped the night up.

“The truth is, they hope their books are in a way a beacon of light and not taken the wrong way or meant to scare society with David’s ominous future visions, and most importantly

for the good of the country, make their political party revolving strongly around **'We The People'** a reality one day.” Katie knows her man.

“I think they’ll make it, I really do, but you know I have to tell ya, that looking at David you get the impression of a low key quiet and reserved easy-going guy, but I guess you can’t judge a book by its cover.”

“Touché sis, , nicely put.”



**Please Scroll Down**

## **‘Acres and Acres of Marijuana’ - Sept. 1973**

It was August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1973 and not even three days had passed since I returned back to Acapulco from the states, that TB found me looking and waiting for him to show up at the El Mirador Hotel, just like we planned before I left months earlier back in the second week of April. If he ever doubted I would return, now he knew he could count on my word whenever I said something.

Our first original hours of meeting and talking cemented our deep trusting friendship in the third week of March of 73’, and as we got to hang out and know each other really well, the days just flew by and before we both knew it, I had to say goodbye. But before I left for the states in the first days of April, I promised him I would be returning by the end of July. He understood my plan, which was for me to go back to our country to find a wholesale buyer for my future salt water tropical fish and bring back a sizeable variety of items I’d need to get the fish collecting business off the ground.

While I was gone TB was continuing to work on his own wild business up in the mountains above Acapulco, but well hold on, we’ll get to what’s that all about right shortly.

So after not seeing my new friend for quite a bit of time and being really busy back in the states, I actually had kind of forgotten how much of an imposing dude he truly was, but then being right there in his presence again, well then it all came back in full force. Now being more to the point of what I mean, is he’s one big strong in your face muscularly thick solid human being. I know I have a good memory recalling he being a big fella, but it hit me again what a visually massive large boned young guy he really was. I’m laughing out loud as I write this, but yeah, he was one scary big bad ass looking friend!

Now though, being away during that period of time there was nothing that I had forgotten about how he and I just clicked so well as two American young guys meeting each other in a little downtown church. As soon as he got out of his jeep, we both greeted each other with wide smiles, solid handshakes and what I called our awkward upper arm slapping body side hug bumps and then almost simultaneous saying, *‘GOOD TO SEE YA’* words to

each other. And it really was good to see him and he felt the same heartfelt way, and we soon picked up right where we left off, meaning ready to rock and roll in our own no holds barred natural blending together spirited ways...

Right from the start for both of us we really felt that easy flowing connection, the kind of feeling as if we knew each other forever and that our friendship was like when two humans know when something is good, it truly is, and ours was just that.

We were two very straight dudes about to begin a lifetime of full on action, with open throttled adventure and a whole lot of learning, growing and maturing mixed in, and now our book is giving us the most cathartic ultimate freedom of opening up, no holds barred. We both knew we were lucky to come across each other at that very point in our admitted young semi-confused lives, and from that good fortune we both feel that occurrence saved our souls, and we Thank God for that church because like we've said, that's where it all started for us...

So now we're back together again, and ya better believe it was really cool. We wasted no time because just a month after the rainy season ended in late August, my wild and unpredictable buddy had something up his sleeve, and just like right from the get go of our church union, the big guy didn't hold back, no secrets or anything hidden between us. So that said, here's the big guy, TB, asking me to make a trip up into the mountains with him to spot check some deeply hidden away and out of sight practically even from overhead flying planes, a very huge growing patch of premium marijuana.

Like I said, he and I had no secrets and I didn't shy away from telling him how I felt about his weed business activities. We talked often about the precautions he had to do and myself to shield me from any possibilities of being linked by just association alone to what he was doing, but yeah, I have to admit I should have ran as fast and far away as possible from anyone in that kind of heavy illegal activity, if you can picture and dig what I mean! But shit, I was young, dumb, full of cum and, , well what else can I say, you know, so. . .

Ok, so he explained to me the command center layers he had designed and set up to put the business in motion, were made to look like he had plenty of distance from being involved himself, which mentally gave me some comfort room to hang with him. The thing

was for me though, I still at times caught myself looking over my shoulders when we were together or separate too, and he understood that paranoia vibe and found himself doing the same also.

Excuse me again for opening up and speaking here straight up, but you have to understand I was beyond curious to go check out this giant growing patch of weed. The fact of the matter was, I was young, very alive in spirit, feeling adventurous like I've never felt before and I have to admit I was maybe unknowingly at the time becoming a total closet minded pure adrenaline junky, so, hey, of course I said YES.

All I knew and this goes for TB too, our spirits just felt like they were harmoniously feeding off of each other, and this made us feel so alive and that rush of life pushed us even more with the attitude of a can-do spirit, full steam ahead, and there ain't no stopping us.

The day of our mountain excursion came quick and according to the plan my buddy made for us, I organized a shorter work day with my divers but it was a good day of tropical fish capturing in the ocean, so I felt really good about that. The big guy picked me up at my hotel right on schedule, then we drove to a safe location out of town to have a brief important chat which involved showing me some important goodies for our trip. First, he showed me all these hidden in and around specially welded and camouflaged compartments in his jeep, filled with what he explained were survival weapons, like binoculars, compasses, water canteens, towels, hydrogen peroxide, wrapping gauze and everything under the sun for what you could call a full on staying alive combat survival kit. I laughed about the peroxide because I was always a big believer in the stuff for cleaning any areas I cut myself and he told me he used it the same way. TB was always ready for almost any and every kind of contingency and I respected that. His nature of being cautious made a lot of sense and I felt the same way especially because we were in a foreign country with altogether different cultural ways.

We became a buddy system right away, watching each other's backs whenever we were together and reminding each other to always keep our guards up when apart. It seemed like our lives were in a zone that was fast paced and full of what you could say interesting times right from within our first hours of meeting. I flat out trusted him and knew right



away he was one tough brave guy and I could feel I was becoming wilder and much more adventurous but by my own free will, and in some way I became the real boss between us. So after his quick stop of show and tell about his jeep, we were on the move and it was quite the riveting driving experience. Our drive would take us a good hour and a half and then around fifteen minutes of hiking up and over rocky and rough mountainsides. Once we got out of the city and into the real mountains above Acapulco, our drive really became a scary adventure. No seriously, one wrong move and over the cliffs we go, and I'm so damn serious like maybe you can't even imagine. Well so moving on here, after we reached our driving destination, we had to hide the jeep really well in a spot that was safe from any thief's or armed dudes looking after these growing fields we were going into.

The jeep was safe now, task completed and then we were ready to begin the next phase of his organized plan, which was the uphill mountain hike. But before we started that challenge, TB gave me some special darkening camouflage cream to put on my face, and he did his likewise. Right there thinking to myself, my buddy came prepared but this cream ain't the half of it!

The night before he told me he had to bring along some of his personal protection toys and I appreciated him being straight up with me. So right there at the concealed parked jeep he pulls out of his special welded hidden compartments, his arsenal. He had three long sharp sheathed knives, plus a .38 caliber hand gun, and a loaded double barrel sawed off mean killer looking shot gun that he pulled out of one of those special welded underneath carriage hiding areas. One of those knives was his faithful Bowie knife that he practiced throwing almost daily. So like I said, he was a prepared dude.

For me to carry, he handed me two canteens of fresh half frozen water and a bag with three peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and a large package of Oreo cookies inside. He had this friendly and happy smile and look on his face when he handed me those things to handle. His exact words were, *'I thought we'd have a picnic.'* I admit I smiled and lightly chuckled because I appreciated his sense of humor and my buddy really had a good one, but at the same exact second, I'm thinking what the (F\*!\*) was I thinking, and I really was now wondering what have I gotten myself into. But heck, truth be told that only lasted maybe two seconds, , and oh, sorry about the bad language but I really recall both those

two quick emotional thoughts that ran through my mind at that time. So tell me you the reader, wouldn't you be thinking something similar?

Now we're totally organized, plus I got my Stinkin'-Thinkin' worried thoughts out of my head completely, so we started our walk up this steep mountain side embankment to get to where we were going. It wasn't easy for me but I pushed myself and I did okay. As we moved cautiously forward together, I stayed calm because this was around the point that I really started to feel I could trust my life in his hands and I also realized I was a little thirsty for the unknown.

It's crazy but I felt this wild adrenaline rushing feeling throughout my being and I liked it, and I don't know what or how else to explain it, but it was all happening and it was very real. Seriously, I can't do justice with words here to the unknown we entering into.

TB was far more experienced than me in many ways and also adjusted and used to living his life in a much more matter of fact dangerous lifestyle than I or any average person. His life and death helicopter missions and combat times in Viet Nam gave him a great deal of experience in dangerous situations, but yet at the same time up on that rough terrain mountain, I was in a very focused life preservation mode, for him and myself.

We each stayed laser focused for all things in and around us, along with our peripheral vision working and opened to the max, plus our ears were like sonar scopes searching for anything not normal. I was though especially taking each step very carefully for fear of tearing up my knee, but the big guy and myself worked out hand signals beforehand plus talked about a plan for me to follow as tight as possible his footsteps, so not to step into anything that could cause any kind of leg problem. I made it to our destination without any tweaks or tears to my knee and the fact was, this new adventure made us both step up our game of helping and watching each other's backs.

We were becoming a team and we both sensed it and talked about it later on, and I have to admit I truly liked it. Of course I knew it was dangerous and definitely a crazy thing to be doing, but the fact was for me this other side that somehow I could feel was deep inside of me was coming out and now I wanted to be right where I was without any hesitation

whatsoever. That was it, that became the deal of my new reality in life, study deeply, prepare fully, and then don't hesitate!

So soon after reaching our destination holding mountain corner spot, we very quietly had a talk about the fact that he noticed my heightened awareness of things going on all around us. I told T that I had this natural instinct kicking in and it felt like something we all have in us, what I call that life preservation force, but do we use it, do we call upon it or just let it lie dormant. For me it was working in overdrive and I could sense things in some kind of other visual dimension with my buddy. He explained to me that these were the same feelings that many soldiers had when they went into a combat and unfamiliar dangerous situation, and TB liked how I was reacting and told me so .

Sitting near each other, talking in a whisper the big guy laid out the plan of what we were going to do next. It was simple. We would wait patiently here at our holding spot and it was well into an hour after sunset, but he wanted us to sit tight, watch and listen for anything unusual. We were overlooking acres of this massive hidden valley of Acapulco Gold Sinsemilla Marijuana and it was quite impressive to say the least, even though we really couldn't see the full extent of the beauty of it all, but we sure as heck could smell it! T's plan was we would make our move down into a small corner section and load up samples of the weed in an army duffel bag he carried along. It was his gig but the big guy asked me what I thought so far of what's going on, and I told him everything's cool and then asked if he had any other options. He came quietly back at me saying not really because he had scouted and done his homework on this spot before, so after that I said it's your show and let's stick with what worked safely before, and that was that.

So for the next hour we talked very sparingly, ate quietly and used the high powered binoculars as well as possible in the darkness. We didn't see any human activity down there but TB never left anything to chance.

The usefulness of the binoculars in the dark would only by chance pick up a flicker of the burning fire end of someone smoking a joint or cigarette, if even that and for sure nothing else outside a flashlight.

TB explained to me later that he had picked this far end of the field because he had scouted it before during a sun setting stage and believed it to be the least patrol walked and watched over area and safest spot for us to enter to do our little snip, bag and run.

When the time was right, almost like a magic move out of nowhere he handed me a pair of special perfect fitting leather gloves. He had a pair too and after both of us put them on, he whispered, '*Are you ready?*' Well I have to say that those few words were very awakening but without hesitation I quietly came back to my friend with '*Lets Go* '.

TB was very organized and didn't miss a beat. He carried a very sharp cutting scissors wrapped in protective leather that he had hidden in a special sewn pocket like section of his lower leg pant area.

So that began the journey, we carefully made our move and the exhilarating feelings that came over me are hard to describe but I'll never forget them. We moved with every step very quietly but swiftly down the mountain. I was more like a monkey than human, and no disrespect meant to them, because I was using my gloved hands on all these strong branchy bushes to keep my balance or slow me down when the downhill descent was too much. My bad knee was managing but I never for a second let my movements get too out of control or reckless, needing not to tear any part of my leg up again.

Being in the dark didn't help either but TB seemed to be moving like he could see as if it was daylight, and the idea of the gloves proved to me he'd done this before and was well prepared for all the known and unknown factors.

When we finally got into the thick of the field, the smell of it all really hit me but even before we hit ground level, the soon to be harvested buds were permeating the air a hundred feet above ground level and it had this sweet like aroma, and seriously speaking, I could taste it in the back of my throat and it filled up my nostrils.

Now we were ready to begin the plan we talked about and it was simple, he cuts the longest and best mature buds and I carried the duffel bag near him as he cuts and we work as a fast cutting and bagging team. Within less than four minutes we had the bag full and it must have weighed more than sixty pounds, packed with thick budding sticky ooh-wee-gooley seedless weed.

With no words spoken, he one hand signaled me that we're done and it's time to pack up and move out. My adrenaline was kicking in so much that the weight of the bag at the time standing in that field felt like feathers, but before we almost hit the upward edge of the field to retrace our steps back up the hill, TB fluidly grabbed the duffel bag with one hand, put his other big paw on the middle of my lower spine and helped kick start boost my first steps up that steep hill. Truth be seriously spoken here, no matter how much my adrenaline before was kicking in, TB read the situation immediately, realizing that I wasn't going to be able to handle going up the hill with that bag, and I honestly needed that starting push he gave me. Yeah, so like I said, we just naturally worked smooth and often at times with no words needing to be spoken.

When we hiked back up to our observation point, we gathered up all the items we brought and then we both instinctively double checked again to be sure nothing was left behind, absolutely nothing!

During all the time we were down snipping away and then back up at the picnic site, we only used facial and basic hand gestures to flawlessly communicate. I also recall how TB used his razor-sharp cutter at an angle to reduce any extra unwanted strange noise in the field. Down there together he was making dedicated pure clean cuts and it was all about keeping this operation as dog-gone silent as possible.

Our work was completely done and it was now time to exit the area carefully, not making any unnecessary sounds but moving swiftly towards the jeeps hiding spot, a distance away. It was now time for my buddy to lead us out of there for I might have gotten us turned around and lost in the dark, so again his skills from Viet Nam were on point.

As we approached the jeep, we stopped and he very quietly spoke to me about doing a 360-degree sweeping check of the area, so to make sure it would be safe for us to drive out of there. Before he left, he quietly asked me if I could handle taking from him the .38, and I remember him saying, *'Just in case'*. That was a real moment you just don't forget, as I clearly remember years later putting out both hands to receive the gun and at that instant I realized the stakes just got a little heavier. Now I was alone but felt a total calm come over me, plus this complete heightened alert feeling kicking in also.

I lost the sight and the carefully placed footstep sounds of TB in seconds, and then all of a sudden, I instinctively calmly crouched down in a comfortable secure position, thinking to myself that I should stay low and be less visible to any possibilities of a long shot of anyone happening by.

My entire being was camouflaged pretty good, starting with the full greenish face paint to the dark clothes, including a dark green baseball cap and a long sleeve black shirt I picked out. All the cloths plus a pair of black tennis shoes were some of the personal needed items and things I bought the day before with the gracious and generous financial help I sometimes received from TB. . . Nuff Said.

It was really eerie and kind of a bizarre spooky darkish vibe in the brushy area we parked the jeep, but we both agreed albeit we definitely found a pretty darn good well-hidden spot. The only thing now was to stay calm, remain stealth, and stay totally on guard and wait for TB's return.

***TO BE CONTINUED***

# **‘In A Blink of an Eye’ 2050**

THE EVENTS SPOKEN HERE TRULY CAN HAPPEN!

**...AND I WILL COME OFF AT TIMES AS ‘RANTING & RAVING’  
IN ALL MY ‘BLINK of an EYE’ CHAPTERS, BUT YOU WILL ONE DAY  
UNDERSTAND CLEARLY WHEN ALL THE ‘TRUTHS’ YOU WILL READ  
AND LEARN ABOUT, ‘SHALL & WILL SET YOU FREE,’ AND THUS,  
WANT TO  
RANT & RAVE YOURSELVES!**

*You may or might not believe what you are going to be reading about in **my visions** of the future coming year beginning by April of 2025, and into the quantum leap of moving time and space and beyond. You will learn of deep ominous shocking revelations that will be **UNSETTLING** long overdue truths of your present and coming future times.*

*What I depict here could come off as being way beyond stranger than fiction, but the question to all of you will be, **IS IT STRANGER THAN FICTION?** I will only say that I have known the truth for a **QUANTUM LEAP** of time, but now in your time it will be coming forth for you to decide with everything spelled out clearly in your future days!*

~ ~ ~ ~

*As I was growing up, I started to realize that I had a good personal memory and clarity of events of world history, but I wasn’t so sharp in the classroom because I never really paid that much attention or studied and applied myself. What I did do though on my own terms, was learn and apply my strengths that I recognized and believed I had.*

*For reasons I can’t explain, I possessed a gift of sorts which was I could sense the future by the actions and activities all around me. As I got into my teens I really tried doing as much reading as I could to help myself understand all the goings on of geo-political events taking place all over the world. I also was luckily introduced through a book I borrowed to and about the life of an amazing man named Edgar Cayce, and I can truly say without doubt that this man’s special gift he had made a big faithful impact and **‘positive cognitive intuitive leap’** for my life, and it’s still strongly ongoing.*

Before my teens and all through them, it always was a real mental challenge to understand the abundance of deep curiosities that overwhelmed my mind, but I pushed myself and always did the best I could to grasp all that came upon me, even when I hit a wall, for I pushed on, and that effort still in 2050 sincerely continues on.

I just had this relentless continual quest to learn about the vast world out there and reading and studying the amazing mind and gift this man named Edgar Cayce possessed, made me a more positive thinker and a true believer that when you break it all down, we all carry with us different strengths, talents, and uniqueness's.

(His name is pronounced Edgar (K-C))

I recall when I was eleven years old, my first true strong geo-political interest was Americas Cuban Bay of Pigs Invasion in April of 1961, which was a total complete failure. The direct aftermath of that fiasco was the October 1962 Cuban Missile crisis that caused the entire world to become transfixed with unimaginable tension. That very situation was due to a thirteen-day standoff that threatened to launch the first ever true nuclear war to take place between two rival so-called superpower countries, Russia known back then as the USSR, and us, the USA.

In that young age of mine, I just grew to take an interest of what was happening all around the world and now I'm an old man here in this year of 2050, with a hundred years of observations faithfully still firing away and working in all my minds best as possible organized compartments. TB & myself named it for ourselves as compartmentalizing. Fact is though, we all have too much what I call '**Stinkin' Thinkin'**' constantly going on inside our heads, so I do all I can to cancel it out and move on positively. And you know what else, still to this day I am using all the years of collected compartments to try and figure out old and new things happening here on Earth, and without giving too many life changing future secrets away, from my portal I'm observing all the AMAZING GROWTH of what's going on out there in the new developing world of Outer Space colonization. You will see this all being started in the year of 2044 on Planet Miracle by Elon Musk, and even more fantastic & beautiful, are THE DESIGNS I steadfastly carefully saved that were handed to me by the Architect and creator himself, a nice man named Jacque Fresco.



You see this man Jacque Fresco was a true visionary many years before the **GENIUSS'NESS** of Musk ever first breathed life, for Fresco saw the future in his own amazing '**Blink of an Eye**', and now that man's visions and dreams are being realized in Outer Space, on Planet Miracle.

Oh, and truth be told once more, this very interesting man found me in Miami Beach in February of 1972 at my hotel steps, smoking a Joint with a young sweet & sexy Hippie friend, on a beautiful sunny late morning time frame. It was all so strange looking back, for he walked up to me, said HELLO, and then personally handed me his entire booklet of designs and drawings, and I then remember we both made real strong eye contact, very friendly and all, but definitely strong.

Being brutally truthful, this wild-eyed man caught me totally off guard because I felt like I was in a dreamy Twilight Zone listening to him talking to me. He was emphatic with his tone telling me to never lose this large detailed booklet, and he said one day I'd know exactly what to do with it, and he was right, , he was right.

More or less the entire time he stood in front of me, he did almost all the talking, but there was this young lady, maybe a few years older than me, but I'm not even sure of that memory because of my deep focus completely on him, but I do recall she just stood there looking at me, and pleasantly smiling.

I never forgot her, and making that long ago memory even more strange for me to wrap my head around from that day in time, I still wish even in my '**Blink of an Eye**' life's portal now, I sincerely wish to speak with her and ask her WHY and HOW did this man out of nowhere appear and want to come to find me, and speak and be direct with me about his designs for the future. . .

I'll only conclude these thoughts with, as I aged and continued to slowly in time mature in my journey of life, I waited for the **signs** to line up and carry all this interesting nice man's complete wishes out. . . AND IN TIME I DID!

*Much More*

## **'Blink of an Eye 2050'**

*Is Coming*

## **‘I’ll Never Forget That Guy!’ – Feb. 1972**

A few weeks after the Ivory handle gun to my forehead shower incident, another serious type official looking dude approaches me, with two guys just a few feet trailing behind him. I was in my typical beach shorts, a pull over loose-fitting cotton shirt and barefoot as usual. Yep, I was feeling pretty comfortable with a joint cupped and hidden in my hand, plus sitting happily with a new and very cute young lady on my hotel’s front steps.

The man who approached me was somewhere maybe In his mid-50’s, sort of pale looking facial skin, had on one of those government looking type hats and wore a white shirt with a thin blackish tie, along with a darkish sports coat and he got so close to me I thought I smelled some kind of pipe smoke, but there wasn’t one in sight.

He started talking to me, but I recall he didn’t offer to shake hands, and nor did I. What he did though, was ask me if we could talk in private over by the pay phone ten yards away, but I was rolling nicely with this new girl, so I really didn’t want to break that flow up for this total stranger, plus the two other guys made me a little nervous. I told him straight up, *‘It’s cool man, we can talk here on the steps’*, but he insisted it would be best we talk privately just a few feet away. The pretty young sweetie I’m sitting with told me to go ahead and don’t worry, she’d wait.

Alright, well so I admit I went reluctantly off to the side for the privacy he requested but as we slowly walked to the payphone area, I kept glancing over at the two guys with him. This dude said his name was Mr. White and he had some special photography and darkroom work for me and he could pay me really good money. This guy I want to say was a freak or maybe the vibe for me was a little too swarthy for my comfort level, especially at my young age. I mean you talk about having your guard up, well this was one of those human antenna rising instances in my life. I mean I really had all kinds of crazy ideas swirling through my head and it was all happening so fast, but I hung in there.

I asked him how he knew I did photography and darkroom work, and then slowly answered me back by saying he was friends with the other guy who was hiring me for

some other important private work. After he said that, I got a shot of instant nervousness and something inside of me quickly didn't feel right because I sensed trouble. From that moment on I never heard any more of what he was trying to explain to me.

Besides that, I glanced over and saw a sweet looking hippie dressed up vision of paradise with a big smile on her face waiting for me, and this guy and his two crew members were ruining my dreamy youthful fantasy I had going on. I was in a way actually pissed off by even walking over to talk to this dude, but more importantly my radar was really up now keeping my eyes going back and forth on his two guys and then quickly checking him out, but hardly hearing any words dribbling out I'm sure now his pipe breath mouth.

THIS IS BAD, is now what flashed over me and that's when I sensed it was time to exit somehow out of this situation, period. I quickly gave him some three second made-up lame bull crap excuse and then spoke abruptly to him, saying '*Have a nice day*', and after that fluidly turned my back on all of them without giving him a chance to get another word in edge wise. This was going down on my terms now, fast, clean and no caring whatsoever in my mind if I just offended him and the two mooks with him.

All I knew was I had to take control of the situation and my decision to abruptly turn my back on them, then walk over to my sweet new friend was damn straight the right move. I sat down with her and now I glanced over and could see the three guys talking quietly amongst themselves. I had no idea what I would do if he came back over to me but I must be honest, I truly wished at that moment I had a gun. A real-life preservation mode instinctively kicked into gear with that gun thought, even though I was really very young and raw in that time of my life, but now that was the second time I had that same vibe.

So now all I can add to that experience is to Thank God because they left the area less than fifteen seconds after and that incident was thankfully done and over with. .

It wasn't much more than four or five months after that meeting until the famous Watergate Hotel fiasco break-in hit the news wires and sometime after that, a picture in all the Newspapers appears of the same dude who told me his name was Mr. White. I find out eventually that this guy talking to me was the ring leader of this so-called plumber's unit who broke into the Democratic National Committees headquarters, located in that Watergate Hotel.

Turns out his real name was E. Howard Hunt and he was one of those heavy behind the scene clandestine operators that nobody really knew much about back in that time, other than dudes like him were thought to be out there in the world. But let me be real and sum it up, stone-cold bad asses like him were secretly working all kinds of government spooky dangerous shit all over the planet, and that's no joke, make no mistake about that!

So here I am, just a young green horn kid but I clearly remember back on that day how my guard was really up big time and my instincts were thankfully in tune with the situation presented to me. Oh but don't get me wrong, again I admit I was still young and in my own way still suffering some naïve moments in life, but doing my best to learn from my mistakes.

It was all too strange and for many years after I wondered what in the world did he really want or need from me. I was already contracted a week earlier by some guys to do what I eventually found out was going to be darkroom work delivered to me from some special runner working with those Watergate guys that were friends with my buddy Romeo.

Life was crazy back in those days, and to add to the wild times, I was being offered a ton of money by some other friends of Romeo, to be available to film and photograph the upcoming summertime Democratic National Convention. That project was a big deal and opportunity for me, but eventually I learned the real facts of what I'd be doing, and that brought on a new kind of world I'd be getting into. In a nutshell, it was all about eventually shooting thousands of photos and filming hundreds and maybe thousands of feet of color eight-millimeter film, capturing unsuspecting politicians behaving badly and to use the compromising positions to be one day used for blackmailing purposes.

And back to that dude and his two best friends, well over the years whenever I think back to that time, I wonder what in the world did he want from me, yeah-no really, WTF!

## **One Things for Sure, I'll Never Forget That Guy**

## **‘Acres and Acres of Marijuana’ - Sept. 1973**

Part 2 of 3

*We pick up the story where TB went to go check out the area surrounding the jeep, so the boys could make a safe smooth exit. He wanted David to stay quietly behind for safety reasons while he made sure there wasn't an ambush waiting for them. He was mentally and physically prepared to clear the way. David now will continue;*

Minutes went by and then TB quietly approached my area and signaled me with my name being spoken softly, but clearly. He did the right re-entry approach so as not to freak me out and I told him later I appreciated that.

*‘Let's pack up and move out’,* is what I clearly remember T calmly saying after he was just a few feet from me. So we began our all business like movements and that meant I was watching his back with the .38 still in the grip of my hand. It was like I went into another gear of protecting us, doing slow 360 degree moves, watching and listening for anything while TB quietly stowed the stuffed duffel bag full of the weed into one of those special welded steel compartments he created under the jeep.

This design blended neatly into the deep hollowed out framework of the jeeps under carriage, which practically came up into the back-storage area. Then he put all the picnic items into the back sunken well of the vehicle and then covered that up with the grassy and light dirt filled blanket we sat on. He didn't bother to shake all the dirt out because of the noise factor but also because this blanket served like a duffel bag in its own designed way. He had taken the time months earlier to sew the total top edge from corner to corner with a thin rope inside, so to tie everything securely together inside it and then use it as a secure carry bag. Later on while driving I joked with him that he should market that pre-sown blanket for families to use for good wholesome reasons. He laughed and told me he liked my sense of humor but I told him I was serious, and I also said that I appreciated how he had everything so prepared and organized.

Right from the get go I was impressed with the way he paid attention to all the details in everything he was involved in, and those actions would all come into positive play for our long future tightknit bond.

Now last to securely stow away, was the cut off shotgun.

That bad boy had its own very secret compartment just like all the knives, except for one Bowie knife and the .38 revolver he carefully camouflaged and carried with him during the drive. TB explained quite simply later when we were on the road, '*JUST IN CASE.*'

That's all he had to say on that matter, and I understood!

Now there was one last detail to take care of before we took off, and that was using the two fresh water canteens my adventurous good friend left behind in the jeep to wash off the greenish black camouflage on our faces and neck areas. T also came prepared with two fresh black good size towels that would easily soak and eat up all the camo colored goop we were washing off. Like I said, he was big time well organized!

About an hour into our drive back down the mountain, we passed this little cantina that had this outside well lit up pop machine, full of everything including something new to us, called Yoo Hoo.

It was too good to pass up and so as if nothing was out of the ordinary in our late evening drive up in the mountains above Acapulco, we acted like two crazy tourists who just stopped on by to have us a couple of these Yoo Hoo's, and let me tell ya, they were quite chocolaty and perfectly refreshing. You want to talk about hitting the magical taste bud sweet spot, well this first ever experience with this new drink called Yoo Hoo hit the mark that night for both of us.

Moving on, from there we continued our journey back down into town and just before entering the city dividing outskirts entrance kind of line, TB pulled the jeep deep into a thicket of a carved-out dirt and messed up rocky road, camouflaged by thick tropical trees with their long hanging wild spindly and bushy branches. You couldn't see that jeep unless it was five feet right in front of you and only then if you were on the path, and make that fifteen feet if it was in the daytime.

Exiting it, my buddy crawled down under the raised jeeps undercarriage and undid one of the metal hidden compartments, then grabbed the cut off shotgun and then his big arm came up from under the jeep and handed it to me, and then after that, he went for the weed filled duffel bag. The next thing I remember instinctively doing after all that was done was stretching my body, even with the slightly heavy weight of the shotgun in my right hand. Crazy to say but I was well aware of the shotgun and in full control of it while stretching out, but being straight up here, that was a big-time first for me, period.

I was so tight from all the physical and stressful hours of driving and other activity we undertook, that that reflex stretching action almost came as natural as you see your typical house cat stretch and do after they wake up from a long nap or deep sleep.

All the while, TB saw what I was doing and started to do a bit of the same motions as me, because I'm sure he was wound up and tight like a knot too.

Well so I digress a bit but I have to say we both needed that body stretching action and I know for a fact it really helped me out. After taking care of that physical maintenance, TB then took the hand gun from his back-side and said to me let's switch, so he handed it over and I passed the shotgun to him. Then we walked single file, he leading the way with the duffel bag in one hand and the shotgun in the other. I was right behind him, watching his back and totally focused on the unknown that could be behind and all around us. I have to admit, it was a weird and scary feeling as we made our way to his hidden cabin, but it felt a whole lot safer having those weapons in our hands.

As we moved on, we walked through that entire dark jungle area about an eighth of a mile to get to his little abandoned shack. Once inside the place TB with his amazing eye sight and familiarity of the room went right over to a shelf across from the door and reached up and grabbed an old flashlight. He quickly turned it on and then handed it to me and told me where to point it. Once we had our bearings, we hung the fresh cut weed on the thin ropes that he had used obviously before and he explained to me that the weed would need about four days to dry and cure and then would be ready to test.

Somewhere along the line of finishing up stuffing the bag at the growing site in the mountain valley, he placed that razor-sharp cutting tool first into that special sheath he originally had it in, then put it in the bag before we went up the hill. I never saw that move at all but it was just another point of not making a mistake and leaving anything behind, or of a long shot chance happening of cutting ourselves badly on it. Obviously, we weren't doing the right thing snatching weed in the first place, but TB was right on point in every check and double check safe move he orchestrated for us to constantly do.

After hanging up all the branches that were full of some very delicious smelling buds, he took the short shot gun and wrapped some thick burlap camouflage cloth around it and then placed it locked and loaded in a very safe hidden location.

We were in lockstep just like the night began, this time each double checking for little things before we left the cabin. It was now time to leave and I went first and TB followed up and without getting into too much detail, he set a special cleverly camouflaged booby trap trip wire. This was a serious delicate operation and once it was rigged, if anyone tried entering his front door and didn't release the tricky trip wire mechanism exactly right, well the best I can say is, they'd wish they didn't drop by for a unwelcomed visit.

Anyway, Nuff Said, so that being that and moving on, the next move we made was to head back to the jeep and quietly exit out of there through the thick jungle like terrain. We were watching and listening like hawks for any human activity or anything suspicious from front to back, to the sides and every angle you can imagine. T was weaponed up with the .38 in one hand and a super sharp machete in the other, and I too had a machete, but everything went smooth and once we were driving on the main road, I felt inward a big sigh of relieve, and I'm sure my wild friend felt likewise.

Somewhere along our drive back, I mentioned to TB that if we were ever to go back to that field again, I saw another optionable area to possibly enter that huge area. He knew exactly where the point of entry I was talking about and he liked the fact I was not just along for the ride.



I'll tell ya what and admit something too, and that is before that day started I had no technical or growing ideas about Marijuana, so I guess you can say I learned something pretty important by the end of that night.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**Please Scroll Down**

## **‘Mr. Aquarius Clown, Thank You’**

*This is a fun short side story that happened the night of the snip, bag and run adventure the boys had up in one giant Marijuana growing field, hidden high up somewhere in a valley in the Sierra Madre Mountains. I'll hand it over to David to tell you all about it;*

Leaving that giant field and driving carefully back to town with our duffel bag completely full, TB laid a heavy educational eye-opening talk on me about how the political weed business game works in Mexico. But after that serious chat, T wanted to change the subject, so he asked me how my fish collecting business was going. So now I had to tell him about my amazing experience with this one particular fish that my partner and I named the Aquarius Clown. It was about five inches long and a little less than one inch in diameter, with multiple incredible body covered colors and eyes that really seemed like they were looking right at you. I'm telling ya, this without a doubt is so cool because this fish showed Juan, my Mexican friend and working partner, that he had real intelligence along with a personality. Yes, it sounds crazy, but I swear we felt it!

He would swim around us while we caught other fish and as we took them above to put in our special holding safe nets on the surface, he would follow us upward. Whenever we would try to capture him in our hand-held little nets, he showed us how clever he was by easily avoiding our every attempt.

But here's the cool part that happened that made Juan and I really smile and admire this fish. He knew when we were done with our diving because we would slowly swim over to the sandy beach front area, and we must have made moves that signaled to him that we were done for the day. As we got closer to the shoreline he literally would get in front of our goggles, then swim to our little nets and place himself in one of them. The beautiful thing was, we had him but, on his terms, and that was just so amazing to have happen. Oh, and needless to say, we definitely took him back home with us.

While I'm telling TB my fish story, he's totally into it while he's driving but I had to remind him to keep his eyes on the road. It was a good fish tail but driving those roads is no

laughing matter and I didn't want him distracted in any kind of way. Well anyway, we had a routine with all our captured fish, which was basically get them over to the shoreline and put them in our buckets and then I'd pay a couple of young boys to carry and follow us to my special apartment where I lived part time and kept the fish in a three-hundred-gallon plastic children's swimming pool.

So yesterday after our day's work in the ocean, Juan and I were sitting on the floor alongside the big children's pool circular edge and we were just enjoying looking at our recent captured colorful fish swimming all around.

Now I'm explaining to TB how this fabulous fish we named the Aquarius Clown, would come over near where we were sitting and almost like ask us for our attention and kind of like splash up and want us to pet him in a gentle touching type fashion. He would position himself where we figured out he wanted us to gently touch him on the back and top area of his body, and we did and you can't imagine how cool that was. I mean this little beautiful fish had us really going, and it really felt great.

So I told TB today the day we went on our so called 'Mountain Picnic', well the day started out by me doing the one mile walk from the El Mirador hotel to my fish holding apartment and meeting Juan. By some strange and really cool coincidence that we both shared, the two of us decided to grab a bucket, put it in the children's swimming pool and see what Mr. Aquarius Clown would do. And sure enough, he did exactly what we both were thinking and that was enter into the bucket and give us the answer to our question which was do you want to go back to the ocean with us today. It was such a great moment Juan and I shared, and naturally we couldn't help but smile, and so that amazing intelligent fish gave us the answer and we delivered.

Yes we did, because off we went with him in the bucket and what a nice day we all had hanging out and doing our work in the ocean. The whole time we were free diving, for the most part he was swimming always near one of us and staying within inches of our goggles. We both would swear he was trying to communicate with us and it felt amazing. So at the end of that day when it was time to pack up, he did the same moves, meaning wanting to come back with us, so we definitely obliged.

TB really enjoyed this fish tale story and asked what's happening now? I could only tell him he's back in the big pool by his own doing or should I say asking, and I would be seeing this amazing fish tomorrow when we would start a new fresh day of work and for sure he would travel with us back into the ocean.

I remember telling T that I had totally made up my mind rather quickly when this amazing fish was hanging out with us in his home, the ocean, that I would never send this beautiful specimen over to the United States for sale.

I realized that would be a cruel act to do and there was no price that would change my mind. This cool fish was so special and Juan and I were really enjoying his company as we did our daily work in the beautiful ocean waters by the rocky mountain ridge cliffs. And that fish story brought as wide a smile to TB's face as I've seen in our young new developing friendship back then and it was a great story to share with him on that particular wild adventurous YOO HOO night out.

A few weeks later I told TB that I stopped taking the Aquarius Clown fish back to my children's collection pool because I thought it was possibly causing him too much stress. I observed his eyes and energy levels and it looked like his health was fading after the many trips back and forth, so I felt he just needed to stay in his natural home, eat what he normally would live off of, and then in my thoughts, I truly wished him a speedy recovery and good health. Four days later, my good wishes came true and I couldn't be happier.

He found us and again did his swimming back and forth from Juan, then over to me like he did the very first day we met him. He looked much stronger now as I could clearly see that as he hung around our goggles, peering like into our souls. I wanted to believe he was thanking us for being his friend, but I can tell you it was for sure Juan and myself thanking him for introducing himself to us. It was just all so cool!

I swear that fish made Juan and myself feel so good inside and I felt this love and a great bond with him while in his home turf, and Juan absolutely did too.

**So sincerely to Mr. Aquarius Clown,  
Thank you so Much  
For Brightening up our Days**

~ ~ ~

**Please Scroll Down**

## **‘Acres and Acres of Marijuana’ – Sept. 1973**

The Conclusion

*The boys are back on the road heading for David’s hotel after finishing off having a successful and safe snip, bag and run operation on a huge Acapulco marijuana growing field up in the Sierra Madre Mountains. We’ll continue on with David and his thoughts;*

I am definitely sure that our crazy night out was the point of my true beginning of watching TB’s back, and he of mine in our long friendship and teamwork we shared together. I don’t know how to explain our chemistry other than from minute one after meeting in the church, we began a flow and rhythm that felt as natural as natural can be, just like it happens for millions of people throughout the world. Life and things happen out of happenstance, and that’s it, they just do!

During our careful drive back to town, TB explained to me that there were so many similar large growing fields of this same seedless weed all over in hidden pockets of the mountains, and to get away with this kind of illegal activity, he educated me that there had to be some kind of political criminal involvement going on. Meaning, many corrupt politicians along with various higher up police and military hands were being greased to just look the other way and do not disturb the golden egg laying goose.

And something else interesting happened on our drive, and that was we started talking about our American politicians and all the self-serving games they play and do. Sounds familiar, doesn’t it? Yeah, well, this bad behavior seems to run in the blood of some not so honest politicians where and whatever countries on the planet they strut their stuff.

That exact lesson from TB rang a familiar tone in my brain because from a few years earlier living on Shelter Island during the summers, a very wise trusting new friend named Johnny Mayer became a great teacher for me regarding the political world all around us. Johnny educated me about politics being a full-on blood sport and that was some really good advice, and furthering that wisdom with making sure I always took the time to measure and then peel away the layers of whatever these folks said after they opened up their perpetual lying mouths.

Continuing on that theme, we talked about the corruption of too many political animals who seemed to get away with just way too many things, and right in front of the American public without much attention being paid to these smooth obvious lying operators.

As an example, TB talked in depth about the Viet Nam war and how the military industrial complex worked out having big time money flowing action coming their way, using their well-paid influential lobbyists to get them huge, overpriced government contracts.

He expressed how it was a giant game, explaining that these big defense contractors' wheel and deal with just about all of the greedy politicians who are neatly tucked away in their secret rolodex files. TB would say after the payouts are done, *'The politicians would now be a holdin', or let's just say owin' big time favors to their rich spoiled donor class'*. The reality of it all, was it was legal to do and this handing out of big money went into these politician's future election campaign war chests, or more like campaign donations is what they called it, and guess what, they still do. Yeah sure, no problem, wink-wink!

In that past time of life when TB and Johnny were my teachers, and now more than ever in this day and present age after everything is said and done, it is unbendingly clear to me everybody in the den of the political world one way or another becomes an opportunists, who tries their loftiest best to get what they want, and the end result is the lowly tax payers (YOU AND ME), pay for it all. GEE, such a deal, Ya Think! (ADDENDUM)-I must add my friend Romeo, an amazing vast history teacher who I befriended in Miami Beach starting back in early 1970, and all the way thru my distant but yet near involvement in the Watergate break-in burglary in mid-June of 1972.

It's all been an adventure and quite a ride!

So that one special Marijuana nighttime picnic we took together started our never ending well over a quarter of a century of conversations about all the unscrupulous games coming out of Washington D. C. It became a regular gabfest on all sorts of subjects, never dwelling on one thing or another too much, but the subject matters were always fast paced, cool to learn about and some off the wall and wide open. The key for us over all the years, was we never had heated debates or arguments but rather productive, educating and very worthwhile conversations.

Well so back at the ranch, I guess truth be told that by the time T dropped me off at my hotel, I was totally spent. My legs felt like there was nothing left in them from all the mountain and jungle like climbing and walking we did, but my wild energized buddy wanted me to get cleaned up and go with him and party at the disco's late into the night, but I was wiped out so I had to tell him, *'No man, no thanks'*. He understood so we made plans to meet the next day after my fish collecting work was all done.

What a time we shared thinking back on it all. I know TB was a wild adventurous dude at heart, and yes, I might as well say a bit unabashedly reckless at times too, but always with well thought out plans made first, notwithstanding.

For me, well I was beginning a new life and it just felt right, and most importantly I was feeling alive again, with a happy vibe inside and feeling lucky to be right where I was.

Before practically crawling into bed, I took a long refreshing shower but most of it was sitting on the Mexican tile floor under the semi-hot cleansing comforting running water. I just sat there going over in my mind everything that happened and we did in the last eight action packed hours. What a great night and one heck of an unusual well planned out picnic by my big buddy! And you know, as much as I never should have participated in that dangerous night out, I wouldn't change one decision making direction of my thinking, and as crazy as this might sound too, I'd do it all over again too!!!

Less than a week later T and I were sitting around a burning camp fire up along a quiet and quaint mountain hidden ridge he had hung out before, smoking some of the weed we snipped in our night raid. I remember we rolled a good half dozen fat joints, but we didn't need but one the whole night, but we liked fresh hits, so we spoiled ourselves with all the others. And talking about being wild, well we had some full on laughing fun rushes of throwing handfuls of our weed into the fire, and all the while getting into talking about some serious political things going on in the states.

Sure we were having a great time buzzing along, come on, who's kidding who but we also were all over the Nixon-Watergate hearings going on in D. C. and that's when I first opened up to TB about my first-hand up close experiences regarding the infamous Watergate burglary.



Here it was, 1973 and we were two lucky guys just doing our thing in a world far away from America. I remember TB saying, *'Life is good, no complaints'*, but I was worried for him because of his dangerous long-distance flights he was doing with his old cargo plane packed full of Marijuana bales, but at that moment in time together, I couldn't disagree with his words, that we were living it up and life really was good.

OH, and that sixty or so pound duffel bag I estimated, well it eventually dried out and weighed at the most twenty-five pounds, and without all the dried twigs and branches, even much less than that. But one thing for certain, was that that seedless weed was kick ass and easily passed the taste bud quality test, with flying colors.

***Just Wild Times,  
What Else can We Say!***

Please Scroll Down

# ‘In A Blink of an Eye’ 2050

SOME OF THE EVENTS SPOKEN HERE ACTUALLY DID HAPPEN,  
AND IN MY QUANTOM LEAP VISIONS, OTHERS YOU WILL VERY SOON READ  
ABOUT TRULY CAN HAPPEN TOO, OR DID THEY ALREADY!

DO YOU UNDERSTAND, ALREADY?!? **OR,**  
**PLEASE CONTINUE ON TO FIND OUT THE PAST FOR ME**  
**AND FUTURE FOR YOU**

~ ~ ~

## MOVING BACK TO THE CUBAN MISILE CRISIS-1962

PLEASE CONSIDER FOLLOWING ME CLOSELY HERE: Maybe many of you will think who cares about the Russian American nuclear missile standoff crisis in October of 1962, so long and many years ago, but realize this, that you more than likely **WOULD NOT**, let me repeat that, ‘**WOULD NOT**’ be here RIGHT NOW on this planet if *Cooler Heads Didn’t Prevail* during that first ever of its kind nuclear standoff conflict.

**(That nuclear threatening moment in time should never EVER be forgotten)**

So now it’s very important, NO, critical, that you relate and understand clearly to what the expression ‘*Cooler Heads Must Prevail*’ is all about, because in this case in your world of time that being late 2015, there is a rogue nation with a deep radical militant mindset, which seems that they will never care or allow this expression to be in their thinking.

Now it must be said this does not include the millions of their voiceless citizens who are under the strict control of their ruling powerful dictatorial like leaders.

Now in my time of this year of 2050, the point of me bringing to your attention that unique expression of *'Cooler Heads Must Prevail'*, is for you to understand and learn something vital for the USA's and your own very survival.

The one and only true working and hostile terrorist rogue nation who for years threatened quietly and then by late 2023, openly boasted to wipe Israel off the face of the map, and then said they were going to come and destroy the United States someday after, eventually someone I saw in my Quantum Leap vision DID take the window of opportunity between the 4th month thru the end of the 9th month of the year 2025. Is that clear, do you pick up the possible ramifications of what has just been put into your minds? Moving on; Three nations fell victim to super powerful nuclear suitcase dirty bomb attacks carried out by an unknown elitist wealthy diabolical organization taking full advantage of the angry militant radical leaders, who were the perfect culprits that everyone in the world would blame as the nuclear bombers. These stunned to their core attacked countries were the United States, Israel, and Putin's Russia.

***YES, I did say RUSSIA!***

Russia before their homeland surprising attacks were unfortunately not an ally of the United States, but for the longest time I thought it was a serious tactical mistake that each major superpower back then didn't share more anti-terrorist intelligence and try to join together as TRUE allies for many strategical important causes. Somewhere in true time you will see that I will put myself out there in the line of fire to bring my vision of communicating with Putin, for the sincere sake of bringing PEACE between our nations.

I did my utmost best, meaning back then which seem like ages ago, personally writing to Putin for several years beginning in October of 2014. It became just a matter of using my back channels and then some down to earth experiences we separately shared in past times, and after that I never hesitated to express myself as best as I could to him. I clearly saw all the participants who could become a nuclear threat, and EMP attackers, so I believed in my letters to Putin & never doubted my actions reaching out to the man.

Let me make a point loud, clear and without any DOUBT in anyone's mind. It was never a matter of giving information to the enemy or being some sort of traitor, quite the absolute contrary with no equivocation of saying that, PERIOD!

What I was diplomatically expressing to Putin from my perspective needed to be tried by our countries. Exchanging terrorist security ideas and other matters back in those very dangerous times, was essential because of my visions and deep-down desire to see our countries do well for each other.

And in a not so bizarre way, TB and I started writing a book on terrorism and politics in 1990, and we worked on it quite often, and during it all kind of half joked about seeing if we could have it published one day. We were self-admitted dreamers about being published, but T really had a wealth of knowledge about politics and those involved, and over many years I was his early on student. And as the years went on, pages of notes then chapters by the dozens started coming together for us, and we were really getting into thinking deeply & continually making notes & then trying to assemble our book.

Over the years many circumstances arose, and we just never pulled the trigger to do anything with all our work, so here I am in a quantum leap of time still just scratching out thoughts and feelings and speaking of visions I had so many decades ago. I can say this though, that over the years with all the entries, notes and time spent, all this energy was not wasted but rather all the writing became more like a beautiful cathartic healing exercise for both our minds, and it was really great, and the best part, was it added another cool one on one chapter of indescribable camaraderie we shared...

*In the year of 2025, the world was in chaos on many fronts, and The Lord was on the minds of many world-wide, asking Him for Help ...* No matter how much Putin and his spying network and his military advisors thought they were secure from a major attack just like the USA and Israel believed, unfortunately all were proven horribly wrong.

From my point of view, Putin's Russia became too busy, overwhelmed, and distracted in 2014 with the goings on in Syria and other battles they were instigated to start on their own borders with old neighbors and once countrymen, and that battle was a catastrophe of human loss on both sides. Those cross border activities was a provocation that if the truth ever were told, it would bear out the criminal war mongering sick twisted American

Neo-cons were at the evil heart of the matter, and Putin did what he believed righteous and best to do.

Nuff Said on that for now, but in your future true years, all the truth will come forth what evil lurks in too many unsavory American politicians' minds.

The deception of trickery on the three unsuspecting countries never stopped, but foolishness starting in late 2015 by Russia's own deeds of petty at the time hacking and reckless meddling into America's election system, that was IMHO what made the difference of taking their eyes off the ball, in lieu of where it really counted in their own back yard.

The bottom line is Russia's time wasted in America's election system accomplished nothing in the long run, but all of it cost them valuable ground on two fronts they couldn't just simply make back up. And what is meant by that, is Russia ended up losing time and momentum in intelligence gathering on the war on terror in their homeland, and by their interfering in America's elections, their nation was punished with more financial tough economic sanctions. From an internal view of what they did from my humble collective spying vantage point, they need not have ever wasted any of their resources and energy! PERIOD...

*Attention to any and all large or small details matter*, as in spying and probing where it really counts, so all throughout Russia's interior Mother land their own home-grown terrorists who've been a danger for decades finally with the help of the wealthy and evil New World Order elitists, pulled off their multiple devastating attacks, and that happened just weeks after the United States was first themselves unsuspectingly hit extremely hard.

All the events that happened in Russia didn't surprise me and my few trusted associates in the United States and my trusting good remaining friend in Israel, and my retired close childhood buddy who was once entrenched deep inside the workings and goings on of Interpol International in London, England.

In all my visions and logical wishes back then, if Russia and the USA would have JUST created the ultimate intelligence sharing network, then we believed other caring nations

would have joined in to fight alongside and once and for all gone after and destroyed these growing terrorist's hubs in all the countries they were active in, and especially broken up every single elitist wealthy group that was suspected of so many wrongdoings, but were never gone after with any legalities, and needed force.

Drone attacks carrying EMP explosive weapons, and flying poisonous BIO-WEAPONS dropping their toxins into America's vast water supplies, and over sports filled stadiums, would have been on the minds of those supposedly watching over and protecting the United States, but they weren't, for their double standard of doling out unjust mean spirited behavior upon the innocent, along with the complete ineptness of leadership after the Trump first era will be the *almost death nell of America*.

The point is, had all the lethal targets such as IRAN the WHO, the WEF, and even some in the United Nations, and NATO too, all been originally zeroed in on and **powerfully** put in their place back in mid-2016, and all the way through 2024, the world would be sanely mentally whole and without as much harm now, as I speak here in my clear visionary '***Blink Of An Eye***' time of 2050.

As historical proof will show, nine plus one full year later after a total devious nuclear deal giveaway by Obla bla bla and the biggest GOOF face literal moron idiot named Long John Farce Face John Kerry, that insane act by both TRAITORS is what unleashed all the future Iran devastating materials that created the multiple super massive weapons for the upcoming 2025 worldwide events. You will see in your time these events...

In due time, all American's will come to know and will be personally pissed off beyond belief of the cruel treason that was dealt and put upon all good patriotic Americans, by the top of the food chains traitorous leader, plus Kerry, and 44's sickingly inept, perverted, and ignorant loser beyond anyone's imagination, his VP. So yes, the sanctimonious condescending minded X-president himself, Obla bla bla will one day be scorned beyond the pale, and deservedly so!

Now though, that evil foreshadowed the corrupt New World Order gathering plans of the expected to be future anointed queen, who with untold multiple layers of unfathomable greed and devious sick behavior, never expected to be uncovered,

## BUT THEY ALL WERE!

But before that unwinding saving grace was righteously set in full motion, a dastardly total lying perverse scheme of such deep unimaginable proportions was set up, and then the fight to destroy and convict the 'Victor' with totally forever false new claims began.

It all incredibly almost succeeded, UNTIL IT DIDN'T!

The innocent mean spirited destruction of a true patriot named Lt. General Michael T. Flynn, was set up egregiously by X-44 and his corrupt CIA and one specific lying corrupt FBI whimpy ass cowardly agent, with the scoundrel help of a weak pussy of a non man's man so-called journalist, Dickdavid Ick'nauseum'asius'ass. Those who care will figure both of these weak chicken-heart pinhead scum bag pricks names out, I'm sure.

One day serious retribution will befall this *Pendejo' Puta'* Dickdavid, with paybacks a bitch lawsuits by Flynn, and prison for the other. Eventually eyewitness proof of Dickdavid's fabricated stories and other criminal chicken-shit misdeeds will pour out.

And one more thought from my view in 2050, and that is back then I think Russia was righteous and realistically cautious to be worried about NATO being constantly a pesky pest, and up to maybe no good. The borders of Russia were always being probed, and any sovereign nation should never let their border walls and guards down, or quite simply, they will eventually be attacked. And if not attacked, an invasion of millions of illegals will try to overrun a country, and total idiotic fools will let it happen.

Read what Michael Savage said about Borders, Language and Culture. Fact is, all 3 can ruin a once prosperous culture, and an entire nation.

And something so important and needing to be said to all those seeing and absorbing as much as possible in our books, I humbly have to say that I believe the powers that be who control 99 percent of humanity, want to kill off billions and one way or another they are going to try. I see my future spoken visions need to be heeded, in such to store and save as much water in the country as possible, in any and every way possible. Build more giant water storage facilities, build miles long piping from heavy rained on states like Florida and all states for that matter, and bring these piping delivery mechanisms to again

repeating myself, various located huge man-made storage lakes. And even going more deeper into a major plan for all of America after the nuke strikes in 2025, is the geniuses who understand the advanced process of cleaning OR taking the salt out of ocean water, key word DESALINATING, huge desalinating plants need to be built up and down the remaining salvageable land on the west coast, and mini new safe Thorium 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Generation Nuclear Reactors need to be built right alongside these huge desalinating plants. The cleaning of the salty ocean water will provide a wealth of valuable usable residue and table of content components for industries on earth and the future flights to Mars.

Yes, pardon me for I may come off as being all over the place with my visions, but I don't worry about such trivial thought processes anymore at my age. Moving on, you'll read about technology and life enhancing natural nature provided gifts to heal and prolong life, but all of that was the road that was my gift given to me in life. I'm forever thankful for the journey, and I hope one day my efforts can be used and good for all the hard-working great folks of America. I'm thankful I traveled with bad ass dear trustworthy tough as they come buddies, always keeping me grounded and never letting me let go of my dreams, even though old guys shouldn't be full of such lofty dreams and desires at our age. But screw it, let it rip, no holding back or I'm afraid my mind will slip and the dreaded fog disease will creep in. So let me rant a little bit more and tell you straight out that me and the boys have steadily grown more disgusted over time with what I can clearly see an EVIL force of almost non-human like powerful rich beyond what's humanly right to financially have and control while so many good people are deeply impoverished and just beat down and hurting in all aspects of American life. Heed my warning, these evil people want to destroy America, plain and simple, period. And we who are still in our tight nit group want to lead the charge to MOUNT UP and STOP the evil...

**Again, I'm saying and seeing this from my 'Blink of an Eye' life's seat into the future. I feel it has been the UNIVERSES and God's Gift to help me think logical and then achieve seeing all that is Good, Bad & Ugly that is coming.**



**In your future coming Times  
You will finally see the True Evidence of Many Beyond  
Severe Wrongdoings  
By top government officials & even UP TO #44,  
And in these Truths**

**All these EVIL DOERS will show  
WHY**

**A PLACE LIKE HELL WAS CREATED!**

*And so be warned from 44's spiteful deeds, between the 4<sup>th</sup> to 9<sup>th</sup> month of 2025,  
**HELL** will rein down on Israel, Russia & the USA*

*And So, Rest Assure*

*More*

**‘Blink of an Eye’**

**2050**

*Is Coming*

# Christmas Day, 1973

A long time ago

By TB

I got to tell ya after four hours of knock me out of the sky turbulent flyin' and then a frenzied cross-country drive on hardly any sleep, well when I finally made it to my cousin Fitz's home in Kentucky, I was totally wasted and ready to slam into my big bed and begin to recharge my mind, body and soul. I hadn't seen em in almost seven months and I've really missed the best friend I've ever had since I literally was an infant. Some not so good things happened in my family before I was nine, so his kind-hearted folks, my Aunt and Uncle, took me in and then Fitzy and me really got to bein' tight.

My mom died of cancer and after she passed, her sister, Fitz's mom became my guardian. I didn't hit it off at all with my dad cause he was always mean to my mother. He used to slap her when I was a kid but all that stopped one day when I was eight years old. I was a big kid ever since I can remember and after what seems like my entire life watchin' and listenin' to this man scream, holler and sometimes slap my mom real hard, I finally had had enough. You could say I snapped or whatever you want to call it but I didn't care or understand a~bout the consequences, and that's maybe cause I was too young, but what I did know was my mom needed me at that very moment to protect her, and I finally did. He, my dad was in a~nother one of his terrible moods and takin' it out on my mother that day, and I just couldn't take it anymore, you know, so I took one of those big heavy pipe wrenches and came up behind em' and smashed it on the top back area of his skull. I didn't know if I truly wanted to kill em' or just stop em', but I was done seein' em bullyin' and hittin' my mom and me and everyone else cause of his anger filled no good for nothin' waste of a life.

I had grown up that day cause somethin' had really come over me that has never left me since. I'm more than willin' to attack, fight or defend, or just call it whatever the fuck ya want, but if somethin's wrong or the *Cause* is right, then I'm all in and there ain't never been any stoppin' me since that early age.

When the police came after my mom called em', they first took my dad to the hospital cause I really messed em' up and I don't care to remember much after that, other than my mom's appointed court lawyer and the judge told em' he was never allowed to return or come near our little house again.

What I do remember though, was I had grown so mentally and physically over protective of my mom, that I hardly would leave her to be by herself, and if we ever went out somewhere, I really grew tall in the saddle to watch carefully for my dad and be ready at any cost to protect her.

A year after or so my mom was diagnosed with cancer, and when it really took over, watchin' her slowly die drove me insane. I just felt so sad and I couldn't stand to see and hear her suffer, and bein' honest, I was cryin' all the time outside in the woods cause I couldn't do anythin' to help her, and that's all I wanted to do. When she finally died, I was angry and at the same time I began thinkin' bout' life and what's my purpose.

Hey, generally I'm no heavy thinkin' and sharin' type person, but I'm just tryin' to figure my way through talkin' here, lettin' go and takin' David's motivation to just be relaxed speakin' my peace of mind, you know, so, that's all...

After my mom was gone, I stopped goin' to school but Cousin Fitz would come home after his schoolin' and give me some personal lessons, so this was the way my Aunt and Uncle didn't get on my case for not goin' to any classes. Fitzy was way cooler for me to learn from rather than sittin' in a classroom, so I guess it all worked out more or less over time.

The thing was though, he was a pure absolute genius, a real rare one of a kind and I was nothin' but a kid interested in tearin' a~part any frikkin' kind of engine I could get my hands on and puttin' em' back together. But most importantly, this protective mindset thing that came over me for my mom quickly grew to feel and deeply be the same for Cousin Fitz and everyone in his family. I mean they're all I cared a~bout basically, and nothin' more, but here's the thing, I know I loved em but I was a jerk and didn't much express my emotional self well with anyone.

Bein' togetha most of the time with Fitz was kin to two peas in a pod, you know, so we really grew tight and we would do fun things that made me most of the time feel normal, but I wasn't. I was not your normal typical kid and by the time I was eligible to be drafted for Viet Nam, I enlisted happily cause I just wanted to go where the action was and be allowed to fulfill my dream of flyin' anythin' I could squeeze myself inside of.

After Viet Nam I was in two words, crazy and fearless, well that's three but you get the point. So what happened next was within three months after Nam, I intentionally ended up in Acapulco Mexico and started a business that some would say was the wrong kind of action to be gettin' involved in. But you know what, that's where I wanted to be, so I was! I had three trustin' rough and dependable buddies from Viet Nam in on the deal and outside of them and Cousin Fitz, I never talked squat to anybody bout' what I was up to. Fitz hated the idea of what I was doin' and tried changin' my mind many a times, but I was locked in tight on the money, and just wouldn't let his logic inside my thick skull.

Well now, so here I am still in business in Mexico but on this Christmas day I'm finally so at peace bein' in Kentucky in the middle of the night with Cousin Fitz and his longtime sweetheart, Shirley, which he intends to propose to any day now. Okay, so just wantin' to say, the instant we all caught each other's eyes, we all had big happy smiley faces and held hands, and hugged like children, and I felt great. After that middle of the night gatherin', Fitz and Shirley could see I was beat down exhausted, so lovin' pleasantries aside, I needed to crash, and crash I did. Next afternoon daytime came quick, so now here we are at the kitchen table on that long ago fantastic Christmas day;

"How'd you sleep last night Cuz?" Fitzy callin' me by the childhood nickname he gave me many years earlier.

"Good, really good, thanks. I needed that so bad and now I'm feelin' so much better."

"Do you realize you've been sleeping for eleven hours straight?"

"Really? I had no idea."

"We were tip towing around the kitchen and super careful not to slam anything."

“Well thanks. Obviously, you remember as a kid I was a light sleeper.”

“I remember everything Cuz, I mean back in the day a mouse couldn’t get by you, seriously, nothing... Oh man, it’s really good to have you back,”

“And I’m really happy to be back seein’ and bein’ here with you guys.”

Sittin’ here writin’, I can’t put into words how good it was to be back home with Fitz and Shirley, hangin’ out and yappin’ away like old times. Yeah, it really was cool, and so for the next half hour we sat down together after Shirley made me a mid-day delicious juicy breakfast and just did our thing talkin’ away bout’ everything that’s been goin’ on.

She and Cousin Fitz were just two years older than me and those two have been in love since before the time I moved into his parents’ home. I have to be honest and say that Shirley is his rock and without her, Fitz admits he couldn’t function. I so respected and loved her for bein’ such a good person and always lovingly there for my Cousin Fitz.

She flat out knew me to my core cause there was no need for secrets and in some ways she was like the lovin’ sister I never had, but in so many ways even better.

I loved em both so much, and the one special thing I could gladly do for them while I was in Viet Nam, was have my entire small amount of pay sent to Fitz after we established a joint bank account durin’ my basic trainin’ time.

Ya see, he was workin’ for a company but making diddally squat, so I told em to use the extra bucks I sent into the account so he could buy a starter home and I could have a backroom set up for me whenever I was in country. And after my first-year of service paychecks arrived, Fitz put my wishes to work. Let’s get back to the kitchen table;

“So Fitz, I’ve got some new money to give ya and I want ya to quit that lousy job and start that special laboratory you’ve been forever dreamin’ bout’.”

“Are you serious T?”

“Damn right, you betta believe it, but just be smart like always handlin’ the money, ,”

“Of course, I understand completely. Hey Cuz, since your putting up all the money, then that makes you the future business profit sharing partner, you know, yeah really, it does.”

“That’s cool and kind of ya, but don’t worry bout’ the money. I just want to see ya get that experimental electrical and gadget creatin’ lab into action and make some amazin’ things like we did as kids, and someday maybe change the world.”

“Our lab T, really, seriously Cuz, , , please.”

“Alright, cool, Roger That, , no problem.”

I’d been thinkin’ strongly bout’ Cousin Fitz ever since I started my journey eighty-four hours or so ago with flyin’ directly out of the mountains of Acapulco, and then all the way to California where I dropped my cargo off to Howie, Jacob and Cowboy. After that haul, I made the long dragged out drive back home to Kentucky, and besides bein’ pumped up to tell em all bout’ the new lab idea I had, I also wanted to tell em bout’ a new trustin’ good friend I had, so I began.

“I met a good guy in Acapulco I wanta’ tell ya bout’, cause he’s the only person besides you I can open myself up to and really just flat out talk with, even better than the Boys, and even Big Freddy too.”

“Wow, really! Was he a tourist?”

“No, no tourist, he lives in Acapulco and has a tropical fish collectin’ business.”

“Cool. I wish you were in that kind of a gig.”

“Well actually so does he.”

“Oh really, so does that mean he knows, if you know what I mean?”

“Yes, he knows every~~thing and like I said, we’re really tight.”

“Well that’s interesting to hear.”

“You’re goin’ to like this guy, I’m sure of it Fitzy. He’s so much like us, , like remember how we used to build those little planes with those tiny motors and we would fly em round on that thick like wire string? And do you remember all the talks we had bout’ puttin’ cameras on em and you’d try figurin’ out how to remote control em for our own spyin’ purposes?”

“Yeah sure, I remember it all,”

“Well, he used to play with those same kind of toy planes also, and back then had his own remote-control thoughts bout’ em too.”

“Wow T, kind of like we were all thinking in the same parallel mindset and world.”

“Yeah, , and you know, I like how you put that. But seriously, he’s got wild interestin’ ideas for all kinds of James Bond type gadgets and then he goes off on these real sincere wishes to be able to contribute in some way to help find a cure for cancer and brain diseases someday.”

I wanted to be straight with my cousin bout’ this new trusted American friend cause like I said, we held nothin’ back, and I wanted Fitz to know every~~thing that was goin’ on. I told my cousin this guy didn’t have a scattered brain, just a mind that could handle and shuffle a lot of stuff a~round real quick like, but that personal push of his thinkin’ bout’ how to find a cure for human diseases often surfaced when we talked.

Well anyway, cause of my sort of gruff personality, I’d come to believe I’d never make any new friends, especially a close one that gave me a match for my crazy humor and dry wit. But this new buddy did and on top of that, he came at me straight up when I was out of line with too much drinkin’ and especially got on my case when all’s I’d speak of was money-money-money. Yeah-No seriously, he didn’t like that and one day gave it the tag name of ‘Stinkin-Thinkin’, or would label it as ‘The Greedy Pig at the Troth Syndrome’, and I have to admit he was totally right.

Another thing I liked and respected was he taught me to treat people kinder and gentler and without a doubt that was a very important life changer for me. And on top of all of those things, I explained he had his own quirky personality glitches just like we all did,

and Fitz and Shirley told me they liked all the things they were hearing bout' my new close friend in Acapulco.

“Fitz, he’s a history nut like yourself but more interested in WWII cause of his dad who was wounded twice fighting over in Germany. But my friend occasionally mentions he wasn’t a good student and wished he knew more about the 1776 American Revolution.”

“Well, you know that’s always been my favorite historical time period, and so much of what happened back then is something that possibly could happen one day right inside our present country, if our politicians aren’t careful and back off their personal greed and start seriously doing the people’s business, and not their own.”

My cousin Fitz now was talkin’ deep like he and I used to always do, and I liked it that way with em. . . But here’s the situation I was havin’ sittin’ and talkin’ away with my loved ones, I wanted to talk a~bout my new friend, and when I did, I could feel Fitz didn’t quite know what to think or say to me a~bout em. But the fact was, he always trusted me but not many other people, especially any strangers, so that’s what was creepin’ in the back of my mind. He was thinkin’ in a protective mode for me, and I love em for it, but damn, I had a lot more to say and Cousin Fitz was his good-natured self, listenin’ and lettin’ me get every~~thing out, and I was bustin’ to let loose, and I did.

“Fitzzy, I know you’re gonna like this friend of mine cause he’s been on my case with no backin’ down, asking me bout’ what kind of contingency plans do I have if I have to make an emergency exit out of Mexico in case real heat is on my tail.”

“Well I like that kind of thinking, so yeah, that’s good to hear and all the other things you’ve told us about him too. So Cuz, how’d you answer his exit plan?”

“No Bro, you don’t understand my point I’m tryin’ to make.”

“I guess I don’t T, so be more specific and help me and Shirley understand it better.”

“It’s cause I see you guys bein’ so much alike, and I have no doubt ya’all are gonna one day hit it off and just click.”



I could see Fitz hearin' what I had to say, but I wasn't sure he agreed with the friendship thought, but they for sure had the same feelin' bout' an emergency plan, cause to them it wasn't a jokin' matter to be without one. I heard and understood their thinkin' for my safety but that's as far as I let it sink in. Anyway, I had a lot more to say.

“So like I was sayin', he's got a James Bond and a scientific far out mindset just like you, and he really digs talkin' bout' miniaturized gadgets. So check this out.”

“Sure, ya got me going now,”

“Good. So one night we put together a good size campfire up on the side of a mountain area and I got drunk on Tequila and way over the top stoned big time on some kick ass Sinsemilla weed. We were heavy into some of his far out gadget ideas, but the weed and booze turned into a combination cocktail like nothin' else, and, , well you've seen me that way before.”

“Yes I have T, and it's nothing to be proud of,”

“Of course-of course, you know I know that, but,”

“But nothing, so... Sorry, keep going.”

I love when Fitz is feisty with me. He believes in us bein' straight shooters and keepin' it real when I get out of hand. So hey, what's not to love bout' my cousin!

“Right, so anyway I was really buzzin' on that mountainside but not my buddy. He was just pleasantly stoned but did absolutely no drinkin' cause he knew he was goin' to be takin' the jeep keys from me later and doin' the drivin'.”

Right there I took a second, gathered more thoughts bout' that night, then kicked my memory gear into action and went on.

“So imagine this, we're throwin' in handfuls of this great smokin' weed into the camp fire and the aroma of it was wild, I mean just out of this world, and I'm drinkin' too much, too fast and I'm gettin' pretty frikkin' messed up.”

Fitz is listenin' but not happy with my behavior I'm admittin' to em. I know that look he has when he can't hide his frustration with me, but after a quick smile at em' and a smile back, all was good as always, , and I went on.

“Then all of a sudden I got careless, dropped the bottle out of my big fat hand and it somehow landed inside the circular rock fire pit we'd made and when I went to grab it, I recklessly burned the hell out of the underside of my wrist and forearm.”

“Wow T, that's not like you to get so drunk and especially careless.”

“Oh yeah, I hear ya clear bout' that.”

So over the next few minutes I explained things to Cousin Fitz a~bout the next day my buddy and I went over why he thinks I reached into the fire to grab the bottle. You see he and I were thinkin' alike that night but his reflexes were super quick and mine were messy clumsy drunk.

As I burned my lower wrist and under arm area, he caught that action and like a cat quickly with some force in em, pushed me back and a~way from the flames, then grabbed a decent size manageable lengthy log and with both hands, smoothly maneuvered the bottle over the rock it was restin' on and then moved it further from the flames. So practically the first thing we got into the next day was the matter of that bottle of Tequila could of caught fire and maybe exploded in our faces. And I mean to tell ya if you didn't know, is that Tequila is flammable and both my buddy and I at the same instant realized that, but I was so slow and out of it, but he damn sure wasn't. His reactions were so fast and on point, first backin' me a bit forcefully out of the way, then movin' that bottle out of the ring of fire and maybe just in time perhaps.

As I'm tellin' Fitz about all that craziness, he's shakin' his head but there was more to the story and Fitz like always was a good listener.

What happened next, was my buddy was concerned bout' my burns, and so he took off his button-down white shirt and wrapped it round my burnt achin' lower arm. We didn't have any ice or water to cool my skin down, so he moved me again back from the fire cause we

both could feel the heat intensely radiatin', and by now my lower arm skin area was much more sensitive, or to be blunt, it was EFFIN killin' me.

So then my man quickly started trashin' this inferno, shufflin' all the dirt we had on the side that came from when we first dug out the round pit. We came prepared to make a good fire but fell short on other essentials that were needed right then and there after my big-time boondoggle screw up.

So now we have the fire out, , or I should say my buddy took care of it, and then he decided that all the other crap we had there we could come back for another time, so he gets me to hand over the jeep keys and hustles me to the passenger seat, then flies round to his seat and he's zoned in and we're out of there in a flash.

The next thing I know maybe a half hour later after some scary close to the ledge mountain side drivin', we're now stopped at a little cantina, or a better description would be to say a Mexican style type all night party store. So I'm in the jeep waitin' and he goes runnin' in, then comes runnin' out with a big bag of ice and he's now actin' like a doctor. I mean he wasn't messin' round cause I could see he's doin' every~thing to take care of me.

Cousin Fitz is totally now shakin' his head again and even more often and at the same time sayin' to me, *'Why do you get so drunk all the time'*, but still he's all in listening to everything I gotta say.

Oh, I told my friend the ice was extremely shockin' even though he put it on slowly over his white shirt he wrapped my arm with, and took it off, then repeated the action, and sayin' to me my skin needs to adjust to another kind of shock it was gettin' hit with, but he absolutely insisted we needed to do this.

He had the right idea cause soon after every~~thing he was doin' seemed to help ease up the pain and he mentioned he hoped it would somewhat start the healin' process.

So he tells me to hold the big bag right where he put it and then goes back into the cantina and gets us some Coca Cola's and five tacos for me and one for himself. I was famished and I really needed all that food to help soak up the Tequila sloshin' round in my belly, and he thought the same thing, so again he had me covered with what I needed.

We had bout' another thirty-minute drive to get back to my cabin, and it was late and my friend kept talkin' bout' findin' a place to get some kind of burn ointment, or just any kind of medical cream. He was thinkin' pretty damn clear bout' the situation, but there was really nothin' he could do under the circumstances. I also got to mention again the drive in those mountains was nothin' short of death defyin' with more hair pin curves that seemed like they were comin' out of nowhere every five minutes.

Well luckily we made it to my hidden cabin and under his control we got through the hangin' vines, stumps and thick woods. That done, we safely entered my place after the trip wire traps were very slowly secured, and first thing out of the gate finds the cabins little flashlight, turns it on and then takes me to the sink and starts pumpin' the well handle to slowly start the runnin' water. He told me to keep coverin' the burns with his shirt cause he wanted a buffer to break the shock of the strong water hittin' my aching skin. He then asks me where's the peroxide, but I told em I screwed up cause I didn't buy more after I cut myself a few weeks earlier on my front door booby trap, and used up the little remainin' supply for the deep gouge in my forearm. He took the bad news in stride except for rollin' his eyes but with a big smile, and I caught that, then we both just broke out laughin' but he kept workin' on me, never missin' a beat.

After he did the best he could do, he told me to get some sleep and he was goin' to go find a place to buy some peroxide and bandages, and anything else that could help. The thing was though, I was worried he'd get lost tryin' to get out of my hideout's jungle, but he didn't, and within three hours he's back with another big bag of ice and some ointment. But even more important from his standpoint, was he found a small clinic, albeit we'd have to wait five or so hours before it opened.

He was as stubborn as me, and wouldn't take NO for an answer when I told em everything was fine, I'll go to a nice hotel on the strip and just rest up and eat well and let the healin' continue. It turned out to be a good thing my buddy didn't back down from his ideas, cause as I showed Fitz the visible burned scar tissue, I told em the doctor said an infection could have easily set in, especially without the use of the peroxide. After that, Fitz gave me another dose of his head shakin' but with a big smile, then told me to go on.

“This next deal will show ya how much you guys think alike, so get ready.”

“I’m ready Cuz, you got me and Shirley going.”

Shirley was listenin' in durin' the whole time, but as always keepin' a poker face.

“Cool. So my friend says to me, he wonders if Marijuana has any chemical components in it that could be used to help aid in healin' human burnt skin.”

“Really, this guy said that to you?” Now Fitz was totally engaged, and I’m diggin' it.

“I swear he did, but he kept sayin' that he wished he could figure out a way to experiment usin' sterilized leaves and make a paste out of it. He was totally adamant bout' this idea.”

“Why the leaves and not the buds?” Fitzzy right back at me.

“He talked bout' the oily rich buds too, but he kept sayin' his gut tells em the sterilized leaves would be the part to use as a wrappin' paste round my wound, as long as the area was first thoroughly cleaned.”

“Wow, I like the way this guy thinks T.”

“See, I told ya.”

“I mean I get it, he’s looking at what nature provides us and that’s really cool.”

“Oh Fitz, you don’t know the half of it.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, he said to me one night when we went on a big snip and bag raid on this giant Marijuana field, that the government should green light all the medical scientific world to begin extractin' the oils from the buds and then test in any way possible to see if the oils could aid in the cure for cancer. He felt strong that Marijuana was here on earth to be used for all kinds of medical cures for humans.”

“He said that! Wow again T, I’m digging this guy’s way of thinking. I don’t hear or read about too many folks with that kind of brain storming.”

“Yeah, ya see, , I knew you’d dig it. So he just kept talkin’ on the ride back to my cabin after we collected a stuffed duffel bag of pure thick sweet smellin’ buds, that it all came to em while we were waitin’ above in our safe hold up spot for total darkness to set in before we made our move down into that field.”

“It sounds like some heavy thinking was flashing through his mind about weed.”

“Ideas of experimentin’ with the oils and leaves were comin’ out of em nonstop. And let me tell ya, he’s gotta a lot of nerve cause he didn’t hesitate to enter all those acres of weed with me, and I know that’s the night that all the bells and whistles opened up his mind bout’ *Medical Marijuana*.”

The more now I talked bout’ my new friend, the stronger my cousin’s interest grew and I really could feel it happenin’. I wasn’t in any way tryin’ to blow smoke up his butt, cause I just wanted to be real with em, and he knew me all my life and I’ve never been nothin’ but always straight up with em.

“So Fitz and you too Shirley, here’s the key point I’m trying to make. When we were way up on that holdin’ mountain ridge area and lookin’ down at this beautiful site of acres of the best smellin’ weed you can only imagine, he told me it just washed over in his mind that Mother Nature provides us with natural medicine all over the planet, and he says to me, we’re possibly lookin’ at God’s Hand providin’ a cure for cancer and other important medical needs that should at least be tested and given a chance.”

“Just like that, how, , I mean where does he come up with that kind of an idea?”

“He’s got a ton of ideas, always talkin’ to me but askin’ me first if I want to hear bout’ his newest wild deep thoughts, and I always say yes, of course. After he tells me things, I ask em if he’s clairvoyant or tuned in on some other kind of vibrational kind of universal wave, just like you’ve mentioned to me over the years Fitzy, and he wonders out loud if he might be, but I can tell he’s always careful not to go too far and come off like he’s crazy.”

“Well are you sure he’s not? I mean he sounds like a good guy, but,”

“No Fitz, he’s as down to earth and damn well grounded as anyone I’ve ever come across, no doubt about it, seriously.”

“Yeah-no, I like what I’m hearing about your new friend.”

“Good, real good. Seriously you guys, just try to understand he seems to be always lookin’ at life a little different than most of us.”

So for the next half hour I had a lot of interes~ting things to tell Fitzy about my Acapulco friend. I expressed to him that his underwater tropical fish collectin’ business had proven to have a lot of obstacles in the way for him to succeed, but he kept goin’ head-on fightin’ every problem as they came at em.

“What kind of problems are you talking about Cuz?”

And when I heard my cousin’s question, I opened up. I told em that every time my friend wanted to do a shipment of fish back to the states, these criminal bastards at the only airfreight company in town would tell em he needed to pay a special export tax along with the shippin’ regular freight charges. I told Fitz it all was a big scam and I continued on tellin’ em’ it was just killin’ my friend’s chances of makin’ an honest straight up business.

“T, you told me he motivated you, so tell me how.”

“Cause I saw how he wouldn’t give up and kept pushin’ himself and he would tell me he drew inspiration from the fact his Dad survived fightin’ over in Germany and was wounded twice and still stayed over there to fight, so how could he give up just cause some prick wanted to overcharge em.”

“So he was fighting on and he had no quit in him, is that what you’re saying? I mean think about it Cuz, does that sound a little bit like you?”

“Yes, I mean I guess in a way, but I’m tellin’ ya, he had no EFFIN quit in em whatsoever, even though the deck was stacked big time against em.”

I told Fitz there were two tough obstacles constantly in his face, one bein' the airfreight thieves and the other was from workin' in the ocean and not havin' all the right divin' gear. But one positive thing bout' the sea was I could tell his body was gettin' stronger week after week from all the hours of workin' underwater. I mean I could just see his muscles appearin' more pronounced all over and he wasn't limp' along with a cane anymore. I told cousin Fitz when I first met em many months ago, his lower body was busted up bad but now he's recoverin' and continues to get physically and mentally stronger.

I was openin' up like I've never done, like tellin' Cousin Fitz how my friend talked bout' a book he read a long time ago and never forgot what he learned. It was the history of Winston Churchill and how he kept up his countries spirits while the Germans were bombin' Great Britain relentlessly in WWII. He also mentioned to me how Churchill came up with an idea and then sketched his thoughts of these temporary portable harbors to be used for off-loadin' all the huge war machines and equipment from the big ships which couldn't get into shallow harbor ports.

These valuable creations were called Mulberry Harbours, and he took his time and explained to me from his research how much that one creation of Churchill's helped in the strategical war effort causes, but my friend especially made the point of how much he learned of Churchills shear will power to help keep the people of England strong, united and to keep the faith that one day there would be a total victory over Germany.

Fitz was really becomin' pleased and now slightly animated to hear bout' my new friend's ideas for cancer research with usin' Marijuana, and all the other cool subjects my buddy educated me with in Acapulco.

I told Fitz bout' how he would very diplomatically try and talk me into givin' up the business I was in and how he had other bigger and better ideas that I could do back in the states.

I opened up to Fitz how my Acapulco friend kept a cool and calm but steady drumbeat in my face *'To never bite off more than you can chew'*, cause in his exact plain and simple words to me, *'It could all come back to bite you in the ass someday.'*



When I told Cousin Fitz these things, each one of these sensible good pieces of advice my new friend gave me, made Fitz take to heart and have an open mind bout' one day meetin' my buddy, and that really pleased me a heck of a lot.

And there was somethin' else I had to tell Fitz about my new friend, and that was he at times seemed to care and worry more bout' me than himself, cause durin' all his free time away from the ocean, he was constantly workin' out ideas for an airfreight business for me back home. He had all kinds of interestin' thoughts, but his most important point he'd often say to me, was *'The Airfreight BIZ is safe, legitimate, and very profitable'*. After tellin' Fitz those new positive things, he responded;

“He really does sound like a guy who is trying to help and guide you, so I really like hearing that about your friend.”

“He's always tryin', and I really appreciate his concerns, , and you know what,”

“What T?”

“I had to give em a Christmas gift before I left, and I've never given anyone a holiday gift before, not even you and Shirley.”

“Wait now, hold on right there Cuz. You're the most generous guy Shirley and I know, and we love and appreciate everything you've done for us, and have you forgotten what you said you're going to be doing for us just a half hour or so ago?”

“No, yes, , okay, thanks, but seriously, I got to tell ya what I gave em cause it just made me feel so good to do somethin' for the guy.”

“Yeah T, sure, talk to us, because I have to admit you keep building up our curiosity ever since we first sat down.”

“Okay-cool. So I gave em this handmade leather wrist band with two buckles to secure it in place, and when he put it on, it looked like it always belonged there. I mean you know how somethin' just looks right, well that leather round his wrist was meant to be there, I swear to you guys.”

“We believe you, and more importantly for us, you’re a good guy T, you really are.”

“Well, this dude brings the good out of me and taps down my foul cussin’ mouth.”

Now sweet Shirley once she heard that, had to get in on the action.

“TB, if this new friend can shut down half your swearing potty mouth talk, I love this friend of yours already, and all that other beautiful stuff he quietly as you say preaches to you, well that is really great to hear about too.”

“Thanks Shirley, and I’ll tell ya somethin’, he won’t let you down.”

“Cuz, we both liked hearing about your new buddy, but I have to ask you something, what’s your friend’s name?”

“Yeah, sure, of course, his name’s David.”

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**Please Scroll Down**

## ‘A Cattle Prod, Chloroform and a Darkroom’

A very critical decision was decided by David on the last day of January of 1974, and I didn't disagree with em one bit at all. His mind was steadfastly made up that somethin' serious had to be done regardin' the fact that a no good for nothin' **evil** cut throat type bad low-life set me up to be robbed, then shot to death, and after dumped over a steep cliff. Now though bein' embarrassingly honest here, I have to take the responsibility for bein' foolish enough to trust that creep in the first place, and all I can say now is, this **evil** dude and his Mexican partners plans fortunately for me failed. It was a total set up from the get go, but I got foolish and greedy as usual and missed all the signs and signals.

They lured me in weeks earlier by showin' me some of the finest growin' fields of Acapulco Gold seedless weed up in the Sierra Madre Mountains. They made me promises of large bundled bails to be ready for shipment by the one-ton load sizes, but the truth was I should have known all their talk and bluster was too damn good to be true in the first place, yet I repeat again, I got greedy and careless and easily fell into their trap.

Hey, let me be clear without any disagreement from David for writin' and sayin' this, it was he who took control and made up my mind that somethin' very serious had to be done to stop this guy from ever again settin' up another foolish short sighted thinkin' human bein', like me. For my buddy, this was about life and death for any future naïve person who would come across this **evil** bastard's path. Yeah, really, plain and simple as that!

The real decision and plannin' process to go big time after this **evil** monster started when David and I were at our favorite restaurant, Black Beards, a hot tourist spot located on the main front street entrance of Miguel Aleman. There were two nights separated a week apart in late January and early February of 74' that we ate there and the subject of what to do about the guy who set me up was thoroughly discussed.

Okay, so another point needs to be spoken and put out there to clear the air how David and myself operated with regards to money. The deal was that D never asked me for money in all our times spent in Acapulco and for years after for that matter too, but on

those two intense nights of his grillin' type detective work on me, he made sure I used my good old nature of heavily tipping the waitress's and all the staff folks around us, before we even sat down. His reasonin' for that was understood by me, bein' that he wanted us to have the utmost of privacy and he wanted my generosity to ensure that necessity before we sat our butts down and began our heavy thorough talks. Yes, I always took care of our food and partyin' tabs in Mexico whenever we went out cause my buddy was flat broke, but he worked his ass off in the ocean and never asked me for a dime to help him along.

So back at the ranch I gladly took care of his request and soon after that fun task of exercisin' the use of my money, we quickly saw results. The appreciative young Mexican staff put our table well off to the back edge of the bar and dinin' room, which strategically separated us from all the other occupants, just for the security measures David expressed and asked me to do for us. I have to admit that I really didn't catch on to at first my buddy's real tight nature of bein' careful bout' pryin' eyes and ears at all times, but that was his deal from day one, and he was right on the money.

So durin' dinner as we sat across from each other, I totally to the max was piggin' out on these great big meaty juicy slabs of ribs, but my Bro bein' his conservative self, was eatin' slow and easy and just enjoyin' each rib, one at a time. I remember eatin' three times what he did, and the speed and the amounts he watched me stuff and fork down, always made em crack a smile plus shake his head too. Man, those were the days.

Anyway, no drinkin' is all he asked, cause I liked my Vodka mixes but his call was right on, meanin' absolutely clear heads for the purpose of him bein' sharp, and for me to have the best recall under his heavy at times questionin'. Oh, and his detective like mind, well it came at me like a machine gun and it really worked to wake up every detail of my previous meetins' with this bad low life guy we were now plannin' to go after.

I had learned over a quick period of time that David had a really good calcula~ting mind, so I put all my faith in em to hatch the plan to trap this stone-cold snake we were huntin' for. Ya gotta understand, my buddy Mr. Stone was all business and I totally appreciated his focus and concentration to get his plan worked out so we could save others from this

monster, and I could get a balanced good feelin' from that, besides my desire to just kill this piece of trash off with my bare hands. You see, that was another point David kept makin' to me. He would say, , *'It's more than payback, it's righteous justice!'*

Somethin' else needs sayin', , we're all human and my point is only after one serious outburst in the very beginnin' of David's plannin', did he show any signs of revengeful anger for what was attempted to be done to me. Fact was he was a mellow cool, calm and collected cat, and I could feel and sense his strong focus for this operation, and like I said, only one time did he show his utter distain for this bastard and then lost his self-control. After that first and last emotional outburst, he just wouldn't allow himself to mess up and get out of his strong mental battle plannin' zone. David first started heavily questionin' me, cuttin' right to the chase in the first night at the restaurant, tryin' to get me to remember every little detail of how this scum bag and myself first met. Now, I have to admit upfront I met em without my buddy bein' with me, cause on that one night I went out drinkin' alone and got a little bit wasted, and then just happened upon this *evil* creep. So that bein' said, just for the record I'm not a talkative stupid drunk but somethin' went down with David and myself in our early friendship that needed doin' and sayin' by him, aimed directly at me. Okay, well so what I'm basically hemin' and hawin' bout' and trying to say, is that my best friend got in my face bout' bein' more careful out in public and told me bout' the old expression from World War II, which was *'Loose lips sink ships'*.

I never forgot his words and took it to heart he was just tryin' to protect me from myself, and after that I always put into practice his soft carin' needed teachin' lessons.

Okay, so here's the deal, at both our workin' dinners my buddy's questionin' me was relentless, and part of what I mean is, by pushing me if I faltered with a blank spot and then goin' back over answers I already gave em. His whole deal was makin' sure I wasn't deviatin' in any way on how my chance first night meetin' of this scum bag took place. Detail after every detail is what he was tryin' to shake out of me, and he diplomatically went after every~thing and wouldn't let any~thing slide if he felt I was missin' a beat.

He damn well knew this was a dangerous two-edged sword he was goin' to be puttin' himself alone and into to set up this guy to think he's another hopeful weed dealer.

Seriously, this was a real Lion's den type deal, and we didn't know how any of it would go. So here we are in our favorite restaurant with David heavily grillin' me cause my recall of the night I met this guy wasn't so good, other than the wild music filled noisy disco bar where I met em at. My buddy's plan was to as best as possible duplicate the way I met this creep, so he could kind of slip in and do the same, and after that lure this guy into thinkin' he's got another foolish high-flyin' rich dope dealer to set up and rob.

David was a hard-workin' guy and as much as he dug hangin' out with me, he after hours of his daily divin' and sometimes walkin' a mile in the blazing sun to and from his two places he lived and worked at, just didn't always have the energy I did to go out and party whenever I was in town. So it just so happened on that particular night I met this evil twisted dude, was a night my buddy used for his much-needed resting periods and time outs from me.

So that bein' that, I just have to say that David put in a lot of time and energy and showed a great deal of serious patience with me throughout the plannin' process, but his operational mind was just warmin' up. He had his questions and answers from me nailed down and now it was time for the real true to life danger for my friend to come next.

The task at hand was to go to that club and orchestrate a *hopeful* chance meetin' and begin some sort of guy to guy simple conversation, so we then could get our master plan goin'.

Now let me be very clear here, none of this was going to be easy and we both talked straight up bout' the fact that there were no guarantees of this head-on meetin' even takin' place, and number two, if it did happen, how safe was it really gonna be for em. That bothered me a lot and to make matters worse, I obviously couldn't be alongside David or even relatively near em inside that wild noisy joint. So yeah, you better believe this for me was gettin' damn effin' serious.

Again, the fact obviously was this bad guy knew me by sight, and that was the crux of the matter that needed me to be completely hidden away. The problem though with that, was I'd have no eyes on David and be able to be lickity split right there inside that big noisy

ass bar if somethin' went wrong. So yeah, we both knew the deal, and it was a bitch but there just wasn't any other way to play our hand.

Alright, so the night of the operation came and I admit I was uptight and in the darkest kind of mood to just to my thing and kill this punk and be done with it all. David entered that insane off the wall late night disco sometime after 11:30, and what seemed like an eternity for me hiding outside, luckily and I have to say, everything D planned was accomplished.

My buddy went in that disco locked and loaded with this mope's full description from top to bottom, knowin' precisely who to hunt for.

Fortunately, our target was there and after some careful maneuver~ing, my buddy made his meet and greet he told me with the help of a cute young lady who innocently didn't know what was goin' down. She was instrumental cause after D spotted our bogey, he slowly through the thick crowd walked their way over to em, and bein' the nice clean looker David said she was, the dude couldn't help himself from sayin' hello to the strangers now up at the bar right smack dab next to em.

Yeah, David did his thing, but I have to admit the ordeal of waitin' round hidden away outside left me pretty uptight with my good friend bein' alone in that wild bar with that animal. You have to understand, this was some crazy action goin' down with this really dangerous guy, and that's why I was so totally relieved and feelin' so much better after David came out and explained to me he met em and now every~thing's seems like it's in motion, so with a great feelin' of relief, that first major step of our operation was done and over with.

What came next also went down without a hitch but it required us to be patient. We needed to wait for em to leave the bar so we could carefully follow the POS and find out exactly where he lived. That was the design of this carefully crafted exercise in the first place, and luckily, we only had to stick around an hour or so until he came out alone and was a bit drunk and we didn't mind that at all. We followed em and had no trouble and felt certain he had no idea of what was goin' on right behind his car, albeit at a safe

distance, and then BINGO, cause within ten minutes he led us right to his tucked away pricey neighborhood where he lived and that was another lucky break. This close proximity of his location for me and David was perfect, makin' our present and future job more convenient in the overall scheme of things.

Now movin' forward, we started preparin' and gettin' set for the next part of David's in depth pay back plannin'. So to do that, I picked em up on three separate occasions after his daily ocean divin' activities, and we'd drive out to my little hideaway cabin to go over the next phase of the operation. For the most part, this was David's show but whenever I needed to put in my two cents, he was all ears and actually pushed me to come up with more ideas and constructively beat the crap out of his plans. Yeah, that was us, and the beginnin' of future decades of how we worked so often and well together.

Without a doubt I learned a valuable lesson from my brother from anotha' motha', that bein' I've never seen such a down and dirty way of goin' bout' makin' a detailed plan to payback and forever stop an *evil* criminal from ever doin' his deeds again, that bein' without me literally killin' em. I know I keep repeatin' that but I damn well fuck-an-'A' mean it. . . Yeah, I really wanted to but D flat out stopped me, but the fact was I was witnessin' a stone-cold heart and mind at work, but I'm talkin' bout' my buddy, a really good guy who was just totally transfixed on the task at hand for us.

Another point I clearly know, is I saw in action his determination combined with a pure relentless focus, and all of it put together in a skilled plannin' warrior like state of mind. David was dead to nuts determined to put a forever lastin' heavy burned in mark on this creep that would remain on his body for the rest of his time on earth. Nothin' really too complicated bout' this plan, just somethin' I'll call a serious warnin' for all of those in the future who came upon his presence, to be warned to stay far away from em.

So, gettin' down to brass tacks and makin' my point clearer of what I just said, is at my cabin we turned a very thin long piece of rolled gauged wire into a roughed-out poor mans welded word that spelled out *'THIEF'*, and then firmly secured that section of wire into a twelve-inch-long handmade wooden and steel combination handle.



Point of fact here, was David designed and built a human brand~ing iron that he was goin' to eventually hold, burn and forever etch that one warnin' word into that low life's forehead, , simple as that.

The '*MARKER*' which I'm callin' this tool, was well built yet my buddy took nothin' for granted, so he practiced and tested it for strength and dependability before the night came of our break-in and take down. YES, that's what was comin' next.

All the other things we needed that David put on the draw~ing table so to speak, such as strong nylon rope and mouth gags made out of torn pillow cases, along with some of my favorite weapons of choice, and other various important things needed, were delegated for me to take care of. Every~thing was comin' together, even down to decidin' what color clothes to wear, along with these cool pull over head beanies we found in a flea market.

Continuin' our flow, on a few late afternoons and evenin' outings we began the next vital stage which was doin' our careful drive byes of his front and back neighborhood areas.

Very carefully, not wantin' to be seen walkin' round' the area by anyone, we discreetly used binoculars to get the best idea of his front home layout, and David made careful mapped out sketches of every first-floor window and door area. He even made notes of the odd shaped front driveway entrance and the two-car garage which was connected in a strange angled way to the house.

We wanted to get familiar and best organized as possible of the entire area, plus we made sure we had the best secure place to park the jeep and just walk away and come back to it like it just normally belonged there.

We were always a team but just growin' tighter, and it all felt right with no turnin' back feelings whatsoever. This operation was a GO, plain and simple! The truth though, this really turned out to be a tense almost two-week period of time, specifically for David, and I really could see it in em, and sense it too. I suggested that we should now just savor all the information and plannin' we've done, and just take a break and give every~thing a few days rest before the final serious plan goes into action.

He totally agreed and thanked me, and so I then told em bout' this new super hip late night disco I found out about in the Holiday Inn, and before I could say any~thing more, he quickly came back at me with '*Let's Go*'. So that night we went and it was by far the best live musical jammin' and full-on entertainin' band my buddy and I *ever* came across in our times hittin' bars from Mexico to years later in our travels in and around the USA.

This group of young men and women danced and sang and even did back flips, all to the perfect timing of some amazin' razzle dazzle jammin' musicians backin' em up. They had all the instruments, and I mean I'm talkin' bout a kick-ass fantastic horn section, plus great base and guitar playin' dudes and a drummer out of this world, plus like I said, they sang and moved like nothin' D and I have ever seen in our life times.

They kicked it out by doin' any and everything you can think of to entertain, and I'm tellin' ya, their *VIBE* was so slam damn *JIVE & ALIVE*, that I'll never forget that night!

I'm not much interested in dancin' but the music and all their wild action got my feet tappin' and my body slightly swayin', , so yeah, they definitely had me goin', seriously.

Yeah-no, no doubt, cause again in my opinion they were the best, and as far as my partner, well he met this highly intelligent good lookin' I think Oriental young lady that was part of some diplomatic cultural multi language speaking study group just arrivin' from some meetings in Mexico City, and all I'll say is, they grooved the night away.

Thirty hours later I caught up with David at the El Mirador Hotel and he said she and himself both needed that lucky chance meetin' to wash away a lot of stress they both had recently been under. I damn well without a doubt knew his reason for stress, and so all I could say to him was, '*COOL MAN, RIGHT ON*', plus I gave a Universal shout out and thank you to that young sweetheart for puttin' a happy smile on my buddy's face, and re-chargin' his inner self. And one interestin' point he told me bout' this young lady, was she asked a lot of questions and after that D said she'd make a great spy, especially with her ability of takin' advantage of any man by usin' the old pillow talk methods that he learned from readin' some spy novels. But this was no novel he was in, so he knew quite well how to humor her and just keep his focus on solely bein' in it for the '*make love not war*'

pleasure of it all, and not talkin' bout' nothin' other than complimentin' her how wonderful she was. Bottom line, he knew how to handle her and show her a good time, and get the same vibes back.

He was totally ready now for our big night, and his lifted spirits rubbed off perfectly onto me. We were groovin' so much so that we easily agreed to wait a day and a half more cause in that short period, we'd have a moonless night in our favor to work with.

So durin' that waitin' period, David worked a half day in the ocean, then did some restin' up, and afterwards I picked em up and we had a light and easy dus~ting over detailed meetin' of each move we previously worked out to get the ball rollin' to get inside this *evil* guy's home. I don't know who was more stoked than who, but bottom line, we were ready!

I had been studyin' this guy's comins' and goins', and he was like clockwork, meanin' he slept in late, went out for an afternoon of lunch and heavy drinkin', and then kind of stumbled his way back home by 7 PM. And he always parked his car right in front of the garage doors, but never inside it.

This very same pattern happened on three different occasions that I did my real spyin' on em, and three other times when I just drove by his street entrance and checked things out with my binoc's, and I could see he was gone. It was very convenient I didn't have to follow em on those simple drive by times, cause that saved me time and energy and gave me the confidence for our next future ballsy move.

And what I mean by that, is I took a chance one afternoon after he left in his car to go do his thing, I parked my jeep at a good faraway distance, and walked all the way to his home, and ended up studyin' the complete back door area where I wanted us to make our break-in, and then lie in wait inside for his return. He always entered his home through the front door, so for us it would be a no-brainer plan to go with the back door as our entry point, and then once in, do a quick check-up of the lay of the land of what's goin' and after that, wait as calmly as possible for the big moment.

He lived at the end of a typical Mexican semi-rocky and broken up cement dirt filled cul-de-sac road on a quiet poorly lit street. His neighbors' homes were pretty spaced out from

his, but they did have some adequate good security lights at night, but we still lucked out cause of the wide home separation goin' on.

But now here's even better news for our plan, and that is the entire door frame and guard bars were weak and put together by relatively poor construction methods, flimsy actually, and would be no problem for us on the decided night to easily quietly pry wide-open and then enter into the house and then close em up behind us like nothin' had ever happened.

I'd been keepin' D totally up to speed of all I learned, and he appreciated the solo work I was doin'. I understood his deal of not bein' able to break away so often cause he had to keep divin' so he could get that new fish business finally makin' some money.

But he was always there when I needed em, pushin' like a bitch, burnin' his *Effin* candles at both ends, and if you want to count his gut, then he's a triangle burnin' candle dude.

The 5 o'clock start up destination time of the day was finally here, and my good buddy was all business and ready to go. We parked my jeep at the beginning of the block and I carried our important bag of goodies as we walked a good distance unassumingly right to our back door picked out entry area location. It was all goin' perfectly well, and continued that way. The neighborhood was quiet, with no dogs or children walkin' round or playin' in the broken-up street, and nobody drivin' on the road as we did our entry walk up move.

Like I said, I parked my jeep a good distance away so our target wouldn't see or think any~thing unusual was goin' on in front of his home. As decided beforehand on David's suggestion, I parked the jeep front end facin' downward and towards the main road so we'd have an easy flowin' strategical casual exit to make after the operation was done.

We easily got our task done of pryin' open the door and guard rails, and just like planned closed em up behind us, and it all looked as good as new. It was now 5:45 pm and we hung together doin' a pretty thorough casing out of the entire first floor level.

We studied the front door area more than any~thing, cause that's where D and me were plannin' to do our surprise take down. The one thing we noticed though, there were a lot of mirrors in that house, so we had to do our best to position ourselves without any reflections of us comin' off them mirrors.

All the real action was goin' to begin on his timetable of when he stepped inside that front door, and it didn't take long cause he returned a bit earlier than usual and then I could say, all hell broke loose. He was a fleet footed lengthy type bastard, and the second he stepped inside the doorway, he somehow caught a slight glimpse of me in a side mirror we miscalculated, and the next thing we see happenin', is he's sprintin' as fast as hell into another area of his big house.

Without missin' a beat even though D can't run worth a plug nickel and he totally admits it, my partner is after this dude as fast as he could go and I'm followin' both of em and at the same time reachin' inside our bag of goodies for my gun.

It was a large office study den type room the dude was runnin' into, and the next thing I see is David awkwardly leapin' over this pretty sizeable desk. Much later on he explained to me it was all instinctive action that came over em to whip over and stop this creep from attemptin' to open a drawer he saw he was tryin' to do. Right soon after we found out he was goin' fast and furious for his own .38 caliber hand gun, but luckily the drawer was hard to open and David beat em to the punch to stop that dangerous idea from happenin'. That said, now D and this piece of shit are scramblin' and fightin' on the floor, so as fast as I could I put my .38 real hard into this asshole's temple area, and at the same time David slid away but still was on the floor on his left side.

I gruffly told the guy to roll onto his belly and stay directly face down, and after he did that, I saw my partner was far enough out of the way, so I intentionally came thunderin' down with my heavy right steel toe boot onto this punk's spinal mid-range back area. I got em so solidly, that even I could hear the air come out of his lungs through his mouth gasp, and David hours later told me the smashin' action I did on the guys back made even him have a reflex flinchin' wince momentary weakenin' sensation happen.

So that was that, this scuffle and potential threat was stopped in it tracks. As best my memory can recall, he only got that drawer open a crack, so that was a big lucky break for us, and I credit David's quick moves to follow and leap at em for puttin' that fire out before it even started.

The deal was though, my buddy got dinged up bad on his di~ving move. He smacked his right nut directly on the corner of that sharp end desk, and he lay on the floor while I hog-tied up our target who was still havin' trouble breathin' from my disarmin' boot kick.

David slowly got to his feet within a few minutes, and just kind of half nodded to me after I asked em if he was okay. It really wasn't a positive kind of response but there wasn't any stop in em now, and me either.

Our adrenaline rushes began slowin' down somewhat but our heart rates still seemed elevated, I can tell ya that. Next thing we did was pick this hog-tied jack-off up and put em flat on his belly on top of the big desk. He was still short of breath, so I didn't stuff the torn pillow case into his mouth like we had planned, just tide it tight a~round his head and through his mouth so he could breathe easier but yet couldn't scream out.

We had em well secured now, so then D began goin' through all the drawers of the desk, and I stood guard and just watched my buddy do his thing.

David handed me the guy's gun he found in the top drawer and I put it in my satchel, and then I watched em pull out knives and all kinds of dangerous odds and ends out of a couple other drawers.

Then he pulls out these rolls of undeveloped negatives protected inside their original film canisters. Going deeper into this one particular drawer, he finds this twelve-inch-long black and white developed strip of film, but it's in pretty bad shape to see what's on it.

Then diggin' deeper, he finds a set of three keys, each one bigger than the next. David didn't need to say a word after he jangled the keys in the air for me to see, cause I knew what he was thinkin'.

I freed up the mouth of the dipshit we were entertaining, HA-HA-HA, and said to em, *'Where's the doors for these keys?'*, but he gave me the silent treatment.

Okay fine, have it your way asshole, so I then grabbed his right hand middle finger and without waiting for a peep out of em this time, snapped it back, and then twisted the shit out of it.

Durin' my action he let out an earie horrid soundin' scream, so now I had to quickly stuff his mouth up big time. I waited less than a minute, then asked him nicely again a~bout the keys as I slightly took the gag out, and he painfully mumbled, *'The kitchen'*.

David heard what he said and then nodded to me and I nodded right back at em, and then he went off to the kitchen. There he soon found the big key fit into a normal size door off to the side of the room. Then once through that door, he pulled on the string light switch that was hangin' and saw another door, but of a much smaller door frame size. He used the middle key to open that one and there in full view was a little narrow room with another string light, but this time when pulled, a red darkroom bulb went on. I know all of this information cause after David's discovery, he came back into the den where I was with our target and quickly told me what he discovered. That middle room as he explained it was a complete darkroom with everything set up, from fresh workin' developin' chemicals and their tray holders, along with a very good quality American made enlarger. Also, he found a 35-millimeter camera and carefully took out the roll of film that was still in it. He explained to me the room had all the right tools plus a regular photo hanging line for dryin' the prints, and the special darkroom red light to work a~ round in.

David asked me if we could make a little extra time for our operation, so he could quickly process these negatives and see what's on em. I told em *'SURE'*, and he nodded back a no words spoken thank you, then turned and left to go quickly do his darkroom magic.

After D left, I was feelin' a bit crazed in that room alone with this guy, so I lifted up his head by his long hippie hair, and half kind of screamed at him, *'Hey Mother !\*!\*!R, do you remember me?'*, and then I repeated those words again, and after just let go and dropped his head with no feelin's for em whatsoever. He never answered back nor looked me in the eyes, but what should I have expected.

There wasn't a lot for me to do while David was in that darkroom, so I checked the scum bags ropes, then just started walkin' in a tight area lookin' round the room we were in. There really wasn't any~thing of importance or of any unusual nature, just more like it had a feelin' of a cold plain and unlived in type vibe.

Then in a flash out of nowhere, David comes barrelin' into the room from round my backside area and jabs this long narrow stick real hard into the side of our tide up target. I immediately heard a zap~ping type buzzin' sound, and this dude is bouncin' all over the table now and strange pained type noises are comin' out of his muffled mouth... What's goin' down is, David is shockin' the shit out of the guy and wasn't lettin' up which seemed like forever, but eventually he stops.

Then my man puts the electric stick down and after takes a strange bottle he brought with em from the other room, and in the same motion grabs one of the many nearby torn pillow cases we had and begins soakin' it with the liquid he's pourin' out of this bottle. After that, D lifts our target up by his long hair with his right hand, similar like I did minutes earlier, and then covers this guy's nose and mouth with this torn soaked material, usin' his left hand.

Maybe ten--fifteen seconds or so later, I see this guy is like in a sleepin' state, or more to the point, he seemed out cold. Now David let's go of his head and it thumps down and then my buddy comes round over to my sheathed knife on my hips side and pulls it out, dangerously whis~king by my exposed right upper forearm. Then moving back to this creep, he hair tugs his knocked out head up again, takes the knife and cuts off the mouth gag wrapped round his skull, then motions me to grab and hold his hair and keep his head in the same upward position like he was holdin' it in, , so I did.

Only a second or so ticked by, when then David reaches into this guy's mouth, pulls out his tongue and then cuts off at least a minimum big fat inch of it. I literally did an eyes wide open double take look at what I just saw go down, and I have to admit I had a momentary freakin' out gut reaction happen to me.

Then I'm watchin' my buddy drag this tied up pricks body to a position where his neck was limp and his head was just hangin' over the tables edge.

Quickly I figured out he put em in that position so his tongue's fast drippin' blood wouldn't be goin' down his throat and chokin' em to death.



Oh I'm tellin' ya, that was the fastest tight packed pace of unexpected action that totally caught me flat footed and off guard, seriously, cause I had no clue of any of that was comin'. And it wasn't over!

The guy was still out cold but David didn't care, or maybe wasn't sure for how much longer, so he repeated soakin' the rag in that bottles solution and then put it over his nose and mouth again. Then he reaches into my big bag of goodies and takes out the iron brandin' tool we made, along with the portable propane torch we brought for the red-hot heatin' up part of the process.

David says out loud and very clear to me, '*We're havin' an immediate change of plans*'. He asks me to shape and break the brander with my hands into a small burnin' tool to fit in the guy's mouth, so he could cauterize the heavily bleedin' fresh tongue cuttin' action. I said sure, and then took care of his request. Next, wouldn't you know it, the damn torch we brought along wouldn't lite. So wastin' no time and thinkin' fast on his feet, my buddy runs into the kitchen with the new shape brander and uses one of the stoves top propane gas burners and gets the new designed much smaller tool, flamin' red hot.

Comin' back into the room, I could see smoke comin' off of it, and it definitely now was torch scorchin' hot as hell. Things are still happenin' fast, cause without pause as D got closer to me, he say, '*Is he still out?*', and I answer back '*YES*'. Now he shakes his head in a positive like way, then tells me to lift the ass-holes head up again by the back of his long hair and then says to me to do my best to quickly open his mouth wide as possible and keep my hand steady and as far away from what he's a~bout to do. I understood completely. I followed his directions, then D carefully maneuvered that small hot burnin' tool into the dude's mouth and almost surgically like, carefully pressed it directly into all the exposed cut area that my Bowie had just sliced easily into.

My knuckles immediately could feel the heat comin' off that flamin' hot tool, but David was quick with his action and then in the same motion, takes it out after the task he planned was complete to his satisfaction.

I could smell immediately the burnin' of his tongue's flesh and then bein' straight up here with ya, I felt a gaggin' pukin' reflex come over me from the stench.

David durin' the action held the tools position for a one Mississippi two Mississippi count, then took it out and then I just let go of his hair and the asshole's head dropped again over the table's edge.

Not even five seconds went by when D turned away and went back into the kitchen and ran some sink water into a pot he found and then stuck our flamin' hot downsized tool into it. I knew this cause I could hear the sizzlin' hot metal meetin' up with the cold water. He then came back into the room, lifted up the guy's head and looked at what he just did to em. David's eyes were like slits now as he looked square at me and calmly said to me, *'We should have brought peroxide.'*

I didn't know quite what to think when I heard em say that, but in an instant out of nowhere my mind reacted and blurted out, *'Maybe there's some in the bathroom.'*

Next thing I know, he's off lookin' for the bathroom and comes back two minutes later with a bottle of Vodka he ended up findin' in the kitchen. Now my buddy seemed a little looser and kind of half smiled and said to me, *'This isn't for us, it's for him'*. After his words, he takes one of the clean torn pillow case strips and starts soakin' the Vodka in it. Then he asks me to hold his head up again, I do, and soon after he's usin' his right hand to hold down his jaw bone and then with his left covered gloved hand, begins swashin' and jammin' all round this torn Vodka-soaked cloth inside this guy's wide-open mouth.

From start to finish, we both were wearin' these kitchen latex dishwashin' gloves, and my buddy really needed his pair now for this cleanup work he was doin'. The first cloth really came out of his mouth heavily soaked in blood and before David's about to repeat this action, he screams at the guy, seein' if he's awake. He gets nothin' back, so he then repeats this action three more times with the last remainin' fresh torn cloths we had.

The last Vodka-soaked cloth had much less blood on it compared to the others, and we both notice there's much less now drippin' comin' out of his mouth, and that was David's only goal he had in mind. The burnin' cauterizin' tool and the Vodka had done the trick,

and D was satisfied now cause he then said to me, *'Let's clean up, pack up and go.'* My partner was all business, and that's exactly what went down in less than five minutes.

Nothing was overlooked, missed, forgotten and left behind, not even the brandin' tool broken off pieces and the main one that was sufficiently cooled off now for us to pack up. We double checked each other repeatedly and we were almost totally good to go.

Now the last thing I personally did before walkin' away from our work, was what David requested of me, which was to cut free his hog-tied hands and ankles.

*'SURE'*, is what I shot back and before the word was fresh out of my mouth, I was takin' my Bowie out and doin' the business my buddy asked. After cuttin' em loose I noticed the dude was still out cold but breathin' just fine, and I knew that cause I put my ear close to his mouth and I clearly heard his respiration.

I then sheathed my Bowie and caught another of David's nod of thanks, and now within less than fifteen seconds we were ready to leave, but this time we went out the front door. We didn't want to mess with the side door anymore, so we took the quietest and easiest way out.

We checked and doubled checked to make damn sure the coast was clear, then we left out the front with all the items we came with, but this time with those beanies over our heads and I was intentionally hunchin' over so I'd make myself appear much shorter. All the while we're headed calmly for the jeep in a normal walkin' pace.

It wasn't until forty minutes later when we were safely at my small hideaway cabin did David and myself have a real conversation. The ride back to my place was the quietest period of time my buddy and I have ever experienced for all of our life time of drivin' together, but it was nothing personal, just a matter of the circumstances we just experienced.

This has to be said, and that is it was the strangest and most exhilara~ting night that I ever shared in Acapulco with my close best friend. It truly was an event of many first, and soon I would learn what so insanely triggered my buddy's unexpected but needed actions.

In a nut shell, David says to me what set em off into his anger filled rage, all happened after he quickly developed those rolls of film and afterwards took a much better look inside the third little room. He saw for himself on the photo negatives this guy had a torture chamber set up somewhere most likely in that big house, and that it appeared that he had savagely brutalized and possibly even worse, killed a young woman or maybe even more in that room of depravity. He told me in plain sight but in the dark in the third little room, were all kinds of hang~ing horrendous mid~evil pieces of equipment on hooks on the walls, and when he got close enough up to em he saw cakes of blood smothered all round on em, plus many large dried clumps of sicken~ing pools of blood on the floor. In that same room on a small wooden table is where he found the chloroform and that long shaped electric zap~ping cattle prod, and he told me that there were all kinds of other insane cruel inhumane tools lyin' round on that table plus the floor.

Afterwards, he made it clear to me that he never wanted us to get involved to go lookin' for that other hell hole room of horror. He told me we were already too deep and over our heads of what we'd already done, but he said at least we could be satisfied that this guy wouldn't be ever able to set anyone else up to rob and kill em like he tried doin' to me, and hopefully this would put a stop to his torture chamber activities too.

All the craziness and stone-cold insane rage that came floodin' out of David happened after what he saw with his own eyes in that darkroom on those freshly developed what he called wet negatives he processed and quickly turned into small prints. He brought em back with us but well concealed, and after he gave me a chance to see for myself, I only need to say that the extreme graphic nature of every~thing I saw just like he did, was shock~ing, seriously, just disgustingly over the top horribly wrong human to human behavior.

Yes, maybe I'm a stone-cold killer when called upon and necessary, but my life is not of a savage nature like this evil monsters certainly was.

Bein' real here, what I witnessed from my buddy's knife cuttin' move shocked me, and I didn't see it comin' in any way, shape or form. The tongue action attack just came out of

absolutely nowhere, but now I knew exactly why he was so driven with such emotional hard-core disgust and over the top anger.

I know David well, and in many ways at times he's a~nother stoned-cold dude, but only when a situation and event has come and it's definitely needed!

Continuin' bein' straight up and truthful here, what I kept thinkin' bout' as I drove us back to my cabin, was my buddies surprisin' stealth like action. I mean every move he did, from the electric cattle prod zappin' to then pullin' out the chloroform and usin' it so quickly, just caught me off guard. And if all that wasn't shock~ing enough, then the next thing I know he's grabbin' my knife out of its sheath, then tellin' me to lift and hold this monster's head up by his hair and then without any pause, he's offin' a good size portion of this piece of low life shits tongue.

Yeah, even for me, I was stunned!

Back at my cabin after David showed me the prints, he said we have to burn em right now for our own protection cause we needed to distance ourselves from havin' any connection to that house of horrors. Fact was, just like D said, I knew we definitely were already too deep into the whole damn shootin' match in the first place, and it was inescapably mentally real.

So we did what David wanted, and another important thing we took care of, was burn David's clothes and then I took a machete and put his tennis shoes on top of a big rock and hacked em into small pieces, so you wouldn't have a clue what they originally were. He had a descent amount of splattered blood and drippins' on em and we just couldn't take any chances, and he clearly understood. As far as myself, I trashed my pants and shirt, but washed down and cleaned up my favorite steel toe boots.

Something else I didn't mention before we left that house of disgust, was David was pretty darn up close and personal with the guy, so as a last-minute precaution before we left that pit hole, he went into the kitchen and after he took off his gloves and the special semi face coverin' mask he was wearin', he used the sink to do a quick but thorough washin' of his arms, neck and entire face. After he finished that, he told me he did a quick wip~ing off

of the faucet handle and any~thing else he remembered he touched, but he was super careful the whole time with his gloves off. He then came back to me with em, and I stashed em in our bag of goodies.

And again like I previously said, we were all business and operatin' really fluidly as a two-man prepared workin' team. The nights action was crazy to say the least, and somewhere along that night and then into the mornin' when I went shoppin' for new shoes, a couple of shirt and pair of blue jeans for my buddy and myself, I began mullin' round in my mind the nickname of Stealth for my wild and unpredictable at times friend.

When I came back with his new clothes and shoes, I asked em bout' would it be okay when the mood and vibe was right to use my new nickname for em, which I clearly thought at certain times would work and fit, again that bein' the name Stealth.

At first he didn't know quite what to make or think of my odd question, but David in our super-fast pace of life we shared while gettin' to know each other really well in Mexico, knew I was bein' serious with em, and came back sayin to me', *'Yeah sure, why not'*. So now that was my second nickname for em, first being Stoney.

I'll never forget that time in our lives, cause in that particular wild period, David's new well-suited nick-name was born, and with nothin' meant to be bad in any way bout' it. And on lookin' back on it all, it's strange how the mind works, and I say that cause on that incredible night I saw my buddy slice that guy's tongue off, and soon after he's makin' sure he doesn't bleed to death from it.

Without a doubt it was a night of many first for both of us, includin' David doin' his first time ever Lon Chaney routine of fully maskin' his identity. Myself, nah, this punk new me quite well and there was no chance he'd forget who I was.

Yeah, so what can I say, other than in his own way David was showin' some kind of good and decent signs of humanity, which honestly feelin' like I did bout' the guy, that decency vibe never came close to crossin' my crazed mind... Yeah-No, I still just wanted to kill em and that's it!

As far as this guy goin' to the cops and us havin' any sorts of repercussions come our way, no way to that, cause he'd be bringin' a whole lot of big time problems leadin' directly back to that house of horror, which I'm sure the Federales would discover.

So that's it, nothin' else can be said or added to a night of stealth action, a cattle prod, chloroform and a darkroom, , , oh, and a low life human piece of garbage gettin' what he exactly righteously deserved, plus truly provin' pay back's a bitch!

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**Please Scroll Down**

## **‘Fitz, My New Friend’ - May 25, 1974**

Over a quick period of time in Acapulco and then after many decades, TB and I became I guess you could say more than free spirited adventurous buddies. Sometimes we became involved in activities that had some dangerous elements involved that required us at all times to guard each other’s backs, figuratively and literally.

For me all that craziness made me feel alive and I always enjoyed whatever came up next! Our tight camaraderie started with an intense beginning in Acapulco Mexico and continued on with me living in a well concealed secret world with him and the boys. This hidden existence was specifically meant to be from my family and few friends, and my actions didn’t faze or bother me because I felt my life had purpose, and it all just felt right.

One night in 1973 is when I first heard about Cousin Fitz, when TB and I were waiting for darkness to arrive before we launched a snip and bag raid on a giant Sensimillia Marijuana field. Excuse me but like I said, we had an intense friendship happening for us in Acapulco and I make here no excuses for our ways.

Well so anyway, just making our way to this particular Marijuana giant field with its rough climbing location was enough excitement in and of itself, but the real bold action was ahead of us. Just like TB told me, hundreds upon hundreds of growing acres of Marijuana fields were tucked away in the mountains above Acapulco, in rolling cavernous regions that were very hard to make your way up and down and around to, but we managed to do so under his direction and complete guidance, on that fantastic wild night.

So up on our lookout point on this high up ridge, TB whispered quietly to me about his childhood closest friend which also happened to be his cousin. He told me he was two years older than him and myself and had the same sweet girlfriend that he’d had a crush on since he was a seven-year-old little boy. His name was Fitz and TB always talked about the fact that he was a pure genius that had the brain measuring capacity of maybe one out of seventy-five million humans circling the globe, but what really intrigued and pumped me up was his cousin was a total history nut about the American Revolution.



And some time before I met T, I used to think about how much I missed out not paying attention in school regarding how we started as a country. Shame on me but I wasn't ever much of a student, but now I was ready and wanting to understand what happened to create our nation.

Yes, definitely now in my early twenty's I was really gung-ho about getting my head wrapped around everything I could get my hands on, so I could learn about our countries breakaway American Revolution. Call it maturity or whatever but something in my spirit was yearning for me to grasp finally more about this important past of our country.

So when I heard about Fitz and his love and understanding of this full on Revolution, I asked TB if I could meet him someday and maybe his cousin could help me out with some book tips to get me started, and he could also talk with me about the many things that stuck in his mind that were really personally cool for him about it all.

The neat thing though, was TB had already made up his mind that he wanted me to meet Fitz because he knew how well he and I became fast friends and he told me his cousin didn't have very good social skills or much trust for anyone, so he thought I could be just the right guy for him to make a new trusting friend with. When he told me those things, I actually felt choked up!

He loved his cousin so much and he felt bad it was hard for him to make new friendships but as far as I was concerned, I would be happy to meet him someday and make his acquaintance as a for sure future friend.

So here I am fresh out of Mexico and T and myself are already planning our second time hanging out in Michigan. He said this time this second trip was going to be with his cousin because he felt it was important Fitz and myself meet right away. TB truly wanted to see if I could help him with his unusual person to person awkward ways and I expressed I felt confident we would make good friends for each other over time. And when TB asked me how I knew that, I told him I just sensed something special was going to happen, just like it did with him and I. After I told him that, the big guy felt a calming and positive feeling come over him and he told me that entire mental vibe pleased him a lot.

During another time when TB and myself were discussing helping Fitz, we laughed and kidded around how we each rescued each other in Acapulco and sometimes we would joke about how we became our own mutual admiration society members in our two-man only club we had going on.

All kidding aside, we were grateful we were such good close friends, and it was early on we both realized it was very lucky for us we found each other, because if we hadn't we don't know or like to think of how our lives would have turned out.

So now the wheels were in motion for T and Fitz to drive to Michigan but the deal was though, TB and I began for strict security purposes using a pay phone to pay phone communication system, but at first there was a lot of hit and miss catching each other. We both didn't like that and agreed we had to get our act better together, and we did.

In Acapulco we had been using what's called 'The Drop', which is basically when you leave a small hidden written but coded important message for someone in a designated spot and mixing it up with different days and hours for the pickup. So back now in the states we figured out a simple co-ordinated time schedule for our pay phone calls to one another, and that was that, problem solved with 'The Drop' style pay phone set up.

So days before we were finally all going to meet, the two of us co-ordinated our meeting place. The big guy told me what he preferred and I understood, so I then easily figured out the perfect spot, which was a large park outside of Birmingham Michigan.

I was there first and T was right on time, pulling up in his cool and smooth rumbling sounding green hard top, which was the duplicate Ford Mustang car that Steve McQueen drove in the movie Bullet. TB's car was built to specs for him by some top-notch New Orleans boys that did specialty work on old classic movie cars, and they nailed this one. And when I say that car rumbled up, well I mean it sounded so sweet and powerful when the clutch was in and some gas was sprayed into the carburetor, so yeah, it rumbled alright and really purred like a fine-tuned machine. I can't say enough from my standpoint how it was just so neat to hear and especially see TB in that cool ass car driving up.

My buddy and his cousin drove a long way and he was spot on using the expressways and a few backroads, with the directional aid of his Triple-A maps. Like I said, this was our second-time meeting in Michigan with the first being about three weeks earlier when he flew up in his newly bought Cessna. Our first reunion was amazing to say the least, a blast actually. That first get together was when I was just barely two weeks fresh out of living and working in Acapulco, but he was still going in and out of Mexico with his activities and dangerous work.

I was still very much worried and scared for him but I held out hope I could help him find his place for a better working future life. Well so anyway, Nuff Said about all that for now. The two of us did our thing communicating with each other by special arrangements like I said, and it was obviously the right stealth way for us to operate. The key was we stayed tight with our chats and practiced that procedure, never breaking routine for many years. Now as he drove up, even from a slight distance he looked very healthy and was according to our last conversation just about to turn his life over. He was lining up two of the ideas we talked about at length in Acapulco, and we carried on with them intently in our first Michigan re-union because he knew these businesses had good futures.

But now the big moment for him arrived, that of introducing me to Cousin Fitz. I remember everything about that very moment we saw each other, and how I did my best to try and lock on friendly eye contact with him as he sat in the passenger's seat. The positive gesture was well intended but just like TB said, his cousin was awkwardly shy about reciprocating. Didn't matter or bother me one bit because the fact was, he made the trip and his mental vibe was physically trying, and we had lots of time to work on all those natural protective barriers he had up, just like TB explained he would. I was my regular self, easy going, pleasant and glad to meet a friend of a friend.

As he walked closer to me after getting out of the car, he appeared to make an attempt at relaxing and letting our eyes make comfortable contact. Then being near enough I put my hand out to shake his and he responded but he didn't have the best man to man handshake, but so what is what flashed in my mind, because now we were together and this was our start to become friends. I did sense he was feeling comfortable and quickly noticed he squared up his body after our handshake and studying and knowing body

language from my photography work, I quickly knew that was a positive sign. As strange as this may sound, I really felt he was trying to flow with the moment so I then initiated a conversation.

It would all come down to the same way TB and I became friends which was just sit down somewhere and make much more than small talk if possible, hopefully something that had true meaning and showed that we cared to know more about each other and truly get acquainted.

T had been passing along and telling Fitz on every occasion when they were together in the States, everything I opened up truthfully about myself to him. The big guy was doing that so all of the business of information to make his cousin feel at ease was already planted in his mind but now it was up to him to accept, trust, and just simply like me.

After our pleasantries of hellos, I came right out of the gate talking about my curiosity to really learn about the American Revolution and asked Fitz for any kind of tips and ideas to help me get started. As I finished speaking those words, something very positive took place that pleased and shocked TB and myself beyond what I can even express here.

Now as best as I can, let me tell you about our years ago first recollected conversation;

“I want to thank you for being such a good friend to my cousin and being more importantly, a good influence on his life.”

I and especially TB never saw *THAT* coming from Fitz, no, not at all. The big guy and myself caught each other’s eye and just easily smiled with a little eyebrow lifting gesture and listened to more of what my new friend had to say.

“My cousin changed big time after he met you.” Fitz paused, looked at each of us, then,

“In the last year he has traveled multiple times back and forth to Mexico, then to California, then back to Kentucky and then down to Tennessee, then New Orleans and then back to Mexico, and just working and running his body nonstop.

Any normal person would be exhausted and I admit I never could keep up such a pace, but he keeps running tirelessly and fearlessly, and I might as well add, crazily too.”

He stopped speaking, being a little out of breath and then looked square at his cousin and then calmly shot a quick glance at me and then moved into tighter close quarters of the big guy and then slapped his upper arm hard, and that made both TB and myself break into a smile. Both of us didn't know what he was going to do or say next, but Fitz sure did. After a couple of deep breaths, he was ready to go on speaking his mind and I remember he had cousin T and myself wrapped up in his full attention.

“Every trip back home with me he told me stories and experiences he shared with you in the city and up in the mountain regions of Acapulco, and all of it happening in such a short time period you guys shared together.”

Fitz paused again to let out a big sigh, then looked at us and smiled and then went on.

“And in all those shared times you guys had, the most important thing for me was how you David, woke my cousin up to just even the notion to consider that all normal human beings have a spiritual side and you asked him to think about finding his own. My big bad ass cousin talked to me whenever we were together about how your way of simply talking to him was just what he needed. He told me it was *'Your Diplomatic Ways'* what he would bring up to me that caught his attention and got through to him.

TB told me he just found himself open to all the things you talked to him about, and he was grateful for you being strong about your spiritual side and not giving up on him.

We all know timing is everything and your peaceful heartfelt way you came at him was what turned my cousin around and I'm forever grateful to you for that.”

Fitz right then takes a quick pause to do a little lite breathing, then goes on.

“Finally, and thankfully you were able penetrate his thick stubborn skull. And then he told me how you were constantly unafraid to get in his face and push him to think long and hard about using his business mind and get the hell out of what he was doing.”

Cousin Fitz paused again and we all kind of glanced over and around at each other, then,

“It’s a super dangerous business my cousin is in and it scares the crap out of me for his sake, and so I just naturally worry about him. And I have to say in all candor, I always thought he could take care of himself, that is until he told me what happened on that mountain top with that fake Mexican Colonel, and all the craziness that happened with the three of you guys.”

He paused right there but we could tell he wasn’t near done with speaking his mind. Then,

“This isn’t easy for me to open up like this, but I’ve been thinking about trying and really doing this for quite some time, so.”

Now even more so, while he’s speaking, I actually felt like I began reading his mind and really felt I was seeing clearly my new friend’s inner soul. I was totally absorbed.

“I have to say David, what you did finally proved to him and me he needs someone watching his back, and even more important, thinking about starting a better way of living his life.”

Now TB and myself are practically leaning in to hear his every word, as if we’re like in a dream, because everything he was saying was all being done with such beautiful heartfelt spoken words, and it was great, and the best part he wasn’t quite finished. This was a true happening and it felt perfect for all of us.

“What you did my new friend, was show me you care as much about my cousin with your actions, and, , and your caring deeds he tells me you are always doing for the poor people you guys come across in the mountains, and he sees how you are and he wants to do the same, so that makes me feel such a blessing is going on for him. And as much as I respect that, most importantly for me was the way you had his back. This all might sound so awkward and strange and maybe even sappy, but I can’t thank you enough.”

TB and myself were all ears and the big guy was looking like a proud poppa. This was turning into a day for him that he never saw coming, and for me it was just a great beginning to a lifelong one of a kind friendship. So yes, I can say again we were all ears.

“My big cousin standing strong right here in front of us might be one-real tough guy, but he’s living in such a dangerous world, and one day his luck might just run out like it almost did, but thank God you had his back.”

Now TB was shocked and pleased because he really was accepting me as a trusting new friend and opening up so widely. His cousin had much more to let out.

“I don’t like the weed business he’s doing one bit, but I could never stand up to him and get on his case like you did, and still do, and your constant words to him over and over were right, saying to him, ‘*Enough is Enough*’. He told me you kept making the point about how much money do you really need, and he told me how you often talked about the odds of getting busted would increase, with each big haul.”

TB and I locked eyes, smiled and then looked over at Fitz. He wasn’t so much as smiling but more like just happy he was letting go of what he had on his mind. I believe sometimes in life a situation happens with friends and you never forget, and this day was just that.

“David, I want to tell you that both of you have seriously accomplished your goals, one was TB making more money than he set out to in that god forsaken dangerous business, and you my new friend have broken him down and opened his mind, and now the results are he’s finished with that whole damn business.” Fitz paused right there, thought about something, then,

“Shirley and me are just so relieved and happy he’s completely free and done with it all.”

Now he stops right there and T and myself are pleasantly astonished, especially me, and as I looked over to the big guy he’s turned into a smiley face looking character. Truth is, I don’t think I’ve ever seen my big buddy with such an ear to ear smile. Fitz goes on.

“I am so glad you guys found each other because no doubt about it, you broke him down man, I mean you finally got to him however diplomatically you did your thing, but all that matters is you did!”

“Fitz is right Stealth. I’m settin’ up plans now to take all your advice and try and get legal. Your way of talkin’ to me really struck a nerve to think big legitimate thoughts and not give up once I started. And tell me, who could top off a bigger idea that you came up with, of havin’ dreams of goin’ after with old connections of mine to approach the pentagon with that airfreight business idea you’ve been pushin’ me to do?”

I could only listen to both of them but I’m so relieved to hear all this good news and be blown away from my buddy right then and there talking so positive. This was a great day.

“David, TB told me the story how those bastards in the air cargo business were beating you down whenever you tried to ship your tropical fish boxes to your customer, but all the while you saw the honest good side of that business potential in the United States.”

Fitz stopped speaking and his eyes went back and forth, first on me and then to TB, then back to me and now I was really reading him and could tell this new friend of mine wasn’t finished and I was at ease to hear more. He now shifted his body slightly and focused even more on me. Yep, he wasn’t finished by a long shot.

“I love my cousin so much, and he’s been really my only close male friend in my life, outside of our blessed friend Big Freddy. I told you I worry about TB all the time, and once he ended up in Acapulco the stress level for me seemed even greater than his time in Viet Nam. So for all you have done and are continually trying to motivate and do for him, I want to, no, better than that, I have to give you a big heartfelt sincere thank you. And I have to mention my sweet girlfriend Shirley wants me to thank you too.”

WOW, was all I could think and I’m sure the same for the big guy. I had to speak now because this new spirit in front of me beautifully moved me.



“The weed dealing business made me scared for him too and I’m just so relieved you’re telling me that he’s done, made his money, and, , and as you just told me, he even exceeded his goal.”

“Exactly, don’t push your luck and be greedy, because it could all end up going really bad.” I like how Fitz just jumped in, and my immediate thoughts were he’s right on the money with his greedy words of wisdom.

“You know Fitz, even though we don’t know each other, I really can feel how we think alike about someone we care a lot about.”

I could see him shaking his head in total agreement and smiling, and TB looked as happy as I’ve ever seen him. Cousin Fitz went on.

“What do you want me to call you? My cousin, our good friend here tells me he gave you nicknames in Mexico.”

“Yes, , yes he did.”

“So which one do you prefer?”

“I’m comfortable with any of them.”

“He told me how he came to calling you Stoney and he also told me the story about how you and he did some righteous pay back on some scheming low life bad dude, and then after that he gave you his favorite nick name, calling you Stealth, which he often uses when he’s talking about you when we’re together.”

TB and I had a little body shifting and movement happen as his spoken words reminded us of some very fresh not so long-ago serious action that that nickname came from, but thankfully all that is well behind us now.

He was right though, it was a very heavy stealth kind of night for both of us, but the name he gave me just seemed to fit, and then stuck.

I could see this look in TB's eyes now and I knew what he was thinking. It was all about the ice that he and I worried about being broken, and that concern was being surprisingly shattered by Fitz rising up over the past ten or so minutes, and smashing our worries and doing it with such class and grace.

Fitz made TB so proud of him and I felt so good to hear all this good news, which right then and there made me spontaneously open up to my new friend.

"Fitz, it's so cool being here with you and TB, and learning for the first time he's getting out of that business, and,"

"And Cousin Fitz, you surprised the you know what out of me but I'm actually more shocked how you're not your usual careful guarded introverted self. This is exactly what I hoped for, but never expected it to happen so rapidly and in such a cool way you did it."

"I know, and it feels good too." Fitz smiling with his spoken words.

"It's just so great to see you like this and especially with a guy you never met. I can't wait to speak to Shirley and let her know bout' what happened here today."

T paused for a few seconds to think, then continued.

"Obviously Stealth you know the good news now, but I was gonna to tell ya later every~thing, but the cats definitely out of the bag and runnin' wild, that's for sure."

"Ah, I caught that T. You just called him David and Stealth in the last few minutes, and I even think Stoney was mixed in before that."

"Listen Fitz, I want you to call me whatever the mood is you feel, just like TB does."

"Cool, that sounds really good... Yes, I like that."

About an hour later TB would privately explain to me he really noticed an uplifting change in his cousins' personality. He sees in him this peaceful smile in his eyes and face. He acknowledges to me his shock on how his cousins comfort level and quick openness to a complete stranger was so smoothly happening. All of that was great to hear but he saved

the best for last, and that was Cousin Fitz wanted all three of us to become a real working team starting in the future. As I'm hearing this, I can't describe how good it all felt, and I for sure knew that all of this was creating real positive vibes in TB's new business way of thinking. Oh yeah, this was a real amazing happening for all three of us.

"So Stoney, are you really ready to learn about the American Revolution?"

"Absolutely Fitz,"

"Well possibly I'm the guy because that unbelievable part of our countries history always captured my deepest fascination and curiosities. And you know whenever TB and I talk about it, he really gets into it too."

"Yeah I know, he tells me the same thing but then he goes wandering off in his mind about making more money and, , and well, thankfully that negative stinkin' thinkin' business is over and the future is looking up."

"Right on brother David, right on." TB hittin' me up quick.

"Hey Cuz, I like that brother name touch too,"

"Well Fitz, feel free to call me that too, because I think our big brother and I have more name for each other than we can remember, but they all work."

"Cool, I'll remember that David, I will."

"Excellent Fitz. Guys, it's 1974, and in two years it's going to be our countries two-hundredth year anniversary and I'm ashamed I've forgotten so much of that history, but now I'm ready to learn again."

"Listen David, I know from talking with Cuz you are a patient person and I can and want to guide and help you with all that past amazing history."

Fitz was right and that's what I wanted to happen but something else caught my attention. I had to ask if I am hearing correct this nickname, he twice just called TB. He replies 'YES' and then he spells it out for me, 'C U Z'.

"Oh yeah, I've been calling him Cuz since we were little boys."

As he finished his words, I saw out of the corner of my eye that 'CUZ' was smiling and feeling sort of sheepish for him and at the same time pretty darn good. I was too, and I had to jump in and speak my smiley feelings.

"Okay T, I guess this proves we can learn something new about each other every day, and I dig that."

"In this case, it definitely does." TB shoots back.

"Fitz, it will be interesting to start to learn about the history of the American Revolution, but this time as a real caring and interested student but way past my high school days."

"I can help you get started David and once that happens, you'll begin and never stop because our countries history is that cool."

"Without a doubt Fitz, I'm ready to learn and keep an open mind to it all, and you know, in some way my gut is telling me that one day that past history just might repeat itself."

~ ~ ~

*Right below here is something very short and cool that we had to put back in our book because previously we cut it out, but we both realized it really mattered to us to tell the whole story of how things and events set up before the actual meeting. So here it is;*

Per TB's personal request done over one of our pay phone conversations for making arrangements for our gathering, he asked me to bring an ice chest with some refreshments, like a bunch of PB and Jelly sandwiches and a full large pack of T's favorites and mine, Oreo scrumptious cookies. He told me beforehand he wasn't in any mood after a long drive to go to some restaurant and be fenced in because he knew his body and he

wanted to stretch his big long legs and run around if the mood fit, and it actually played out that way.

Knowing himself well, he requested that some setting in a park would really be the best thing and right away I thought it was another one of his cool ideas. T had already said that we were all going to go for a big dinner feast at the same restaurant he fell in love with the first time he was here just about a month earlier.

The places name was Stafford's, located by Northland which was a giant shopping Mall back in its day and very near the Michigan Inn, the place TB stayed in the first time he was in town, and now the two would be bunking down in it during this trip.

The big guy just loved everything about that restaurant and the last time we were there he told the waitress to get ready halfway through the first meal to bring on another exact plate, because what he saw customers eating when we first walked in, got his big appetite going. And the fresh warm homemade rolls in the little basket with the packaged squares of butter inside, well those bad boys made my friend's eyes roll back with each bite.

Yep, he was a big boy with a big appetite and that place suited his mood to a TEE, no pun intended. So all's I can say is, my buddy enjoyed filling and firing up his big engine, especially when the food sparked up his happy pumped-up taste buds.

And after our meal was done he gave that young gal, who was just slightly younger than us, the surprise of her month, or year for that matter, meaning he laid on her a super huge tip she'll never forget because that's the kind of generous big hearted guy he was. .

That beautiful, blessed spring day meeting Fitz for the first time couldn't have been better in any way, shape or form. The new Universe and energy flow that all three of us were entering into from then on, mentally and spiritually fit all our lives perfectly, albeit with the normal ups and downs we all share and go through with in life.

But so what, life's not a bed of smooth sailing roses, so there never were any complaints from any of us.

Maybe because of TB's extra natural wild spirits, all of our lives began more than not to seem like we were at times living by the seat of our pants, but we chose that ride, and ride we certainly did!

*And all which needs to be said now Is,  
Let us learn from the past Revolution and take away all the Good from It!*

*Let the Fitz, TB and Stoney Revolution Begin*

*Please Scroll Down*

## **‘In A Blink of an Eye’ 2050**

### **QUANTUM LEAP - THIS TRULY CAN HAPPEN!**

**‘Globalism Dominance’ was the real EVIL THREAT back then!**

**EXASTENTIAL OUTSIDE THREATS WERE HAPPENING FOR ALL  
THE WORLD TAKEOVER OF (AI) WAS RECKLESSLY OVERLOOKED  
THE UNCOVERING OF WEATHER CONTROL SHOCKED THE WORLD  
THE CULLING OF THE WORLD HERD WILL RUTHLESSLY CONTINUE  
NEW FORMS OF CANCERS WILL SHOCK SCIENTIST, BUT WHY!  
The Word Economic Forum told you what their master plan WAS!**

**YOU WILL HEAR AND SEE TRUE PATRIOTS HEED THE CALL  
‘MOUNT UP’**

A rogue nation sponsoring world-wide terrorism quietly for years built up their own disciplined secret proxy organization in Russia, and some were known of by the Kremlin’s spy masters, but by careful design of the rogues, not all could have literally been followed! And so, Russia just like the United States and Israel were ever so slightly outfoxed and all three countries were left with their guards down just enough to end up being wide open for mass destruction attacks in 2025.

The bastard globalists were always lurking, and we definitely thought they all should have been captured, bankrupted, imprisoned and destroyed, long ways back before they struck!

*So what's the point, well many may not agree, but we humbly feel you need a master’s degree from years of spying to really know the EVIL that’s going on, AND IF NOT, You're looking at your comfortable NON- TROUBLED COZY BRAINWASHED NAIVE WORLD FALLING APPART AND MILLIONS EVENTUALLY DYING~!!!!!!!*

~ ~ ~

## *Now about You,*

When we're young we have to learn little by little how to process information and then our minds gradually begin to see and better understand all the various complexities of life taking place all around us. As we get into our teens and begin moving forward in our lives, the natural and normal feelings we have are to step out of our so-called comfort zones and extend ourselves to understand the world better.

The point here is, it's essential to step out of that safe space and get prepared for the future, the damn real world, for if you don't, you're just hiding your head in the sand and avoiding reality. Just realize this, there's a natural rhythm and order to all of life's lessons and all of them truly matter, and it's best to embrace them and not grow up fearing them. Take your time, feel the vibrations that are around you and strengthen yourself with it all.

*Now being 2050*, as I look back at the super charged-fast-paced improving world of technology we were living in right before the 2025 nuclear strikes, all these advancements were a marvel that created an amazing much smaller and more incredibly dangerous reckless globe for all animal and human inhabitants.

*{This next section is vital to understand and may be a key in your Future Survival}*

I'm going to step back in time with you to 2015 and try and be as forthright a helper as possible. Point of fact, there are three critical *Key Letters* you must pay attention to and take as deadly serious to heart as possible.

What we're dealing with here could cause the slow steady destruction of the country and the eventual death of millions upon millions of Americans.

YES, SOME VERY HARSH WORDS BUT BELIEVE THEM!

*The three critical letters* I'm talking about are **E, M and P**. If you don't know what they stand for when put together, allow me to get you up to speed right now. These three innocent letters put together mean **Electro-Magnetic Pulse** or commonly known by the spy and armaments world as **EMP's**.



*Back in time* before TB's passing, in our humble opinions we saw this weapon as being the easiest and most dangerous tactical arsenal of destruction that any small rogue well-armed terrorist group could obtain and use.

Maybe T and myself over analyzed all of this in our day and time, but we none the less put out a warning that said all politicians need to do their job, which was to get the country prepared for such a blinding speed of an attack that could cripple the nations electrical grids. That for us was a terrifying scary fact!

*As I sit here* years forward thinking back to it all, TB and I knew that the politicians were all well briefed about this horrible blinding speed of a tactical weapon, but it is you the masses of American's who for the most part, had or should I say **have** no idea how an EMP attack could stop your normal humanity cold in its tracks when properly carried out.

*I don't mean* to make light and diminish the extreme seriousness of all the Internet cyber-attacks that have already happened and are still going on around the world hourly and daily, no, no way. But in your present time of right now, the fact is our country has never yet had any whisper of an EMP deadly attack, but that's not to say it can't or it won't!

This is your world I'm writing and hoping to make communications with right now in 2015, so with absolutely no words being minced, the nation is wide open to an attack that can change all of your lives simply, 'In A Blink of an Eye,' just that QUICK!

*Just realize this*, your future as a country still has time to thwart and protect our wide-open vulnerable East and West coast power electric grids from being totally fried and destroyed by a rogue seething angry nation, or any kind of hell-bent group of rogue bad actors who crossed the wide open borders.

As we saw it even back in early 1989, for the best chance to STOP such an attack you need a national movement to get our two congressional houses to vote and super-fast track up to the president of the United States' desk, a specialized clear and damn forthright concise written to perfection ([Electrical Protection Power Grid Act](#)) bill for him to sign.

{This 'BILL' is vitally important, and please make no mistake about That}

Being now on my own, back in 2015 I feared two very devious North Korean satellites flying high above in the earth's orbit passing over the United States twice a day, and in these very mechanical dangerous spy apparatuses, were weapons capable of dropping down unsuspecting full on total desecration EMP attacks.

TB and I and Howie, Jacob and Cowboy many years earlier always talked about an EMP attack was more than possible and it scared us beyond words.

The point of this last such exercise of making people aware of what's going on up above, is to begin to diplomatically ask for those satellites to be taken down, or else expect outer space shoot down activity for sure to be in the future.

This is a pure defensive case of if they won't take them down, we sure damn will!

*Humbly* we're saying it is your 2017 now and without such a quick fast track Act done by We The People's 535 representatives, The United States won't have a fighting chance against such various attacks we've just outlined, because it's not a strong built case of 'IF' such an EMP attack will happen, rather it's a higher probability question of 'WHEN'.

*Stay with Us, more down to Earth*

# **'In a Blink of an Eye'**

*Is For Sure Coming*

# **‘THE ISRAELI BOYS’**

**Narrated by Howie with Stoney assisting**

An Internet phone call is being made in early May of 2013 between two cousins and a very close everlasting serious minded trusting friend and associate. On each end of the call they are using custom designed special digital modems that have built in equipment to reverse then scramble their voices for total security-purity from outside listening devices. Along with that, their system uses a converter electronic box that scrubs any kind of ping or Internet signaling address that could allow tracing. It's all a whole lot of technical confusing stuff, but for the inventor just a walk in the park. This highly advanced technology to the average eye wouldn't appear like much, but its advanced working systems are a thing of futuristic beauty. And the last piece of security this apparatus was designed to handle, is every single keyboard stroke be made unrecognizable from any outside attempted interceptions. All the above electronics is proprietary state of the art encrypting technology and is not and will never be available for commercial use, period.

On one end of the call is David Stone, a natural born American citizen who often is called Stoney by these two close friends. Together on the other end is Mo'shee, pronounced MOH' SHEE and his cousin Yoni, both retired Israeli Mossad agents who are now in their lower to mid-range sixties. Over the years the two Israeli cousins went on in time after retirement to make more than enough money for the rest of their lives with their involvement in the military defense world of Israel, plus did some private adventures that even went on to bare more fruit.

All three met in Miami Beach in the winter of 1970 where they all were living a young sort of hippie life, meaning they loved hanging out and chasing pretty girls their age all up and down from the First Street Ocean Drive Pier, to straight up heading North to Lincoln Road. David enjoyed hearing them speak in their thick Israeli accents and the Jewish words they sometimes used to say to him cracked him up because he grew up hearing some of those same sounds from being around his Russian, Austrian and Hungarian sweet Jewish grandparents.

These expressions spoken were endearing and they made him smile and when David met his new Israeli friends back in the good old hippie days of Miami Beach, they would occasionally mix those Jewish words into their conversations.

The Jewish words that made him smile and brought back memories from his childhood, were OH'-IE' VEH, , BOY CHICK, plus BOO BOO LAH, and last but not least and for sure an oldie but goodie for him that he heard often from his grandparents, was OH VAAYS MEAR- -MINE' DRADLE CUP.

Well he just couldn't help but smile and at times break out in some feel-good laughter and they liked his good-hearted natural ways, so they put on their accents at times a little extra thicker to ham it up. Yes, they definitely knew their American friend and always enjoyed being in his company and making him smile.

In their young early days they all were fun loving regular good guys but as the years that turned into decades went by fast, underneath the layers of life they covered themselves in, they each carried some very private professional secrets.

Back in the very early 70's, David lived three blocks from the famous Miami Beach dog track and Mo'shee and Yoni were on their first well planned out get away trip from Israel to the United States, and landed in a similar style small room hotel like David lived in, just a few blocks down the street from him.

The Israeli boys had always dreamed of coming to America and hanging out and living their vacation dream in the hippie filled area of Miami Beach Florida, and now their Shangri-La vision was really happening.

They had just fulfilled their years of military requirement for the Israeli army and were going to begin after their Florida vacation the training and working with their countries secret intelligence arm called Mossad. But all that was weeks from starting, so now they were just living out their dream come true fun times in Miami Beach.

Perhaps it was fate that David and the Israeli boys all met literally at the betting window of the famous Miami Beach dog track. Their meeting took place right before the boys were

about to make a bet, when David was in line right behind them and said quietly, *'BET on the SEVEN DOG, The Seven. Yeah, bet the Seven!'*

They turned around, smiled at him and asked him why and he quickly shot out some wild reason, so they took their chances and bet on his tip. After that they each went back to their own previous seating areas at ground level, and sure enough, BA'BAM, he picked them a Winna'-Winna' Chicken Dinna' and now they had to go find this total stranger and thank him for this good luck he brought them.

And that's what they did and that's exactly how it all started and has since been a friendship of helping each other out in many important ways for over forty years.

Mo'shee now speaking into his head set with his cousin sitting right next to him with the exact same type plugged in head piece;

"David, for many years we've thought of you as a human type deeply submerged nuclear powered submarine who was forever truly running silent and deep and mostly on your own mapping and planned out missions' terms."

"Mo'shee may sound crazy my wild brother, but we both really feel that way about you. We see you so carefully living on the normal surface of life,"

"Yes, that we do, but then again who's to say what's normal, right Boy Chick?"

"And you know what David, Cousin Mosh makes a very good point."

"Well thank you Cousin Yoni, but seriously, we see you at the same time blending in and existing in the normal world of all your loved ones, plus along with the few close friends that don't have a real clue about you. But the fact though is Boo Boo Lah, you're the A-typical loner type."

"You function well as a loner, yet you have a big heart whenever it's called for and needed."

"Yoni's right David, we know you well and greatly appreciate you always helping us in your special unique ways when we need you."

“And something else that needs to be said, and that is we respect your low-key loner traveling life style now, especially since TB's not with us anymore, but most of all we appreciate how well you operated with TB and his amazing crews, yet from that action from so long ago some may brand you now as one of those lone wolf types,”

“But not us!” Mo'shee dives quickly in to say.

“No-no, not us, because we know you don't like that phrase even though that's what was tagged and put on you many years ago by some of our people.”

“Well you know the reason I don't like that tag?” David finally has to jump in.

“Of course we do Boy Chick, absolutely. It's the name the media gives to those insanely dangerous lone wolf terrorists and nut jobs who are responsible for so many despicable actions,”

“And Yoni, I'm certainly no *EFFING* terrorist!” Now their American friend has a little fire coming out of his mental makeup, and is ready to engage after letting his friends go on and on.

“Well in your prime-time years with TB, you and his boys were some real trouble to whoever you guys were tracking or hunting or whatever the call to action involved.” Yoni speaking to the point.

“What T and his band of well-trained men did, was exactly what was required at every turn to get the job done, and they worked tirelessly at all times, and my time and involvement was minimal, more or less.”

“YES-YES, we know how all the layers were built, with all the truths!”

“Yoni's right my dear sweet friend, and we always will have your back, so,”

“And I want to say that going all the way back to the middle 70's, after we really got to know and respect TB, his work ethic rubbed off onto us.” Yoni's tone was so sincere.

“Thanks Yoni, but truthfully it was Fitz who generally made us all work harder and look so good.”

“Well we totally understand and agree on that point David, , but you and the big Boy Chick blended into a unique great friendship and one strong team.”

“Well my job was to steer them in the right safe direction, keeping everyone tightly focused, plus Fitz aided me to the max setting up the mapping and gridding, along with double checking any and all things in play, especially all the complicated logistics, and then in our hearts ultimately hoping the task gets accomplished and then afterwards, everyone arrives back home safely.”

“Mine` Dradle Cup, we love you and we know you`re just being humble, so let me tell you, at times we were so impressed how well you three guys worked so well together.”

“Yoni speaks the truth, he really does. TB often wrote to us in your code on the Yahoo message boards and other secret places you mastered your craft setting up, that your input and guidance was a tactical thing of beauty.”

After Mo`shee`s words there was a comfortable few seconds of silence on all ends, then Yoni speaks up.

“David, we know TB with all of his little army of badass well-equipped and organized ex-military pros, was a force that operated righteously,”

“Plus, your man proved to all of us he was a very good businessman,”

“But don`t you be so stubborn to admit how you strengthened him with lots of ideas on all his moving business parts and pieces and other fronts too.” Yoni jumping over his cousin to speak. After those words there was another comfortable silence, then Yoni went on.

“We saw how you two guys grew together over time and we think God woke you up slowly, bringing you along in a manner that helped and still does help you absorb everything going on around you.”

“Again, Cousin Yoni is right and we feel the Big Man above us all does this for everyone that will listen, and you my friend are an absolute proven good listener to the real Big Boss above.”

“You’re a lucky man David, having so many different kinds of experiences and action put in front of you, way beyond the norm, and you’ve learned and are always continuing to absorb and take in all you can,”

“Just like you were supposed to, , and no really, that’s how cousin Yoni and I feel.”

David’s Israeli boys were in total control of the conversation, and they knew their friend was a patient good listener, and they had more to say.

“Here’s an example Boo Boo Lah, of a one-of-a-kind real-life experience that you had and gained so much from.” Yoni comfortably says, but David wasn’t sure where this was going, but again, he was all ears.

“We’re talking about Johnny Mayer, your long-ago friend from Shelter Island. How many young men have the experience like you had at such an early age to learn so much about the United Nations and all the true corrupt goings on, and so many other amazing worldly tips your wise and skilled older friend gave you?”

“One in a million people, maybe, , no, fifty million is more like it, but the point my cousin Mo’shee makes is, you were getting all kinds of lessons of life thrown at you David, and eating and storing it up for the future.”

“By real amazing teachers that had fascinating firsthand life experiences, and you were open minded and paid close attention to everything they spoke about.”

Mosh speaking with a sincere tone and Yoni shaking his head in agreement, & then adds,

“The Man above has a plan for everyone, and for you, well we’re waiting to see how his ideas for you come together.”

“I love you guys and you’ve always known I’m with you on your feelings about our Almighty Friend above, but my life is definitely changing and slowing down now.”



“You Boy Chick are not slowing down, no, , no way.” Mosh firing in.

“Well it sure feels like it,”

“No David, sorry, but I agree with my wise cousin. Maybe you should look at it this way, you’re mellowing out but your world antennas are well placed and you’re using more brain power now than you ever have and seeing the big world picture in many new lights, shadows and prisms.”

“Well our boy wasn’t a mellow fellow back in the days he shared with TB, especially during their high times they lived in Acapulco and years after. But that was then and this is now, and the truth is, we all are slowing physically down, and we just have to accept that fact.”

“Yes, unfortunately that’s happening to all of us Mo’shee, no denying it.”

After those words from David, all of them went silent. It may have been a reality truthful moment for him and he was fine with it, but now enough reflection of past times were spoken and it was time to move on. So then Mo’shee asks if it would be alright to change the subject, and they all agree. He takes over.

"Boy Chick, you seem to always want to open up your deep spiritual side and then you close yourself down, and we both wonder why you do that."

"Mo'shee, I'm conflicted because I don't want to come off as some preacher or holier than thou type."

"Oh my dear brother, you definitely are far from a holier than thou type."

"I sincerely hope that Boys,"

“David, let me give you some friendly advice, and that is just let your inner deep spiritual side flow out, and all will be well with strangers and friends understanding you.”

“I hear you Yoni, and I believe I should be more open with speaking out about what I’ve seen so many times right in front of my eyes, and heard with my ears His Work, and even

sensed His helping Hand touch those far and away... I just believe He's reaching down and taking care of events around the world and each time I learn of something new, I recognize His Signature and Signals He wants His followers to see, to feel and to think about."

"That's so beautiful to hear and know." Yoni's voice was solemn sounding.

"More of us should look for all those signs like you do David."

"Mosh is right, many more, , NO, millions upon million more should."

"Yes they should Yoni, but I confess that not all signs are wonderful and glorious, no, quite the contrary. When I hear of earth quakes, tornadoes and horrible devastating acts come down through Mother Nature, or people afflicted with horrible diseases, and just terrible acts of man upon man, I'm saddened and in my own way ask God to help all those people affected and suffering."

"You have a caring heart brother David."

"Mo'shee's right, but you're also a cautious person,"

"But still always showing you have empathy and concern for others. TB told us about the kind gestures you did so many years back in Mexico for lots of poor people when you guys drove around up in the mountains. He talked about how you taught him to look for the spirit of The Lord to shine in their eyes before and after an act of goodness."

"Mosh and myself used to talk about how you transformed the big guy's life in so many good ways, and how openly he followed your lead. And we never lost sight and still do think of TB and you back in the day as two lone traveling wolves, but of the best kind that always walked and worked with God in some righteous mysterious ways."

After those words from Yoni, there seemed to be a long and almost awkward silence coming from David's end of the phone. Then Mo'shee breaks the quiet.

“Okay David, we can sense on our phone end we maybe just made you a little uncomfortable, so let’s do one of those change the subject moves again, right now.”

“No-no, I wasn’t uncomfortable at all, but actually quickly drifted into some deep memory lane of great times TB and I shared. I appreciate those nice words regarding those spiritual thoughts, so thank you. . . Alright, we’re getting a bit sappy here, so like you said, lets change the subject.”

“Will do brother, will do.”

“I’m with Mosh, so here comes a big change for all of us.”

“Let it rip.” David on que.

“Well Boy Chick, Yoni and me were just the other day talking about when we first asked you years ago to help us with your specialty work of profiling and deep human analytics, because our side needed some of that in-depth research analysis on Putin.”

“Guys, that was back in early 99’, but that was quite a while before he even took over from Yeltsin. But all during that time there was a lot of behind-the-scenes incredible political wrangling and bizarre actions going on, but were necessary to prepare his next big move.”

“That’s right David, and that’s the point of why things worked out so fast for the man,”

“And caught a lot of spy agencies in many countries by surprise. Do you remember all that David?” Yoni speaking with a serious tone.

“Yes, of course I do, but Israel must have had some spying inside information and definite inclinations, because within nine months of the start of 1999, he went from First Deputy Prime Minister to becoming the Prime Minister.”

“Well yes and no, but you predicted to us before anyone else in our organization that Putin would be elected by the end of the year, and take over from Yeltsin and become the president of Russia.”

Mo'shee speaking and then pausing to think about a thought that came to him. Quickly mulling over what crossed his mind, he then says,

“Back then you studied and quickly started doing your deep info and gathereing and then your dot connecting on him, and still the fact is we don't know how you did it Boo Boo Lah, but like I just said, you got it right before any of our side did.”

“Well I don't know about that,”

“David, we asked for help and you more than delivered back then on Putin.”

“Thanks Mosh, I did my best, but I have to remind you boys that TB was able to pull out and substantiate some very solid information from two of his well-placed pentagon contacts, and that helped us because back then the Worldwide Internet was practically in its infancy. But we worked together on your request and as you guys know, I'm still trying to stay informed on Russia and Putin as much as possible.”

“You're being very humble David, but we all know you're beyond well informed on the man and you're not letting up on your task we asked you to do so many years ago, so we thank you again for back then, and even more so now.”

## One Snapshot of Years of Conversations

### **Shalom**

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## **‘This Internet Thing, UFO’s & DNA’**

**Dec. 9, 2002**

*Katie is having a phone chat with her twin sister about the two of them continuing to help David and TB with the book the boys want to have possibly published one day. Now Katie wants to read over the phone a rough draft of what she personally wrote about the guys that she feels belongs somewhere amongst the chapters.*

*We’ll pick up as she reads to her sister;*

‘During the last days of the 70’s, their lives really got crazy after TB fulfilled a long-time dream since entering Viet Nam, of putting together a small private contracting group of warriors made up of highly trained Rangers, ex-special forces and other various capable military combat elites coming from nations all over the globe.

Slowly his business grew with David’s pushing, prodding and basic down and dirty operational management and strategical help. The fact was both realized the demand was there for this band of elite fighters and in time with some timely valuable advice from David’s two close Israeli friends and highly trusted working associates, TB’s business was intentionally set up with multiple companies’ sub-contracting and layered away from him so as to shield his direct working relationship with the pentagon.

The big guy always appreciated all the tips and extra little nuances of help David’s boys provided, and over many years they all grew in their own respective clandestine ways of being great tight working associates.

Within ten years though, David made TB put the brakes on the overwhelming load of contracted business coming his way and convinced him that he needed to reorganize the entire business mission statement. The big guy admitted it was the right move because that business slow down made their ability to organize all the multiple activities going on much smoother. Starting around mid-1985, David wanted TB to try and find a few select very private wealthy clients in Latin America and the USA, but again with the express purpose of the new agenda of keeping it tight and better manageable, which within five years gradually happened.

Over the years the one thing they both began studying together along with Cousin Fitz's help, was what you could say was borderline declassified information about UFO's.

In the beginning times back in the early 80's, they were able to obtain with the help from one gutsy contact TB developed but only met once a few years earlier in the lower basement area of the pentagon, and then sporadically over the years outside of the massive sprawling compound, amazing unredacted copied microfilm UFO files that had detailed information pertaining to the vast worldwide coverups going on by multiple governments. Call it a conspiracy or whatever you want but what they derived in those early on years of their research, was it seemed to be like all the governments were working together to absolutely withhold the truth and just steadily deny-deny-deny through press releases or spokes people that no such reality of UFO's existed.

By the early 80's with TB's money, Fitz was building a computer science lab that meticulously created a limited production of the ultimate spy master's gadgetry of toys. Along with all that, TB's own genius'ness was shining through because by the early 90's, he saw the world would be at their very own keyboard fingertips through the fast-approaching Internet, and Fitz's technological brain would be the perfect match for it.

For all three of them, this early UFO captured information was mind blowing but that was only the tip of the iceberg. Their UFO research goal was to eventually find better information that could lead them to sounder thinking conclusions. And that's just what seems to be steadily happening because in these last seven years or so starting in 1995, Cousin Fitz with his wizardry abilities using his various custom security encrypted computers and this new Internet thing developing all over the world, was now able to crack into areas of governments controlling tightly restricted information about UFO's.

The boy's focus was to zero in on the rare crash site reports happening occasionally worldwide and study how governments handled it all, from scooping up every single shred of debris plus the extraterrestrials themselves, then putting out false and misleading information that nothing of the sorts happened. In 1985 the boys made one big discovery through DARPA research David was onto, about a crash event that happened in 1948 in Kapustin Yar Russia.

They would soon put the dots together that that Russian coverup of that UFO event was equal too if not even bigger than the UFO coverup going on to this day from the famous Roswell New Mexico crash back in early July of 1947. It seemed amazing to them that the Kapustin Yar incident was so well covered-up.

The boys were collecting amazing information and proof enough to make them believers, but for each one personally they wanted to have their own real life actual close encounter event, and then after that there could be no denying what they truly wanted in life to experience.

All three of them along with possibly billions of people around the globe feel something else very easily could be out there, and even without having their own experiences yet, the boys held strong to their believe, of 'We are not Alone in the Universe'.

Right there Katie took a break to just breath and take a minute to reflect on what she just read. Joanna was totally into what she was hearing and wanted her sister to continue. She told Katie she also was like the boys and believed that the entire intelligent world population wanted to know the truth about UFO's. Katie was now ready to continue on.

'By the late 90's the boys slowly began living in an opposite lifestyle but David was forever TB's right-hand man for all the strategical operational mission planning of his band of men. They each would never give up their camaraderie of having one another's backs, and this was a given that came naturally from the hearts of each.

Back in the very beginning when all these future businesses were just whirling around in the mind of both friends and Fitz too, TB decided in the late fall season of 1974 to move to Michigan and rent a large farm house with two good size barns on twenty-five private acres. He made this decision because this place would put him less than twenty miles from where David was renting a small apartment near his dad's lumber yard where he worked and planned out his many activities. TB's deep personal kinship with David instinctively made him want to be near his buddy and keep their Mexican connection friendship tight and forever growing.

By early April of 75', TB had multiple skilled carpenter crews working practically day and night putting the finishing touches on what later David would describe the place as, the coolest war room and hanging out barn you ever could imagine. TB designed the old broken-down dusty place to have every neat set up possible, so as to make it into something amazing, and from what I've been told, it was one cool barn.

His businesses were barely crawling back then but he didn't care because he was rich beyond what any normal young guy his age financially had and really needed. TB felt confident about all the beginning efforts he had going on, but even more so with David right there in that war room helping him one day succeed with all his amazing dreams. The barn though also proved to be a great escape for David because when he entered into it to assist TB with his specialized work, this war planning ability just flowed out of him and by David's own admission, it seemed to fire him up and fuel this secretive adrenaline life that just began happening after meeting TB.

Their hidden world and lives were taking on a whole new direction back after they left Acapulco, and this barn for both friends became a great getaway and sanctuary of higher learning and future planning for TB's private specialized militia style little roving army.

Oddly enough over all the years of TB's businesses, they never traveled or worked in and on the European continent, which was all done by the guy's design. They had nothing against Europe at all but they had a much better liking to the Latin world and culture they frequented in and out of on sometimes an hours' notice, which would take them down south of the border for a quick twenty-four-to-seventy-two-hour period.

They really seemed like good hearted dudes who were an excellent working team, giving and doing acts of kindness and generosity and then almost like a switch is flicked, turning into cold hearted players more than capable of some outright over the top and beyond aggressive needed action.

They wanted me to make an essential point though, that being throughout their lives and times the most important focus and attention that absolutely mattered the most to them,



was the well-being and security of the United States and also keeping a close and keen eye at all times on Israel's back.

Some of their wild activities involved them and always with Howie, Jacob and Cowboy, landing in small jets on private runways, entering into territories without passports or any real essential papers or documents, other than excellent fake ID's and too often these actions would become full on adrenaline filled liaison activities of danger.

They both explained their movement as official unofficial business and wouldn't say anymore after that to me. This world of theirs intertwined at times with aiding the causes of David's two close working Israeli brethren, and whenever needed and called on, TB was right there in perfect stride and again, always with his three tight warrior friend's for every operation going down, and all done in the spirit of a band of brothers. '

Katie stops because she feels like she's reading her sisters mind over the telephone. Then,

"You know I'm feeling strong emotions coming from you right now, so what's up?"

"Sis, it's clear that their lives were in no way normal, more like a bit insane at times actually, but I know we can help them with suggestions here and there to make their book as adventurous and educational as possible."

"That's exactly what they want. You see, David feels deep inside himself he's a teacher at heart and thinks he missed his calling but feels it's never too late to give it a try."

"And what's TB, besides one bad ass kind of scary dude?" Joanna says.

After her words, she apologized because she's heard nothing but good things about him.

"Thanks for the take back, because he's really a good person. And I'll tell you something else, David will tell you straight up that TB's a super intelligent guy, but he went through a rough patch as a child, and his life mentally shaped up a little different than most."

"Katie, without ever meeting him, I get it, and I apologize again because I've read your notes how TB's really been at times a good teacher and motivator for David."

“Exactly, and to put you right on the mark of how TB’s influence changed David, it was the big guy who pushed him to really dig into the history of the Mayflower Ship, and from then on the lightbulbs for years went off for each of them about one day seeing their dream and reality come true of an Independent Political Party that was truly designed to work for ‘We The People’.”

“That’s why that ship meant a lot for the boys, because once they wrapped their heads around understanding the importance of the Mayflower Compact document, is when everything came together for their vision.”

Joanna knew from Katie the history of the boy’s thoughts and respect for the Ship.

“And it was TB who suggested the name of the party and David loved it,”

“Plus, Fitz thought it was a great name too.”

“Both really did and I have to say this Joanna, TB and David are sticking to their guns with their dream of one day seeing this Independent Political Party come to life.”

“Sis, all three of them are doers and not talkers, so I believe what you are saying.”

“David has the patience of the three to keep things in perspective and just go slow, and,”

“And one day make their goal of seeing the Mayflower Compact Patriots come alive.”

“That’s the truth Joanna, and you’re totally on the mark and they’ll appreciate the kind thoughts and positive thinking. One day maybe if they are lucky enough to get their multiple books published, they want the readers to hopefully be able to step into their shoes and sense their feelings, and just as equally important, is they want the book to be a wakeup call to the future of all things, meaning the good, the bad and all the evil.”

“I know from all the reading and notes you gave me from the boys, their goal is to reach as many Americans as they can from young to old, to help better society in many ways because they care and believe in their cause for all the families and individual people throughout the country.”

“Exactly Joanna because I know that’s what’s in their hearts. So if I can, let me read you a quick but really heavy quote from David that the boys want to see in the book.”

“Sure sis, and I got to tell you I love it when your boy gets heavy.”

“Yeah, he can get that way at times, and he’s not afraid to tell it like it is, but in two distinct flavors. One is ever so diplomatically at times, and the other can be in your face too, but only when it’s called on and needed. Alright, here we go sis.”

*“The people of the country will rise up one faithful day after the nuke attacks and become even stronger and united just like what happened with the great society at the start and all through World War Two. American’s will not take lightly and tolerate what has happened to their country and the planet, and the will of the minds and the strengths of the bodies of all ages shall come full force and rise from the ashes of death and misery all around, to rise up, search and strike at the evil with a mighty unrelenting payback force, and all the while rebuild life around them.”*

“Well Katie, I was right on the mark this time about David getting heavy, and a bit strange at times and always full of surprises.”

“I’ll tell you this, TB has the same feelings and he trusts David’s visions because he’s experienced first-hand so many calls he’s made, and then sees them unwind, with some being good and other times some not being so good.”

“That’s interesting, but for me there’s no question they’re both on the same page about their believes that the extreme threat of terrorism hasn’t even started yet,”

“Oh, that’s the biggest primary thought of David that scares me Joanna.”

“That’s why the boy’s message is to get the country better defensively prepared, because David feels that’s one of the critical ways needed to be on ready alert to stop any catastrophic sneak attacks by our sworn enemies, and all other enemies from within the country that David and TB stress are likely to be more dangerous. . . The boys say this inside threat scares them the most, because this threat has the potential and ability to hide like snakes in the weeds, and then attack right from under our noses.”

“Now you’re catching on to how the boys think, and that’s good.”

“I’ve been paying attention Katie, so.”

“Excellent. Sis, I’ve got to tell you that David and TB have repeatedly told me over the years that Russia is definitely not our most serious deadly nemesis, but rather it’s the Iran mullah leaders, but they insist the good people of Iran want nothing to do with that terrorist way of thinking and acting out.”

“And Katie, adding to your thought about Russia, I’ve also read from the boy’s notes they believe almost in a conspiratorial way, somehow the media and government have together propagandized the American public to believe that Russia is the true evil force we’ll all have to pay attention to and worry about.”

“The boys aren’t letting their guards down about Russia, but each one senses there are other countries with obvious rogue elements, and I’ve heard David say there’s even some serious dangerous bad guys in our own government who’d create a catastrophe on our own soil, so they could put fear into people’s minds and benefit from this mindset.”

“Yeah, I read that area of his notes and I wondered what is he talking about.”

“He’s heavy and, , and kind of tight lipped actually, and when I asked him to give me more of an explanation of what’s he mean by rogue elements in our own government, he just put me off and said it’s all very complicated, and then did one of his patented change of subjects on me.”

“Sounds like David.”

“Yeah, I know and good catch on that one Joanna. Hey, let me add one other thing, and that is do you remember how he wrote about those future nuclear catastrophic events being massively destructive for the planet?”

“Yeah, sure, I remember everything he wrote.”

“Well he’s all over that scary catastrophic issue because our boy is totally in tune with Mother Nature, and he writes and calls all the oceans the womb of our planet, just like his Mom was for him and our mom’s womb was for us.”

“There he goes getting heavy again sis, no getting around it. I mean Mother Nature, the oceans being the womb of our planet and all the nurturing he’s speaking about. Yeah, for sure that really brings it all home, but you can’t argue, he’s right.” Joanna speaking emphatically.

“Just another slice and side of David’s deep ways of feeling and speaking, among so many other ideas he thinks about as he gets older.”

“Right, and how about his ideas regarding our long-ago ancestor’s DNA is lying dormant?”

“Now there’s another one of his far-out ideas. So that one being particularly way out there, I made him write those feelings all down so the boys could one day decide if they want them in the book.”

“Katie, if you don’t mind, read me something he wrote.”

“OK, no problem. Here’s a sample of some of the wild short compact thoughts that stream often in his deep thinking mind all the time.”

Before Katie starts to read, she takes a sip of her glass of water that’s on the night stand, then she begins.

*‘Long ago our deep primal ancestor’s DNA was shaped and passed down through centuries of generations, and the rough and tough cave man lives they existed in shaped the DNA of those amazing people. And I call them people because they were just like us, but obviously not as advanced in their brains plus they were living in such unimaginable tough times, meaning nothing near as comfortable and fortunate like all of us. But now humanity of no fault of their own has gradually regressed over tens of thousands of years to have gone soft in so many applicable ways, and one being the life motivation and most important to David, is the life preservation mode’.*

“Wow, again your good buddy blows my mind, I mean,”

“Wait, I’m not finished,”

“Okay, sorry, but David’s definitely out there sis, , but yeah, I actually agree with him.”

Katie likes hearing her sister agrees with her man. She continues to read;

*‘I see the day after the nuclear strikes and the other horrible countrywide devastation that will take place, knocking us back to practically the dark ages, and because of that our past DNA genes of those long-ago ancestors are going to be slowly awakened for the needs and means of survival in this new existence that will arise.*

*These new tough life times will prove that many passed functions of the brain were lying dormant but now the deep seeded mechanisms of that DNA will kick in and make real survivors of those who did make it through the nuclear attacks. Yes, the world is going to change dramatically after the devastation but the true test will be if mankind will be able to handle the change, and begin to function and adapt with it. ’*

“Listen Katie, your boy is onto something with his out there thinking, and I respect and appreciate all of it, I really do. And let me tell you, if anyone does their own simple due diligence on the ongoing studies of the brain, well they’ll find out that mankind only uses generally about three to five percent on average of the mind in the first place.”

“Hey sis, you’re the librarian in the family, and it sounds like you’ve done some homework on the subject, so I’m impressed.”

“Thanks, and I have Katie and one day David’s theory about the sleeping dormant genes slowly turning on and being a big part of helping humanity get through his visions he see’s coming, well time will only tell.”

“I agree sis, but he says even without the nuclear attacks coming to fruition, he see’s discoveries starting to leap frog in the next twenty years or so, that will help to open new pathways into the brain.”

“I believe in those thoughts and ideas too, and it’s going to be exciting when it happens.”

“It all truly will be, but for now Joanna I just hope the boys will continue working on their book and go all the way with their Mayflower Compact Patriots political party idea, no matter how long it takes them to shape it and what obstacles that might come up and slow them down.”



**Please Scroll Down**

## **‘The Delmonti File Opens, year 2000, February’**

Fitz and I were gettin’ so intense with our unique security developmental world of computers, that David encouraged us to be patient, and go out and find the best one-of-a-kind complimentary bookend to help my genius cousin with his research. I knew as far back as seven years earlier (1993) that the Internet was goin’ to change the world in ways that nobody had a clue, and my goal was to supply all the money needed so my Cousin Fitz could acquire every single technological advanced tool under the sun, so his computer research could thrive and go places nobody perhaps has gone, or even thought of goin’.

Whatever he needed, ‘*Get It for Him*’ was my attitude, cause I wanted Fitz to have every state of the art advantage right smack dab in front of em in his one man’s band think tank laboratory. And David and I wanted my cousin to be on the leadin’ cuttin’ edge and stay current and compete with every move goin’ on from the Pentagon, to the NSA and also every government counterpart spy agency round the world. Yeah, The World!

And how did we know what they all were studyin’ out there, well just picture and realize what a great mind can do when it is totally focused. The fact was, my smart as a whip cousin started years earlier researchin’ and eventually figurin’ out the business of breakin’ into other Internet set up computers, and from there he became a master mind of a magician in this totally new developin’ technological world.

That said, keeping on with a simple kind of computer language explanation, Fitz would teach me bout’ what they call servers and routers and fillers and integral switches and these trouble shooting kind of devices called patches, used for serious problems caused from updating programs and such. I mean I’m not at all the dude that should be explainin’ this techie-techie networkin’ gear heavy duty stuff, cause seriously it’s all part of the world Fitz loves masterin’ and makin’ his magic happen inside of. Once he had all those objects & other highly confusin’ to the max things figured out and then totally mastered, he learned how to trick other computers to do things for em by just usin’ his own keyboard and then controllin’ em without settin’ off any of their alarms or security in house virus notifications. And believe me, in the early days of the Internet, there was no real security whatsoever.



I mean now Fitzzy was bypassin' somehow other computers primary and secondary walls of protections, and that allowed em to coast through any kind of simple to complicated security locks, (passwords and things like that) and then go past the back end added on so called patch deals. Again with these patches, there a big deal and if done incorrectly, then they become a bigger deal than they word meant for. This is all super complicated plus obviously it's all some highly technical and sophisticated techie gear I'm talkin' bout, but bein' real, Fitzzy even went further with his skills in figurin' out how to break through multiple kinds of other so-called thought to be impervious security measures.

So slightly gettin' ahead of ourselves here, within a few years Fitzzy was startin' to have the world literally at his fingertips, and we ain't jokin' round here, no, not one little bit.

Believe me, to the average Joe like David and me this is confusin' stuff, but I pushed myself to dig in and learn so I could try to keep up, but the simple fact was my cousin had created some amazin' workin' mental and techie tools of his trade-craft that could break into anyone's computer anywhere in the frikin' world. And sometimes when David and me talked a~bout this, we were stoked and freaked out, big-time!

He explained there were vulnerabilities in all computers everywhere out there and in the end it all became a no brainer for em. But that's the beauty of me tellin' ya'all this, for our business was in developin' some serious technology to help prevent these kinds of computer break-ins. We were shootin' to be the gatekeepers for any and all types of mainframes and servers and any and every~thing involved in the computer science new developin' world. Fitzzy studied and mastered any and all kinds of computer weaknesses, and even worse, complete security failures and that was beginnin' to be a big growin' worldwide issue. . . Sorry, this last rap was a huge mouthful, but needed sayin' and important to make clear!

My only deal was, I always wished I had the patience of David, cause then I'd be a better student of Fitz and make life easier for em, but we loved each other no matter how I pushed em, and had all my questions comin' at em on whatever came in my mind.

Anyway, from years of trial and error he was able to breach any type of security walls created by the biggest and brightest companies out there, period. And just realize this, Fitz had the skills, patience, and wherewithal to get through any computers front and back doors or gates, or barb wire fencing and moats and drawbridges and alligators, or put any cute name you want on all that stuff that's designed to protect every kind of computer from the bad guys, Cousin Fitz could crack it and then get in and eventually own it.

David would always suggest to me not to get so goofy with all my descriptive names, just get down with the program and learn every detail and then even push harder and hunker down even more. So yeah, in truth, it was David who wanted me to gain all the human computer knowledge possible from my super genius cousin, and D was right-on for pushin' me, and then after I'd be his teacher, and in time I was, but my buddy was havin' some sort of eye issues, so I backed off and went with the flow with em when he was up for my teachin' lesson time.

So, ok, now this is the real point, and that is Fitz could break into any~thing and then his goal was to reverse engineer and figure out how to put locks, chains and all those other wild security descriptive things I just said, with the goal of keepin' every kind of computer or server or whatever you can think of from bein' broken into and compromised.

And here's the amazin' bottom line I mentioned above, Fitz figured out in the lab from almost over a year of research of tons of trials and lots of errors, how to walk in on any computer anywhere, then do his magic and unbeknownst to anyone sittin' right in front of their computers, or not even, he could have what we called a 'PEEK-A-BOO' moment.

Yep, this was all freakin' brand new to D and myself and beyond crazy for us to see in action, but as life moves forward for all of us as David would say, The PEEK was on the draw~ing board to one day be the most the unique almost unstoppable spyin' network tool that could capture any~thing we set our dog so to speak, to go after, , seriously!

So as amazin' progress was bein' made durin' all that time, our close buddy and chief motivator, Mr. David Stone, kept pushin' both of us to search for one brilliant whiz kid who could help with aid~ing my cousin. D was a real thinker, believin' the idea of two

genius's workin' side by side would create even more amazin' fantastical results... That was my invented word I liked usin' and the boys loved hearin' me say it, but I was careful never to over abuse it, and hopefully I didn't over the years.

Okay, anyway, so stayin' on point, David wanted Fitz's research to stay current with all the fast-developin' changes takin' place, especially by Microsoft, AAPL, and IBM, and any and all others no matter what size, cause they have diamonds in the rough too, so our buddy pushed us to start leap froggin' even faster cause that was how much faith he had in my sixth sense of how big the Internet was goin' to become someday. And so tryin' to be humble here as D would want me to be, it all came true how huge the Internet was become~ing, just like I suspected it would.

Now regardin' the search for the right guy or gal for Fitz, David knew exactly what he was aimin' for, and how to get it on findin' that unique right person.

Fitz and myself were totally into his plan, which was to go out and advertise in Readers Digest, Science Digest, Mechanical Digest, Computer Digest, and all the other Brainiac type unique Digest magazines that were the big rage back in those days. And sure enough, within six months we found exactly the right guy thousands of miles away, workin' somewhere hidden away in the tropics.

His name was Delmonti, cool name huh, so anyway the dude was exactly the brain power bookend that David had in mind, but before that right fit was located, we had interviewed dozens of other highly intelligent and very capable applicants.

It turned into an expensive process that took place over time, cause I was flyin' em in and takin' good care of each and every one. But I didn't give a shit bout' the money, cause just the thought of some person workin' longside my cousin and challengin' and pushin' his mind, was a fantastic idea. Fact was, Fitz was a big believer in two heads are betta than one also, so with that open minded thinkin', all was really good.

And another point and sincere fact was, my dear sweet Cousin Fitz was the humblest non-braggin' down to earth person who never asked or wanted any extra attention comin' his way, and I always deeply admired and loved that way bout' em, and you better believe D felt the same way too.

So anyway, back at the fort, David videotaped all the interview sessions with two cameras runnin' at two angles and later on the three of us went through each conversation Fitz had with each person on two simultaneous runnin' monitors.

Now our buddy D was bringin' us into his world, that bein' the human analytical full body and voice forensic profilin' studies. I gave that name tag to his work years earlier but it had been his growin' specialty work startin' in his photography days back even before I met em, & my cousin & myself learned some new interestin' human traits & things we had no clues that people gave off, & we found it all pretty darn fascinatin'.

In our own ways, we all had our own bag of slick tricks & moves, but as David always says with keepin' it low key and on the (QT), or quiet tone, '*Less is Best*, and then D addin' in to emphatically end the discussion on a dime, sayin' '*Nuff Said*'.

So pickin' the right person was all up to Fitz, period, and it was he who made the final decision to bring Delmonti into our world and we easily all agreed, but it was David who had one serious security request that no matter who we hired, we'd have to have what my buddy called, the back-door watch system set up.

This was one of Fitz's computer watch dog secret creations from years earlier that he taught David and me that he had goin' on, and once my Acapulco buddy's light bulb in his head went off with this watchful eye and listenin' built in office toy, well that's when he took over our entire laboratory with that spyin' and security-purity mindset he possessed. And David can be one focused security animal when its on the line time, and I sense that comes from his animal like flowing built-in instincts, and we talk a~bout that, and he thinks the same of me, and I have to agree. Well anyway, the point here is, when you let that boy loose with spyin' toys that he and Fitzy put their minds to creatin', well look the F\*\*K out!

His deal was, he wanted us to use this back-door system and keep a runnin' recordin' secret file tape of every move Delmonti was doin' every day in the lab. Security First!

It wasn't that we didn't trust em, but in the simplest way to say this, David wanted to make sure that our new man's daily in-house research was not goin' out of the lab and into any

sort of wrong direction that could be used by the bad guys, but just us in our tight nit specialized world we operated, period.

So yeah, okay, you could say we were the overly cautious type thinkers, and you'd be too. You just have to understand David's mindset and his security way of thinkin', cause Fitz was makin' cuttin' edge research and headway that someday would allow his masterpieces to possibly be able to control every computer in the world, and that's why our boy David was right for sayin' none of this work should ever get out of our deeply private growin' security enterprise.

It just seemed like month after month Fitz was makin' remarkable breakthroughs and it really became a vital necessity to go with every security measure possible, and all three of us had regular chats bout' what other secure measures should we take and make.

Once we told Delmonti he had the job, I set him and his wife and their dog up in a nice home nearby rent free, and gave him a car and his wife too plus a very generous salary, and after that, the start of a great workin' union began with Cousin Fitz.

Now in my case I knew what I wanted, which was to position ourselves someday to be right on the door step of bein' the finest underground security computer analytical super private consultin' company for very wealthy industrial and various specialty manufacturin' clients possibly round the world.

And as things were quietly settin' up in motion many years earlier, I still had a few solid deep entrenched trustin' remainin' contacts who'd always meet up with me outside the walls of the pentagon, cause I had faith our growin' services one day could be used in a very positive way in their vast tentacle's that reached places most American's have no idea existed. But that was a whole other matter that David put the tight lip lock talkin' brakes on my admitted braggin' big mouth, and I appreciated his diplomatic way he always set me straight, so as D would say bout' now, Nuff Said.

With the use of my money to keep the wheels greased and the laboratory spinnin', we were not goin' to be denied the success I envisioned on many fronts. The one strong fact for me was I knew the payoff one day would come back ten thousand foal and more with what

we were divin' into, so money was no object and I just needed to be patient with the process and let it all work out.

Truth be told though, I didn't have much patience but David was the principle smooth gate keeper on me over that, and always was the one who kept me in check, so just bein' honest here. And oh yeah, he kept me in as best a check as possible with my bad swearin' habit, cause he truly believed the less a human swears, the calmer they are durin' some kind of situation that makes the persons mind want to swear from bein' angry in the first place. And D was right, cause I practiced what he preached and my buddy was absolutely on the money...

And you know, through osmosis or whatever you want to call it, I had become over the years more relaxed and add to that what Howie, Jacob and Cowboy said, was I seemed more at peace with life, but most importantly, I became a livin' life minded positive legal enterprise business thinker with big legit goals thanks to brother D, from light yet strong soul searchin' preachin at me, to his aidin' me with all my ideas bout legit bin'ness.

So damn straight I was really pumped up, cause things were runnin' well in Fitz's lab and from where I sat, I could proudly say our team was set now, with a one two punch of brain energy power equal to the speed of light squared. And droppin' the humble tone that David would prefer I keep, but just for a split second, I'd put our better and smarter Einstein bookend brainiacs up against any computer techie or hacker team in the world out there, *and I really mean that big time!*

*And So This is How the Delmonti File All Began*

*Keep Sharp & Stay That Way,*

*For Much More*

*Is Definitely Coming, so*

*Nuff Said*

*At least for Now!*

## **‘OP-First Taste of Blood’ - December, 2000**

In a rich crop growing production region in South America that is made up of never ending as far as the eye can see farm land along with thousands of scattered acres filled with grazing cows, TB and his now fully assembled team of fighters are almost completely spot on organized and ready to roll. He called his all-purpose team ‘Orca One’, and he gave them that name because he knew about the hierarchy of the real deep blue sea.

For most people, the most dangerous predator in the ocean that comes to mind is the Great White Shark, but my buddy knew it was the Orca that literally controlled that deep dangerous underworld. And now when he cautiously entered into this unique approved government gun for hire (GFH) specialty contracted work to help the people of this country, he prepared and willed himself and his men to be the undisputed champions of the turf they were going into to conquer.

On this mission their goal right from the start is for a deadly attack against a large organized group of low life animals who were carrying out ruthless torturing to death activities, and all the while making back breaking extortionist demands, and worst of all of this evilness, it all came surprisingly like almost overnight into the territory.

The despicable behavior of these monsters had now gone on long enough and the plague they put on all these innocent God fearing and loving families was now going to become a head on war of good versus evil.

TB for this mission like all of them, has skillfully organized and prepared assignments to his loyal co-leaders in his chain of command, and they all trained and had each other’s backs and preached the same loyalty to each man in their little mini fully-assembled army. The wealthy people with their governments secret approval that hired TB's (GFH) to lead his specialized fighting force, cared not to spare anything from firepower to manpower, for money was no object and getting rid of these murderers, kidnappers and thieves was their only goal.

The team of T consisted of over three-hundred men brought in from Israel, Britain, Ireland, South Africa, Russia, Germany and the United States. Indeed, it was a strange mix of pure stone-cold highly skilled fighters from previous warring nations. The bottom line was, thru good advice from trusted Israeli friends, TB had developed since late 1975 secure off the book ledgers of layers of business's that gave him cover while discreetly acquiring pentagon tried and true secret contracts. As the years went by he slowly began fulfilling his dream of having his own (GFH) operations that he contracted with thru various entities in need of such trustworthy tested operators. Its just that simple, the rest was up to him to use skills in recruiting and mounting up a cohesive force that fought like a family of forever brothers.

In time over the years many of the same men had worked together on just as large a scale of this combat similar mission. Like all the battles they'll come into, rest assure they will be well organized, trained, and always well-equipped and led into battle by TB.

He knew how to put together a fighting force that complimented each important task and fed off of each other's skills. He was an expert at making sure every detail was always taken care of and backed up by multitasked individuals in case the worst might happen. Scouts, snipers, gunners, munitions experts, mini armored tanks and mechanics, chopper pilots and chopper mechanics. He had rocket launching experts, mine setters and sweepers, prisoner interrogators, cooks, laundry detail men who took shifts also in combat situations and last but not least, medical support doctors and male nurses trained by TB to be skilled in the field of combat themselves if ever needed. Bottom line, this was a unique clandestine legal and lethal mini army for hire, that was always ready for the task at hand.

They were equipped with the finest and most advanced equipment any small modern army needed. He had satellite-tracking devices to know at all times where each of his team members were and used his satellite eye in the sky technology to literally watch from above to pinpoint day and night his enemies. This was all possible because he had a combined use of the highest superior space and ground tracking monitoring technology along with his own in-house wizardry designed by cousin Fitz.



It was a covert and clandestine existence and all that was in his life because of the fortunate well-placed pentagon connections he had in his secretive shadowy world he lived in.

As he planned for this battle, he took no precautions from leaving out anything that could lead to an eventual mistake that purely need not happen. He was a take charge guy and the enemy would soon be one by one tracked down, outclassed and wiped off the face of the earth. TB had been trained at eighteen and a half to fight in the jungles of Viet Nam and ever since his first taste of blood, he knew how to stay alive and do the same for others that fought alongside of him.

My big buddy once said to me after he came back from a very dangerous mission similar to this one, that he feels he and his men are living in a world that only fits a certain kind of mindset, but those strong men and women are needed for the ever dangerous and present world we live in today.

He expressed to me after he found God, other than his life-threatening moment in Mexico we shared, Angels must have been watching over him all throughout in Viet Nam and then in Mexico.

I remember the day he opened up to me about his Angel thoughts, and I felt so good to know how far my buddy had come from a person who once had no religious or spiritual feelings inside of him whatsoever, and now is humbly speaking from his heart with such grace.

He forever is my true friend, and we'll always have each other's back,

*Sincerely, David*

## **‘Wheels up at 6 AM Sharp’ - March 27, 1974**

I found Stoney early in the mornin’ at his new place on the Bay of Acapulco. He was literally pulling in one of his late-night cast out fishin’ lines and he’d been doin’ this routine regularly since he moved to this new water’s edge location. On this particular mornin’ he thinks (we both knew nothin’ bout fish) he had what appeared to be two Barracudas on his homemade hooks, lines and rather crude makeshift bobbin’ sinkers, but hey, they obviously did the job. After the long line was pulled in, we each unhooked a Cuda and then Stoney completely took over from there.

First, he took his machette and cut up the two fish to fit just right into his large steel fryin’ pan. Now standin’ right in the middle of his ultra-makeshift onshore sandy beach kitchen, I learned exactly what was in his secret sauce and special grease he used to prime his skillet, and I swear that dude could flavor a piece of leather and make it taste good. I mean it and believe me, whatever we think he caught that day, they didn’t really look much like a hearty tender and flavorful fish to begin with, but like I said, his secret primers and then the final killer sauce added at the end made it almost taste like a delicacy, but let’s keep it real and go heavy on the almost thought... Just messin’ round here a bit a~bout my buddies for real kitchen skills.

Yeah, well so anyway, we’re havin’ a fish fry at 6:30 in the mornin’, but hey, nothin’ was normal in the world we were livin’ in, and I mean *nothin’*. I was just glad I came by, or I should say more like dragged myself over after we had a nice night out at a couple of discos’, chasin’ beautiful young ladies that were tourists that came from all over the world. Yep, that was a fun night out but now it’s goin’ to become a fishy mornin’, but like I said before, nothin’ was routine or average for us and that’s the way we liked it.

So back at the ranch, Stoney usually shared his catch and cookin’ and clean up details with a couple of local divers who worked alongside em in his tropical fish collectin’ business, but today it was just us. We’d knock off one of those big long babies together and he knew how much I liked his fish fryin’ technique, so we’d pack the second one up so I could chew on it durin’ my busy filled day that was ahead for me.

I'd intentionally kept my buddy in the dark for the past week regardin' some personal business that I was preparin' to do, and that was done specifically cause he made it clear for many months that he wanted to keep as much distance away from my action as possible, and I wanted that for his safety and well-bein' too. But besides wantin' to share with em his tasty fish fry mornin' treat, I wanted to ask my buddy if he wanted to go out again tonight to some new disco's I'd been wantin' to check out, cause I told em I was feeling lucky and wanted to cast my so-called fishin' net out and see what I could catch.

He always liked my sense of humor and my friend really seemed to bring the best out of me for feelin' good and wantin' to joke a~round, so I appreciated that greatly.

So Stoney bein' himself as usual with me, meanin' not holdin' back and comin' in his diplomatic but full steam right at me, asked me as we stood across from each other as he was tossin' round' the fish in the skillet, *'What's this celebration all about this time?'*, but then he answered his own question like he'd done plenty of other times before with a big smile on his face. So here we are conversin' in our fish fryin' early mornin' chat;

"T, come on man, I already know it's that flying time of the month for you and I'm well aware of your ritual you like to do before you hit the skies loaded up."

"Well yeah, so let me have the joy of havin' another good time before I make my darin' flyin' move."

"Which plane is it this time, that silver tin tuna can with rubber bands and baling wire holding it together, or that scrap heap pile of paper-thin aluminum with more dents in it imaginable that I saw a couple of months ago, you know, the crappy one you practically crashed in?"

My friend always could make me smile and pop out of me some true cheerful laughter cause that dude had a way with bein' sarcastic and at the same time very serious with me, bein' that he cared bout' my safety and total well-bein', just like I cared bout' his.

"It's the latter, your favorite, the old dilapidated aluminum dented up bucket, ya know, the one you call *A thing of Beauty*."

“Ha-ha-ha, aren’t you a barrel of laughs, but listen man, I’ve been lately feeling a vibe, and I’m not going to act like I’m not worried and pretend to think everything’s hunky-dory,”

“Stoney, I swear to ya, things are goin' to change, so just hang in there with me a little while longer. Your regular diplomatic poundin' on me are makin' dents in my thick skull, but I need just a little more time.”

“I hear ya T, but I’m not gonna quit my talks with you about changing your ways, but more important to me right now, is I hope you know I’m not trying to put a jinx on ya.”

“Listen my friend, we’ve been through a lot together in a short time span here in Acapulco and if anyone’s put a jinx on something, I’ve done it all to myself.”

“I want to have a long-life friendship after we both get out of here one day, but the only way we’re going to do that is if we both come out alive and in one piece, especially you.”

“Are you referring to the heavy loads I’m flyin’?”

“Yes. You’re too loaded up TB, and it's obvious because the one and only time I saw you take off out of that hidden narrow mountain runway, I thought you were gonna crash for sure man, yeah-no really, I swear I thought you were a goner!”

“I hear ya, and you were right, the weight was almost too much to get the lift I needed, and yeah, it was a close call.”

“You’ve got to get the greed of money out of your mind because it’s going to end up killing you, seriously.”

“No-no, I can’t argue, so I’ve taken your advice as usual. This next load is less and there shouldn’t be any lift issues whatsoever this time.”

“Okay, that’s what I want to hear. So back to your night out party plans for later, I have to say last night was relatively an early night for both of us, so today I’ll dive in the ocean with the boys for about five hours, then come back here and get in a deep resting nap, and then take the bus and meet you at the Holiday Inn around seven-ish. Is that cool?”

“NO. I have a much better plan and surprise. First, no drinkin’ for me and second, let’s meet at seven-ish as you say but I want to treat us to all the ribs we can stack up, so let’s meet at Black Beards. Can you dig it?”

“Yes, sure and thank you. You’re a generous good guy my friend, but still be ready tonight for some more of my light badgering about your weed world.” As usual, Stoney was comin’ right at me straight up, and I liked it that way.

“No-no Mr. Stone, it’s not badgerin’, it’s love man, plus I want to hear more in-depth bout’ those great business ideas you’ve been talkin’ bout’ for my future work back in the states, so that’ll make for some good conversation tonight.”

“Good, , good to hear T. Hey, and you know what I just remembered to tell ya.”

“What?”

“Prince Charles is in town on one of the British Navy ships, so let’s go check it out.”

“Ya know, as I was drivin’ down from my mountain cabin I saw down below at the big cruise ship docks what I thought was a British Frigate, so, yeah, let’s go there first.”

“Cool man, thanks. You know T, I like the guy and respect what and how he deals with all the crazy fanfare and stuff coming at him all the time, and admire his Queen mom and dad, and how they are good ambassadors for their country.”

I heard my buddy clearly and appreciated his words. So now we’re groovin’ all during the day, doin’ our own thing just as we planned. I learned later Stoney had a good day of collectin’ beautiful blue florescent damsel-fish with his two-man crew and after that work in the ocean, he did his thing to secure the fish in their special children’s circular holdin’ pools, then he took one of his routine re-chargin’ full heart and body naps. All durin’ that time I guess I should just say I was doin’ my thing, so to speak, gettin’ everything locked and loaded up for my flyin’ adventurous gig tomorrow.

So after a good afternoon for both of us, we met at the Holiday Inn just as we planned and then we drove down to the docks to check out the British Frigate and see if we could spot the Prince.

Once down there, we just walked round checkin' out the ship, hopin' to get a glimpse or more of the Prince, but it never happened. Ah, but the time spent there worked out pretty darn good, cause my man Stoney bein' his fun and easy flowin' usual self, managed to introduce us to two ah~dorable young British ladies on vacation. He's a bad-bad boy in a just what the doctor ordered.

I mean I can't say enough how I always liked how he pulled a rabbit out of the hat, and that night was no exception. I'm smilin' just thinkin' back to that wild time, and one important note I have to add to this little chat, is that night turned out to be the first double date we ever had and it couldn't have worked out better.

But you know, it was kind of funny how at times our American accents seem to throw the girls off, and my buddy and I had the same problem at times too with what seemed like their accents, but it didn't hold any of us back from just lettin' loose and havin' a fun-filled laughin' good time at dinner and then some wild natural partyin' at the discos with the sweet ladies.

Now as far as my fully loaded to the gills old dented rust bucket of a plane as David always called it, well it was waitin' for me the next mornin', but my dear friend didn't miss a beat when at dinner that night as the girls together went to the ladies room to do their thing, my man hit me with his in my face lecture that I had to damn strongly think logically bout' givin' up the weed gig I was in and concentrate on a much better life and future for myself. He always in his own special sort of way kept up the drumbeat to make the point of my luck may only last for so long and not if but *when it ran out*, then I wouldn't be a~round to enjoy all the money I'd already made.

I deep down know he was right, no question bout' his point, but I was young, strong, stubborn and openly admittin' to bein' a very greedy dude.

So bottom line though after a great night of pure fun and oh yeah pleasure, was,

Wheels Up

At

6 AM

Sharp!

~ ~ ~

## **‘The Mountain Net Maker & His Wisdom’**

*{It's 2050 now and this life experience below will never be forgotten}*

Acapulco, February 1974. Diving ten feet down in the ocean just off the cliffs was usually a difficult time because of the swift-moving currents, so trying to catch tropical fish with a little fishing net was quite a daily challenge. There were thousands upon thousands of really cool looking beautiful fish right before our eyes, but the combination of those little colorful fish being smart and those currents made for a tough time collecting them.

There was this one specimen called the Blue Spotted Damsel and they were everywhere by the thousands and I could have made a comfortable financial living back in those days just off of them. They were a deep blue color and the size of a silver dollar, but the charm of them was they were florescent and under any kind of strobe or blue light, they looked amazing, but the ocean currents were making our work next to impossible to collect any daily large amount. So, one day a young diver in my team told me about a net maker in the mountains who could create the perfect style net that could capture without harming these small tropical fish. At that moment it sounded like a great idea but I was always short of funds and a new expense was just something I didn't need, yet I had to think positive and go for it.

My buddy TB always said to me, *‘If you need money don't hesitate to ask’*, but that wasn't the way I wanted to survive and make it on my own, even though I needed some assistance, but I always thanked him and then dropped the thought from my mind.

A few days went by and I made arrangements with the young guy who worked for me to show us the way by bus up through the mountains to find and speak with this net maker. And just for good measure, I brought along a trusting Mexican friend who volunteered to help me with all the translating because I really needed to make sure about many of the details of how to clearly use the net and how much it was going to cost.

The trip up there took two long and slow forever in time bus rides, and it seemed like once we got out of the main city area, every five to ten minutes we were going around death-



defying hairpin curves, and to make matters worse the bus was packed with lots of crying babies and men carrying little pigs and loud clucking chickens.

Once we finally arrived far up in the little mountain town, we had to walk about a half-mile up a semi-steep at least for me, rock-filled dirt road to reach our final destination.

This trip was made with no guarantees we'd even find this net maker because he had no house phone and not to be impolite, but he really didn't much live in what we would think of as a house in the first place. It was a basic combination of tin and a lot of obvious old worn out lumber, with strewn various sizes of rocks and lots of patch straw like tumbleweed, and held together with mortar which formed a four-wall structure that gave reasonable shelter for the net maker and his small family. The roof was made out of multiple kinds of materials and it appeared to be all held together with what looked like various thicknesses of rope and a fine mesh fish line that seemed to be woven all throughout the roof and then tied into the four corners of the main structure.

Throughout my daily routine of life in Mexico, one humbling experience after another occurred for myself and TB, and now with this elderly gentleman and his home, another appreciation of all the good things we are so fortunate to have in America and totally take for granted, well I mean, honestly, it was all just hitting me.

Meeting and being in the presence of this skillful older man was a warm and unique experience for me because I learned at a young age to respect my elders and listen to them carefully because they have many years of experience, and you are never too old to learn new things. And adding to this thought, I was still just a baby in my early 20's, and the learning curve of life was something I welcomed with an open mind, yet at times my experiences in Mexico taught me to question those with any form of authority that caused me to raise my instinctive mental protective predatory red flags, and between my Dad's warning to be sharp before I left the USA, and TB always reminding me the same.

Sitting down together, we all had a thorough talk about the nets and he explained that he knew exactly what I needed and he could build this one type for an affordable price I agreed on.

After taking care of that important business, he began talking to us all about the subject of maturity, and kindred spirits of others joining with new beginning born life on earth. He caught us all off guard because my translating speaking friend couldn't figure out why this topic came up, but I'm so pleased it did because this was another humbling and important lesson for myself, and I hope for all the other travelers in the room with me.

This kind gentle-man spoke to us about most men think they have entered and are full of the life's maturing process by the time they are twenty-five or thirty years old, but he spoke slow and for a quick short time directly into my eyes. And during that brief direct moment he mentioned a once long-ago Mexican leader named Zapata, that he sensed and felt somehow was an enlightening moving spirit I held within me. It was also translated to me that he was saying our lives take on many experiences, and we are always learning from them, but true maturity of humankind doesn't really come into being until our early fifties, and for some even way beyond that.

Speaking from my long-ago memory in my 'Blink of an Eye-2050' portal window of time, **SEVENTY-SIX** fast moving years now have passed since my time with that gentle special gifted man. And I can truly say that his words of wisdom and open-minded thoughts of carrying within me a strong kindred Mexican leaders spirit of a past life, often came into my thinking and wonderment. And after decades have since passed, I truly can say on specific occasions when I calmed my mind in ways not truly explainable, I actually felt different strong past leaders' spirits at times guiding and pushing me with their life experiences. Believe what you wish, but I lived what I believed!

Permit me now to just conclude with this thought, as I've grown older and I hope more mature here in 2050, that I've slowly aged with a greater open-minded view as my time in life has graciously edged on.

*...Be Wise with Strength, Honor and Humility*

***A True Lesson Never Forgotten***

*And Then Decades Later I wrote This,*

*In the Passing of Life's Time,  
The Maturing Process Takes Hold,  
And Signs & Recognition  
Of One's Place Can be Foretold,  
And Thus with The Movement  
In This Time & Space,  
If Blessed With Strength  
Then Make Wise & All Moves  
To Save The Human Race!*

~ ~ ~

# ‘In A Blink of an Eye’ 2050

## ***THIS TRULY CAN HAPPEN!***

*After the three-super powerful nuclear suitcase bomb strikes and multiple EMP attacks on American soil in the **SADDEST YEAR OF AMERICAN HISTORY**, 2025, we began living in to say the least, very lean drastic times, with food and electricity in some of the most populated areas on both coasts almost nonexistent.*

The survivors gradually began moving towards the middle of the country where there was still farmland safe to grow some crops, but the life changing events from the radiation poisoning plus the slow starvation happening to the population, caused millions to perish slowly over time. We were all living in a very serious complicated period and nothing was given to anyone without some sort of earned daily output, which entailed any form of rebuilding physical labor, to care giving or helping strengthen America to be a worthy adversary again but with a new honest inner core and *Cause*.

Some wise horticulturalist began to use seaweed as a natural fertilizer, to help stimulate plant and crop growth because of the poor quality of the Top Soil. Then over the slow recovering years it became the norm for seaweed to be one of the utmost of important staples of food supply, and the delicate balance to recharge the scorched earth and poor quality of the overused top soil, going back decades. The old soil was burning out even before the attacks, but the farmers didn't have the wear with all to have massive rotating crop fields, so the same ones were used over and over for decades, until their richness of nutrients and the over use of chemicals and fertilizers and other various toxins to the earth, well it all culminated into poor top soil usage. . . Moving on. . .

*(Fair Well to Welfare) and no laziness will be upon Us!*

*The attacks had many interesting outcomes come forth, and one was a gradual drastic drop in the cases of people suffering with the widening spreading national medical condition known as Stage Two Diabetes.*

From all the lack of food came a much smaller and lean diet which created a meal intake that no longer was filled with rich poisonous carbs and outrageous fats that millions of Americans gluttoned themselves on for years.

So, the country began the slow task of rebuilding itself and so did the once young and old flabby lazy Americans, who stabilized their self-inflicted Diabetes. And interestingly enough, the millions who were clinically obese and just gave up on themselves, finally came to their senses and realized in order to survive they would have to make the wise choice and adhere to the new norm of hard work and live better on a forced new lean functional but doable diet. I'm sure the points been made and satisfied, so **Nuff Said!**

The will and might of the American People who survived will be on full display. A United gradual Spiritual change will make other Nations from afar take note and see the strength and backbone of humanity coming beautifully together. America The Strong!

*Our comfortable easy life* was shattered and we all began fighting together in and for a *New Cause*, SURVIVAL and then REVIVAL of AMERICA. There were no more toys and hand-held technological devices and the addicting social media was finished and completely over, which used to keep our minds distracted to the goings on all around us.

Yes, everything was gone and the only thing left was what was in front of your faces. It was glaringly in all of our lives that we all had to pitch in and work together, and that became the order of the new world with very few exceptions, but there were still those who cast themselves out and acted as high and mighty and entitled, so once their arrogance was exposed they would be harshly put in their place right there and if no positive actions happen on their part, they would have wished they pay attention to the laws of the righteous new land.

The pain, suffering and sacrifices were never ending for many years that came after the attacks and nothing about those hardships were going to change and be simply wished away. Of those who pushed themselves to stay alive in that new day and nuclear age we were all living in, somehow learned to adapt and their bodies grew stronger and their

minds developed over time new mechanisms that coped with all the tragedy of the day after day stresses and perils that were continually around all of us.

*For all the young lives after the attacks*, sadly they witnessed losing family and close friends and saw suffering like never before seen on American soil. The multitudes of tens of thousands dying each and every day scattered all around the United States became the norm, not the exception.

The millions of the new generation of young folks that grew up in that fresh new horrific nuclear age had so many experiences that were bad and truly ugly, but they had a choice to persevere and *dig down deep* and never let go of hope, or just give up and die.

That decision was there to make for the millions who survived the multiple attacks, but that future American human outcome will have to wait for all to see.

I saw those who were strong to the core and make it through it all, and then each became the true new pioneers of America just like those who sailed here in 1620, on the bountiful ship called the Mayflower. Yes, obviously I know there is no comparison of hardships from then and what I witnessed in 2025, for the ships people weren't dealing with living in a nuclear age, but those people who bravely stepped off that great sailing ship began creating a new frontier and carving out a totally new world for themselves.

I bring that vessel up to recognize a similar parallel new beginning of life happened for the nuclear survivors, for they faced an uncharted territory of a new existence just like those brave folks who sailed over.

*I'm sure you'll understand this*, America was started by those courageous people who sailed over on the Mayflower and then many more ships followed filled with strong willed ready to work to survive pioneers, and you can be certain that nothing was easy and given to those brave pioneers during all those difficult beginning times.

All that looking back after the attacks from my perspective now, showed me there grew out of it a new grittier American citizen who was focused and adapted to the tough life no matter what daily obstacle occurred.

*Coming back into your time now, there's warning signs all around, but there's still time to make the world a safer place, so get involved and learn more about what a difference you can make and do. We'll try and help you in coming chapters, but it's up to you to see beyond just our way of thinking, so take and use our basic thought, 'Always be Strong'.*

*Russia, Israel, and the United States from the years ahead I'm able to view life from now, need to be working strongly together towards a newer form of kinship, in order to stop and disperse what the possible future brings. And as a point of fact knowing here years in advance, China needs to change their mega world future global control thoughts and fully join in to eradicate world-wide terrorism, along with helping to fight against those with plans of a globalist-controlled open borders new world order society.*

*The three superpowers must begin now an unbreakable 'Nuclear War Treaty'. The sad fact is, one nuclear bomb begets-another, and after that, well a new form of the so-called media driven propaganda scam of Global Open Borders and 'Trans-humanism' will be upon us like never before imagined.*

*Peace and Unity is the only way forward for all to exist!*

*More Coming*

*Of*

**'In A Blink of an Eye'**

~ ~ ~

## **‘Worthy Adversary’ – Early Summer, 89’**

On a special place named Lords Road, located somewhere hidden away in Northern Michigan, there are beautiful old forest trees covering both sides of this road, creating a tunnel like effect. The two tight good friends are both individuals who appreciate all that Mother Nature has put forth on this earth. As they walk up the unusual steep road, all the activity of wild life is playing out in the most natural and peaceful ways everywhere their eyes can see. The two buddies on this day dressed prepared for what they were going to do next. They wore hiking boots with long pants and thick wool shirts and brought along gloves because they knew there would be a definite need for them.

“This is like the old times in Mexico up in the mountain hillsides.” Stoney says as he and his pal TB are blazing a new trail off the road and into the woods.

They’ve never done this before on their regular walks up Lord’s Road but they both talked about it that morning and thought it would be a good change of pace. The steepness was still there from the regular main paved road, but with even more challenges of quick drops in the layout of the forest and huge fallen trees laying in their path making for far more adventure and challenges than walking the asphalt paved road.

The smell of the wild flowers mixed with the moss covering the many fallen trees left the air all around them filled with a fragrance as nature packed as any good Rain Forest. They both stopped to take their time to observe and smell some of the wild flower patches in areas that the sunlight filtered through the forest trees.

These exquisite flowering areas were a work of nature in their own appearing painted canvas settings. The early morning dew and the energy from the filtered sun created a natural wonder that only these two students of nature always took the time to appreciate. These were two-tested outdoorsman in their own right, and they loved every minute of their hike off the back wood’s main road. They wanted to do this because when these two got together on anything they ever did, they always went looking for a challenge. They especially loved anything that had to do with Mother Nature.



Both would never do anything to harm her, in fact once TB came across some very destructive bikers out in a wilderness trail of Oregon back in 1978, and these unkind crude thoughtless jerks had totally devastated a public campsite and scared off all the parents along with their children who were all out for a peaceful weekend camping trip.

The garbage these bikers scattered and littered all over the place was bad enough but it was his witnessing of them battering an innocent dog that set TB off and over the edge. These five bikers never had a clue of the capabilities of their worthy adversary who stood alone before them.

When it was over they all lay severely injured as if they had been attacked by a giant Poppa grizzly bear, going after the culprits who tried to capture and kill his baby innocent children. Yes, they say it's the Momma bears who look after her young, well never underestimate a human Poppa bear too, especially one with a warm spot in his heart for all of Mother Nature's defenseless animals.

You see when a weapon is drawn against him, a more powerful and lethal armament is his immediate to the core instinctive response, period. Now, as he stood nearby after his attack on these heartless pricks, the two that were still conscience weren't sure if they were looking at a human or not.

What they saw was this very wide hipped giant of a young appearing man with a torso sculpted like from a granite rock with legs and thighs to match, combined with extreme sure-footed balance yet very light footed and capable of moving and kicking with the force, power and speed of a Brahma Bull. To be exact, he had an unordinary developed massive thick muscular barrel chest and arms and hands that defied human anatomy. Wrists with the circumference way beyond normal, even for a quadruple extra-extra-large size football player, and hands so big, strong and powerful that he had to hold back his grip whenever he shook with another person so as not to do any accidental harm.

It's a fact when a person is angry, they take on a different look in their eyes and a personality change comes over them. What happened to these bikers could be explained very simply, they got their asses severely beaten but to explain who or what did it from

their eyes point of view once the one-sided battle started, would only bring haunting lasting memories for all of them.

Only because the big guy was human and felt a slight degree of mercy now after his devastating payback on them, did he go and walk out of his way to find a park ranger and report a little white lie, so he wouldn't have to face any legal type consequences.

After giving the exact location he was thanked by the ranger, shook hands and then he just walked off and never looked back.

“YOH Stoney, this off-road hike will be good trainin' for your summer night-time golf games you and O'Dool play. But tell me, have you guys ever made a campfire like we use to do in Acapulco?”

“NOPE, only because we really never have had that kind of big-time serious volume of weed at our disposal, like we so insanely and freely had. Those days in Mexico are long gone, but never ever forgotten, ya think?” TB hearing his friend's voice from afar yelling back to him.

The summer night-time golf games refer back to Stoney and a good trusting friend named O'Dool, who together for years have been growing their own special seedless strain of weed in Michigan corn fields, for their own consumption. Stoney also had a short list but growing underground network of folks he found that were undergoing chemotherapy treatment for cancer, and they were experimenting with his weed and other natural powders he created, to see if his combinations could help their nausea from the chemo.

“Never ever forgotten, damn straight, so Ten Four and Roger That buddy.” Now TB is scrambling through the wooded area to get much closer to his friend. Ten feet apart and still moving along, he answers back without having to yell out now,

“But man those were for sure the days back then in Acapulco. I remember clearly in 74' when we had our last mountain side campfire, each smokin' a kick ass joint the size of a cigar, but we didn't need such a fat dooby cause all we really needed was a few good tokes, and we were off and flyin' at a nice altitude.”

“Oh yeah T, definitely, but I dug throwing those handfuls of juicy tasty buds into the fire to stoke it up and purify the air.”

Both friends break out into peaceful smiles after that purify the air comment, then Stoney goes on.

“Absolutely those were the good old days T, but my lungs now feel sort of burnt and my heart, well I wish I had a better charging & healing system working and built into it, ”

“Hold on man, you’re a fighter, so you just keep pushin’ on and livin’ life, , you with me?”

“For sure, totally with ya. Hey I didn’t tell you, but I’ve been hounding O’Dool to quit smoking all those damn cigarettes and lose some weight too. And get this, he actually said he’d give it some serious thought.”

Stoney’s words came out as he was going uphill, but he was a little short of breath and his big buddy noticed it.

“I like your friend O’Dool even though we’ve never met. You’ve told me enough to know he’s a great partner, totally trustworthy and a good family man and I know you respect that a lot.”

“I do and you know T, I’d have to say over the years he’s been the best partner I’ve had playing the night games, and so it’s always really a good time, and we’ve always got each other’s backs, just like you and me.”

“Well from the stories you’ve told me bout’ all your night time adventures, it’s obvious you both trust each other & you know, I’ll bet he’d freak out if he knew your other side of life you live in, but I’d also bet he’d dig takin’ a spin with us in our clandestine action too.”

“Oh yeah, you got that right. He’d fit in fine because he’s definitely cut from the cloth of a hidden closet adrenaline junkie, just like us.”

The words coming out of Stoney sounded like he was now definitely out of breath as he’s navigating the rough terrain. As the guys were moving at a descent strong pace through the forest, TB pulls up alongside his buddy and puts his big paw on his shoulder and asks

him to stop for a minute. He knew his friend really well and he could see and even hear better, David needed a rest. The rough off-road incline was challenging his buddy's lung capacity and TB wanted to make sure his friend was doing okay.

"Hey Bro, I know you don't like talkin' bout' it, but I want to know if you've been havin' more of those heart palpitation situations?"

"No, I've been cool, feeling pretty normal except when I run my body into the ground. It's then when I really feel sluggish and my heart feels heavy and not so normal. I know you're noticing this morning I'm getting a little short of breath from our outing here,"

"Well yeah, but I sense you're doin' okay too, but let's take a little breather anyway, and just take in all this amazing nature all around us."

"To be straight with ya T, right now my hearts fluttering a little bit, so sure, let's take a minute and let it get back to normal. Hey, thanks for picking up on my deal, and as always I appreciate your concern." Stoney definitely needed a breather, so the timing was really good. T continued the conversation.

"So I want to tell ya, I did some readin' up on your heart palpitations and did you know that millions of Americans suffer from it, but it's to what degree and how each handles their situation that makes the difference."

"Exactly, and as I get older, I can't push myself like a young man anymore."

"You mean like the night games you play with O'Dool?"

"That's it, and I talked to O'Dool about that and told him straight up that our action is definitely made for a young man, and we aren't so young anymore."

"Watch yourself then my friend. Don't follow others but be the natural leader that you are and take better care of yourself." Stoney hears his words and starts laughing and TB is smiling but puzzled by the laughter.

“Sorry for laughing T when you’ve been super serious and concerned about my heart and health at this very moment, along with many other times, but when you said don’t follow others and take better care of yourself, well think about that!”

TB starts shuffling his feet and cracking a smile and then the two of them burst out with a good laugh. Through the smiles, T gets out,

“Well, be your own natural leader except when it comes to me, okay, please, cause I always need your tactical minds opinion and thinkin’ in whatever I’m gettin’ into.”

TB pauses to go quick into his own true feelings, and then let’s it out.

“But buddy if you want to know the truth bout’ leadin’, you’re still the leader as far as I’m concerned and the boy’s too, cause of some unique spiritual balance you bring to all our gatherins’.” His voice was serious.

“Thanks T, but when it’s your show and we’re on location wherever we are, well then without any doubt you’re the boss. So as always I take my lead from you, that’s it, plain and simple, and don’t forget I love ya big guy.”

“I love you back my spirited secret warrior minded stealthy buddy.”

T’s quick humorous response evoked a fast-easy smile from Stoney. The two close friends continue on up the hill and now they’re making good time and speaking in a general light conversational way about the beauty of the land all around them.

Along the terrain they’ve spotted lots of four legged creatures, jumping and scamping all about and enjoying their life on God’s green earth they were born into. TB is mimicking some of their moves and is thoroughly enjoying himself too. It’s obvious to Stoney that his friend is in the better condition of the two as he watches him make fleet footed moves in and out of some difficult un-even grounds. He’s always known his friend to be part human mixed with part animal at times and having never seen anyone his equal to challenge him.

These two buddies gave each other that unexplainable mental energy and spiritual uplifting whenever they were together no matter what situations they were involved in. And a perfect example of that was today's hike into this rare and beautiful forest all around them, with the goal of making their way up to David's special hidden tree encampment with an amazing fast running cold fresh water creek moving through it.

For David, this place was his escape and whenever the boys were up north together, it was a must to go hang out and enjoy time at.

This majestic pure canvas of nature gave off the feeling of the most perfect carved out peaceful place anyone could imagine. With its large boulders guarding and guiding the fast-moving stream, it showed off splendidly an amazing rare piece of God's creation that David named '***The Spiritual Vein of Tranquility***', and the big guy thought it was the most perfect name his friend could have given this natural wonder.

## *A Peaceful Journey in Time*

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## *Please Scroll Down*

## **‘Forensic Human Analytical Studies’ - Dec. 2014**

*Fitz was explaining to David in laymen’s terms about some improvements he’s been making to one of his miniaturized Sat phone designs, and after that techno cool gadget conversation, David switches the subject over to Human Analytical Studies. We’ll pick up where D is reading something to his engineering tinkering close friend;*

A random sampling of an average Internet dictionary definition of the word ‘FORENSIC’, are as follows:

1. Related to scientific methods of solving crimes, involving examining the objects at the scene and nearby.
2. The use of science and technology to investigate and establish facts in criminal or civil courts of law.
3. Dealing with the application of scientific knowledge to legal problems and legal proceedings, as for example, forensic anthropology.

~ ~ ~

“Okay Fitz, there you have it, the definition of forensic,”

“Yeah, I’m looking at my copy as you were reading yours over the line.”

“Good, that’ll help sink it in more for whatever its worth, but the bottom line for me is the years of experiences with my cameras have made me more comfortable with my human forensic analysis. I’ve accumulated thousands of hours with my studies, even simple TV watching time of a subject and I’ve grown stronger with my feelings of telling if a person’s lying or not on video, film or radio, and especially even more if I’m in their presence.”

“Well they say people can fool a polygraph machine, but you’ve proven to me and TB with some of your film studies that it’s pretty darn tough to fake out the camera especially during a well-done interrogation.” Fitzy expressing his point of view.

“I totally agree. You take their voice responses combined with their physical body reactions, and that’s a good start, but there’s a heck of a lot of other carefully crafted human markers I’ve discovered in my time and now wouldn’t analyze without em.”

“But it’s still not a perfect science you’re dealing with, you have to admit that.”

“Oh for sure, but when you can take a couple of base questions like a polygraph test examiner does to establish those human markers I’m talking about, then you can begin to go to work. But like I’ve said all along, it’s best to have a few bases to work off of.”

“D, you’ve got years of time and energy studying many subjects to hone your craft, and we’ve always appreciated you being a good teacher for us all.”

“Thanks. I’m always trying my best, but it all still goes back to using the three side by side monitors and then as sharp as humanly possible, using your eyes and ears. Fact is, those two incredible human senses combined with my study notes and markers have always played a big part in detecting and separating the truth and the lies on someone.”

“One monitor with the base truth questions and watch the other monitors with different body angles, looking for truths and any suspected lies or deviations. How’d I do D?”

“You got it down, and you’re ready to step right into my shoes.”

“Well not quite, but I’ve always tried to stay up with your work and we’re talking decades now, and it all started when you set up and used that method years ago to help TB finalize his choices of men he’d decide to hire for his private specialized groupings.”

“I remember it all, and it was a tough and beyond dangerous business at times and we absolutely needed to do whatever had to go down.” David’s voice just then was resolute.

“T told me your work might have saved him from a lot of future grief and even deaths.”

“It was my call Fitz right from the get go to put each prospective new applicant on video, and we let them know of all our probing questions and full intentions up front.”



“Right, and then you and T formulated a specific way to establish that special base line grouping you always talk about, and then after his interviews with all the prospects, you got with Cousin T and together you guys took care of the careful selection process.”

“It was the right platform to use because it’s life and death work T and his crews were getting involved in, and we wanted to cover every detail of each man so we’d have the absolute best dude picked out so they’d fit in and play their strategic important part.”

“No doubt David.” Fitz’s words kind of came out quietly and in a sad halting way. He caught himself and then sort of perked up and spoke some more.

“Hey, if you don’t mind, I’d like to change the subject a bit.”

“Sure, go ahead.”

“Well so I’ve been watching the president like you told me, and especially checking him out on U-Tube, and I’m getting a much better read on him with all his tell-tale markers you’ve educated me to pick up on. It’s amazing what you and those Israeli profilers over the years have established to watch,”

“And it all comes together and works Fitz, no doubt about it. I mean it’s just like an accountant has numerical forensic markers, or detectives or crime scene specialists have their telltale signs they gather relentlessly, well I feel my collection of markers are solid and hold true to form too.”

David pauses right there as a thought starts running through his head, then he spits it out.

“I’m going to tell you something Fitzy, collecting the tell markers to observe the president was basically easy, and I’ve got a cache of him up the *wha-zoo*, and he’s now an absolute no brainer to figure out.”

“Oh, okay, so educate me some more about his *Tell Signals*.”

“Sure, you got it. So he’ll be out there doing his smooth talking bla-bla-bla as usual, then it all changes when he’s about to attempt to pass on a total line of utter bullshit to the

camera's aiming at him. His entire voice pattern and gate go for me into an ever so slightly different pitch and rhythm, but most likely never picked up by regular folks."

"I follow because of your markers and everything else you taught me, including the way you told me to watch tightly how even his breathing can become a signal."

"Exactly. So that said about his voice pattern and the breathing, even more observable is he has sometimes garbled speech type rapid stutters, along with repeated words coming out like I, I, I, you, you, you, and ah, ah, ah taking place, and that for me is a big tell that his brain and his mouth are tripping up on each other, and then his falsehoods begin. This action for me truly shows how totally conscience he really becomes of what's taking place, because he knows he's fibbing, , no, worse, lying his ass off big time, and you can go to Vegas and bet on that!"

Fitz's all ears and can tell his friend has more to say.

"And one more thing, and that's his medical gut Gerd issue, because it's been causing him problems for the past two or three years, even though it's not a marker per say, shows me he's not feeling on top of his usual game, but I digress, so excuse me."

Now there's some easy relaxed silence from both friends, then Fitz breaks the quiet.

"I bet you could help him out with his Gerd, but do you think he'd pay attention?"

"Even though I'm totally against his worldly positions and the many ongoing things he's done to shock and piss me off, I'd offer."

"Well Big Freddy will forever listen to your advice, and his momma too."

"I like helping people, you know that but do you realize we both just changed the subject and got way off course,"

"You're right. So the subject was his *Tells*."

“Yes, , right, good show Fitz. I lost my place, so honestly I needed that. So you know I’ve collected an abundance of his physical *Tells* which for me are fantastic giveaways to hone in on, especially with the three-monitor set up.”

“Hey D, breakdown the one you nick-named the forever Oldie but Super Goodie.”

“Buddy, that was a GOODIE alright, the Bill O’Reilly Super Bowl bonanza interview. I don’t know if I’ve ever seen so much bull shit come out of a persons, , ah crap, , sorry,”

“No-no, don’t worry. A while ago you touched on it a bit, but never in any real detail.”

“Well then today’s the day I’ll do my best to point out how he smoothly when necessary lies into any camera pointed at him, with that smug cherry on the top look he gives on that preening narcissists wide grinning lying face of his, with a touch of Mussolini chin up body language.”

“Oh man, listen to you with all that love your coming off giving him today.”

“My man Fitz, I always love your sarcasm but I’m sincerely frustrated by that man getting away with fooling millions of Americas by taking us down a very dangerous path with that absolutely insane total giveaway and rigged one sided BS Iran nuclear deal.”

“David my dear friend, you just gotta chill out, so do like your dad always said to you and taught you, ‘stay cool man’. Anyway, stay on point and tell me about that Super Goodie.”

“My dad’s words to always cool me down were wise, , so thanks and sorry for my rant.”

“Don’t worry, we all have em.”

“No Fitz, you never rant, ever, and T and I always admired that about you. You have this one-of-a-kind special gentle soul and, and we both wished we had inside us what you have.”

“Thanks D. But hey, now look who’s drifting off course and changing the subject.”

“Man oh man, todays a day we both can’t stay focused, but I love it.”

With those words, both friends have a quick easy laugh, then David gets back on track.

“Okay, so let’s get to the point of the Oldie but Goodie you started this conversation with in the first place.”

“Fire away.”

“You got it. So I’m talking about the Super Bowl interview O’Reilly is having with the president at half time, and being thorough here with ya, O’Reilly is asking the president multiple questions about Benghazi, the Affordable Care Act and then to me, the all-important IRS questions came into play. And before I go further, I have to say that O’Reilly was solid throughout, but it was like a chess match, and,”

“And David, I know what you’re thinking already at this point, , and I say that because we both know the presidents a very smooth talking guy with his words, with always being able to dodge a question with some slick one liner and then his patented laugh as his mouth opens wide and his head and neck tilt slightly back.”

“Fitzy, you’ve been carefully studying the U-tubes, so right on with your observations, and I’m sure you’ve picked up others too.”

“I have but I’m sure there’s lots more I can master, so I’ll be needing more time.”

“You’ve done well but leave him to me, and just stay focused on our gadgets and all the other computer and reverse engineering projects that are near and dear to you, please.”

“I will, but your line of action intrigues me, and I appreciate all your years of lessons.”

“Thanks.”

“Cool, but D, enough with my interruptions, so keep rolling with that interview analysis.”

“Ten Four and done. So the deal is, the president’s as crafty as they come in so many ways and he was showing those skills right out of the gate in their one on one, but O’Reilly did

a damn tough solid interview and was hammering him albeit diplomatically, coming off being really fair but tough too in my opinion.”

“Yes, I agree with that.”

“But the Super Oldie I’ll never forget or forgive the president for, was the complete scam of lies and smooth double talking along with some of those time killing slick filibustering moves he made surrounding the IRS part of O’Reilly’s interview.”

“So speaking of the IRS, what did you get out of the head honcho woman who kept taking the fifth when she was questioned at her congressional hearing?”

“Well, any descent prosecuting attorney or sitting judge could take all the factual hard and soft evidence and statements of all the innocent defendants she’s responsible for being spied on, and then having them ripped apart by the IRS when they lodged complaints, and just ask the question to her, why was she taking the FIFTH in those hearings?”

“Now that point brings it all home, yeah really.”

“Roger That, and thanks. Okay, so now of course she’s not going to respond about taking the FIFTH over and over, but even without a plausible answer from her, just connect all the dots like I said, and see that she was the obvious most important slick first major line of defense for the corrupt paranoid political and espionage spying lying president.”

“Well that was a mouthful David, but we know what you just said is all true.”

“Heck yeah we do, and sadly all that political spying on people is still going on and getting even stronger. And the big time coverup of what really happened and went down with Benghazi, really makes me sick!”

“Well, both of those criminal acts are a whole other subject in and of themselves as we both know, and heavier than the country has any idea or one scintilla of a clue about, but David, that’s not what this conversation started out talking about, so.”

“Yeah-no, you’re right.”

“Sadly, we both know all of that’s a serious conundrum for us we’re talking about here, and we’re stuck with that reality, and we’re still trying to figure out what to do about it.”

“It’s become the most incredible overhanging mess of our lives Fitz, I mean it really has.” After those words there’s another comfortable silence, but then David loudly blurts out,

“Delmonti, what have you been thinking all these years, and what are you going to do next with the PEEP?!?”

“Hey, what’s done is done, and now we’re sitting on knowing the president’s lying top White House flunkies are covering his ass and I imagine their paranoia must be growing, and that sneaky two-faced lying IRS women obviously is holding onto and feeling some mighty heavy heat too, so,”

“No question Fitz, but how come the main stream media can’t sniff out what’s going on.”

“Yeah, it is incredible how they’re letting everything just slide by, yet it’s all so obvious.”

“It is, so it’s either the biggest media bias coverup or none of them have any skills to smell out something really stinks with him and those very close to him in the White House. And if I were a betting man, I’d say from day one the scum bag main stream media have kissed his sorry ass lying two face soul, every time he opens his stinking lying POS pie whole.”

“Oh yeah David, now your pumped up, and right on too. I mean any first-year law student could see that IRS women was hiding something so big, it could choke a whale.”

“I know you’re not meaning to be funny but that was a good one, so thanks, I needed that. But being serious, the IRS political spying and coverup for the president, is disgusting.”

“You’re right D, and watching her U-tube video and taking the FIFTH, what seven, eight or nine times, why would she do such a thing if she was innocent and had nothing to hide? I mean give me a break!”

“Well said man. The country doesn’t even realize they’re dealing with such a mammoth IRS corrupt scandal that’s leading back to the absolute highest level, and again, where’s the media. Fitzy, I’m convinced the president is a no-good rotten scoundrel, just sticking it to the American public in so many ways that unimaginable, when and however he can.”

“What are human beings coming to?”

“That poignant thought is coming in loud and clear, totally.” David calmly speaking.

“All of what is going on is far eviler and more corrupt than Watergate ever was, by miles.”

“No question about it. I mean it was right there in all the reporters faces like you said, her constantly taking the FIFTH, , but come on, only Hannity and Lou Dobbs at the Hounds Network were screaming bloody murder and saying something really stinks.”

“You’re right, they were and I wish we could do something to help their cause to make the public better aware of the truth of what’s really criminally going on.”

After Fitz’s words there was a silence on both ends of the line. A lot of thinking was going on in that very moment between both good friends on the subject of what’s going on in the White House. Then Fitzy breaks the thinking.

“It’s obvious like you said, that any good prosecutor could see that the only reason she took the FIFTH was to continue shielding the president from the ongoing criminal spying on his political opponents, and any and all conservative organizations that she targeted. But the problem is, she was speaking to the congress folks and they have no power to prosecute or do anything anyway, so it all ends of being one dog and pony show, and basically a waste of time once anyone in front of them starts up pleading the FIFTH.”

“Yeah-no, I get it Fitzy, you’re coming in loud and clear, and that’s the bad part about it all because most of the public doesn’t understand about how our government works, but that past dick dog slickster and his angry wife plus Obla bla bla sure do, and so they can get away with a lot of bad stuff, right under the brain washed American public’s noses.”

“It’s all a serious shame how the minds and hearts of people become corrupted once they begin to have power. Hey sorry D, I’m getting a little too heavy with my emotions coming out about human beings.”

“You never need to be sorry to me about your good heartfelt feelings coming out, especially when you’re a thousand times correct about what you just said.”

“Thanks D.”

“You got it. Listen, I remember you told me Delmonti called you out of the blue one day after the Super Bowl interview went down, and was saying to you something like how fit to be tied he was, and that he was feeling crazy and wanted to blow the whistle on the whole damn shooting match.”

“He was incensed David, and he kept saying how evil they all are, and talking about how they’ve all gotten away with running the largest political surveillance operation in history, and Delmonti was screaming mad about some sort of new very serious heavy spying going on, and how the president was talking about how untouchable he thinks he is, and he’s even got some kind of black mailing file developing, and one may involve someone on the supreme court.”

“I wouldn’t doubt it, seriously. I’ll bet he’s on his way to being worse than J. Edgar Hoover, and for sure Obla bla’s worse than that IRS scamming women.

They all think they have a free ride to run all over innocent good folks, and even get away with ruining these totally descent people’s lives, and all of it happening under his direction, , HIS!” David’s voice sounded a bit angry.

“It’s really a shame what that IRS women did to all those innocent good people,”

“And he has the utter utmost balls to lean his head and neck back with that horse face shit eating smiley arrogant cocky grin of his, and say to the world and to O’Reilly sitting a few feet directly in front of him, ‘NOT EVEN A SMIDGEON OF CORRUPTION’. Oh man, I don’t know quite what to say other than give me an **EFFING** break, and indict his sick twisted traitorous lying ass face!!



*When will the Truth finally be Known?*

*It's a damn fair question, we humbly Feel!*

***Please Scroll Down***

## **‘3 Nukes and The 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1975’**

Any minute now my three close American buddies who I shared all kinds of emotional times with in Viet Nam are going to be comin’ in for a landing. Every kind of situation in war happened to us all, from good and bad, to some so horrendous that we all wish we could flick a switch and the thought of it all would just go away like the horrors never happened, but that’s wishful thinkin’, cause it all did. Just maybe too much sadness and dark emotional days surrounded us day after day without enough healthy sunlight for balance, but the key fact though is we stayed strong and together and came out alive.

After we did our time and exited honorably, I stayed in touch with them all and I formed what you could call an unusual export-import business plan and asked them if they wanted in, and the answers came back unanimous, ‘Sure, why not’.

My trustin’ buddies were no weak kneed, gentle soul, long hair hippie peace and love dickhead types, no-no, not even close and if you messed with one, you messed with all of them and for sure throw me into the effin’ battle. We learned early on to always have each other’s backs and it was a beautiful natural thing whenever it came time and needed to go down. So yeah, that’s us, simple as that!

Over in Nam the four of us were completely color blind, where the brothers for sure became our brothers, always, but after out of there and then inta’ the real business world with my new weed gig flowin’, well if you came on wrong, we put you down strong, black or white, pink or straight, and man or women. And believe me, we ran into some plenty bad ass women who held their own, and we respected that, but they still had to pay COD.

Well so my new export business was beyond dangerous and I worked hard to get it up and runnin’ and flyin’ literally high up and out of the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico. My work world existed in sheer by the seat of my pants flyin’ action of small cargo planes packed with pure seedless marijuana and my typical so-called runway was a cut out of a super tight takeoff and landin’ strip carved between the mountains with treacherous at times cross wind gusts. Oh, and just for the record, I called our weed ‘Acapulco Gold’.

I ran a tight ship, always on time coverin' a lot of dangerous low altitude flyin' distance, and after my arrival and unloadin', my three Nam buddies busted their butts to get the product delivered to a lot of near and far spread-out locations.

We distributed to a large area of the Southwest plus the Northwest of the country and we only asked one thing of our customers, pay on delivery and never even think bout' givin' us any excuses. We weren't ruthless but I was runnin' a business with no credit and invoicin' goin' on, so me and the boys didn't allow for any games to be goin' down, ever.

So all of that was back startin' in January of 1971 and now it's The 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1975 and my guys are gettin' ready to land in my newest purchased small twin engine Cessna at a private small airport landing strip here in Wixom Michigan.

That once upon a time fly by the seat of my pants business I created and worked tightly with my team, is now over, long gone and each and every one of us hopes way past us and havin' no need to be lookin' over our shoulders anymore.

There's good news to that stories ending, and that is greener and safer pastures are up and runnin' and more are in the works and I'm very grateful for that.

The designer and brain child behind those ideas is my very closest buddy who will be joinin' our little reunion later on in the day. In the meantime, my three good friends' gettin' ready to land know everything so to speak about this fifth wheel who I sometimes think of as a sort of loner type person like me, but he's also a very capable sociable guy when he puts his mind to it.

I just know my boys are goin' to enjoy finally meetin' em for the first time and everything I have planned is gonna work out and be a great time for all.

My three trustin' friends and myself were totally aware that we were involved in an illegal business that was wrong, but shit happens in life and when it does you adapt quickly and make lots of hay when the sun shines and push hard as fuck and roll with the punches. I'm not makin' excuses or askin' for forgiveness, but again, fortunately that's all behind us and now I'm flyin' them in for multiple reasons, one bein' the simple fact we haven't

seen each other in over a year and there's so much for each of us to catch up on and just be our happy crazed selves together again, like in the past.

But besides that, there's some semi sort of stuff I have to talk to em a~bout which I know they'll be more than willin' to help me out with, but there's somethin' else very earth shattering (if I may) important that's really priority number one, , and I mean big time actually, that needs to be heavily gone over with everyone once we're all together. But all that aside, I want to treat my three out of town amigos to a fun time, somethin' akin to the old days of sittin' round our giant custom made safe zone campfires in Viet Nam.

It really doesn't seem like it was that long ago we were all chowing down at times on strange jungle animals, along with all kinds of colorful tasty vegetables we were findin' and cuttin' down or even pullin' up. In a war zone like what we all shared, the most important feeling for all of us was the bond and knowin' we always were prepared to have each other's backs. Unless you were there, you can't even imagine how any soldier feels, but I can tell ya it felt like it was hell on earth at times where we were and we could all die in an instant without ever knowin' what hit us.

Let me change the subject and talk politics for a few seconds. So the deal straight up was we shouldn't have even been over in Viet Nam in the GD first place, no matter what the government was propagandizin' to the world. Big word and yeah, maybe I should be careful with what I just mouthed out but it was true back then and even more so now with all we know from history and investigative journalism exposin' the truth about that damn Viet Nam stinkin' war. I'm not the librarian or newspaper readin' or book warm type guy in this group but my other non-Viet Nam close friend sure the heck is, and I'm his best regular audience and student. I dig learnin' from em bout' all the subjects he has knowledge of and he likes to teach anyone who'll settle in and have some patience.

Whoa, hold my horses, sorry, got on a little rant there, first and last time, the loner's orders (my co-writer) and he's right. He says to me gracefully but regularly in a real calm tone, *'Dude, stay on point!'* Hey, he's not mad by any means, cause we both are feelin' our way through tryin' to write our first book.

Well anyway, back to the action, so now I can see my new plane and I'm watching carefully wonderin' which one of my wild friends is flyin' it. They all can fly like birds in the sky and now I can see the fun begins as my new aircraft starts doin' some wing dippin' and then some fast-high speed climbs and then low to the earth buzzin' right over me, and all the while I'm waving my arms and practically hear em crackin' up inside the cabin. This is so cool with all this fun flyin' bein' in motion now and it's making me smile and hoot and holler beyond words that I can say. We all cut our teeth with some scary ass times flyin' in war zones that always could have ended our lives from all sorts of enemy killer ground fire aimin' at us, so here watchin' whoever's controllin' my new bird, well I'm enjoyin' every second of the freedom they have to just let it rip and do whatever the heck they wanna do.

The lay of the land was peaceful and beautiful, along with the topography here bein' basically flat with rich corn fields floodin' the landscape everywhere, and the most important fact that washed over me was nobody was shootin' at em. Amen to that brothers and sisters, , seriously, Amen.

This was pure fun and joy to watch and a cakewalk for the boys to express themselves up there, and I know for sure they're havin' a damn good time. I was happy as a pig in slop to see it all right in front of me and most importantly, I know they're a skilled and humble bunch not goin' to go too far and mess up.

Each one of my boys can fly with the best of em plus do the first thing that counts the most before you enter the skies, and that is the all-important mechanical work. You see that's what brought us once total strangers together in the first place in that faraway land and once that great bond was forged in Viet Nam, we took great care to ensure each other's mechanical safety and preparedness for all mission as best as humanly possible.

Later on I had a lot to talk to em a~bout' and to be straight with ya, I missed that special camaraderie we had over in Viet Nam and then workin' so carefully together after on my, okay well, my wrong side of the fence export-import weed business. So that bein' that, I also was pumped up for the boys to meet my tight nit loner buddy, so this really was a big

deal for me and that's why I was feelin' so good bout' all the plans I had for this late day and night time campfire and cookout.

A couple of days earlier, I went drivin' round town and collectin' five quality sleeping bags, and every kind of camping equipment possible, from bowie knives, old style Swiss army knives, axes, tin cups, tin plates, canteens, knives, forks, spoons, oh man, you name it, I bought it especially if it had a little military flavor to it.

Then I went out and bought this special design campfire cooking grill, the kind with heavy duty legs for big pot cookin' action, so you could put large items on top of it, and we could still get under the grill and stoke the wood burnin' fire beneath it.

This was no regular pot by any means, so I had to search out many specialty stores to eventually find it.

You see my close friend who's our fifth wheel, well so he and I met in Acapulco and somewhere along our time there I bought all these food ingredients from a specific list he gave me to go and get and after he cooked em up, well let me tell ya, we were chowin' down on this great big vat of delicious tastin' soup at my hidden away old log cabin shack. And if I may, I also have to add my cabin really was a cool jungle pad but impossible to find cause the primary gravel road pretty much took a wide sweepin' turn, but to get to my place you had to turn the other direction and drive through a beast of a vine hangin' spooky lookin' forest.

It was so thick and rocky that nobody dared even start the drive into it and if you did, you'd be scratchin' your car up big time and almost for certain pokin' holes up in your oil pan and doin' some possible damage to your muffler pipin' and undercarriage and shit. And once in, you had to drive thru the certain trees that I knew exactly led the way, and then for a~bout five stressful minutes you had to walk the final distance through an even thicker forest of surroundin' trees with some scary big-ass bugs hangin' all over em. Woah again, I'm gettin' a little maybe over descriptive of it all but it really was a place I'll never forget but the beauty was, nobody could find it unless they followed me, and even then I could easily lose em. But I'll give koo-doh's to D, cause he always paid attention and mentally mapped my forest trip out, and held his own in gettin' in and out.

Let me tell ya what, it was dark inside that rough terrain too, and add in all the tall trees with low hangin' vines, well you better know where you're goin' or chances are you'd be gettin' lost and end up havin' trouble findin' your frikken' way out.

So, back to the big vats of soup my buddy cooked up at my cabin, the deal was he made more than enough for the two of us but his whole plan was to package up whatever we didn't finish and then we'd drive round in my Jeep givin' out mid-size plastic cups to the very poor people we found in shacks higher up in the mountains. He taught me a lot bout' thinkin' of the poor and needy scattered up and out of sight from the rich tourist areas, and opened my eyes to bein' a giver, and his point always was, givin' will make you feel better than receivin' and you know sumpen', he really opened my eyes and was damn right. Well so back to my three friends and the soup maker, this gatherin' of all of us was going to be a good time, no holds barred and nothin' was going to be spared or overlooked, and I really mean that, nothin'.

I'm seeing my plane land now, right on schedule and one by one the boys exit out with their army duffel bags in tow. Man, it is so good to see em all and we're smilin' so much our face and jaw muscles were already hurtin' and we had barely started with our hootin' and hollerin'.

My close nit buddies names were Howie, Jacob and Cowboy. My other dear friend who I asked to show up a bit later was truly my brother from another mother, and his name was David. My name is TB and this is my story and recollection bout' the most important campfire that put all of our futures on a different and more challengin' life trajectory for a solid twelve months, than I or any of us ever could have imagined, especially for David and Cousin Fitz.

So here's an encapsulated (big word) overview of snippets of that day and night;

"T, man it's great to see you, but what's going on with all this urgency to get us here?"

That's Howie, the least shy and outward social kind of guy out of the four of us, and he's bear huggin' me and then shaking my hand and askin' me his question at the same time.

“Patience my man, all will come out in due time.” I calmly answered.

“You’re looking good T, seriously, I mean something’s come over you and your so much more relaxed and looking at peace with the world. It’s great to see you like this man, it really is.”

That was Jacob now speakin’ and shaking my hand, a good guy who was the most spiritual out of all of us during our jungle shared lives’ but when it came time for warfare, he could fly any~thing, kill every~thing and not flinch an inch but afterwards he would ask God for forgiveness. A deep hearted dude with a very good soul. God Bless my friend, please. . And keepin’ it real here, David open up my emotional side to speak that way bout’ askin’ God to Bless folks... Anyway, just sayin’.

Ok, so then there was Cowboy that I quickly noticed had the same semi sad look in his eyes and the same appearance he had during all our time flyin’, fightin’ and partyin’ together. He’s got a great big kind lovin’ inner spirit who cares deeply bout’ loved ones, and loyal and protective to all of us beyond words. And there’s something else special bout’ em that he doesn’t like talkin’ bout’ anymore, but none of us will ever forget, cause he saved all of our lives back in late 1970 in a ferocious jungle mess we got ourselves surrounded in, all stemmin’ from a rescue mission we took on but went horribly bad. Now I’m seein’ em and I’m so grateful to this day for how brave and humble he is.

“T, I do have to say Jacob is right, you do look in some way different, and I mean better than ever mind you, but I can’t quite put my finger on exactly what.”

Cowboy sincerely sayin’ these kind words to me and doin’ so with a half semi-smile.

“Oh you guys, I’ve been thinkin’ bout’ this day for a long time,”

“Well ever since you notified us about this gathering or whatever you want to call it, we’ve been pumped and ready for this day too.” Howie jumping in to speak for the boys.

I see out of the corner of my eye Cowboy checkin’ me out, then he speaks to me.



“T, I truly need some of whatever is happening to you, start happening to me. I mean you’ve told us about your buddy from Acapulco but what is he, some kind of miracle and spiritual worker?”

I answered back, “Guys, in due time ya’all will be meetin’ em and then judge for yourselves, but I know damn well how the outcome will be.” I paused right there and looked each of em in the eyes and then went on.

“Know this though, I trust em like you guys and he has a spirituality that comes out that has changed my life and maybe that’s what you guys see different bout’ me.”

There was a short pause after my words and then Cowboy says,

“Sounds great man, we’re pumped up about everything.”

“T, when we arrived to pick up your plane, we met your ace mechanic, Big Freddy and he couldn’t have been nicer, plus he spoke about your mystery Acapulco friend to us.”

That was Jacob now speakin’ for the boys. He continued.

“Your friend Freddy said something about his mom is just so happy about the stomach natural powered medicine your man whipped up for her and Freddy too. Plus, she wants to personally hug your man the first chance she gets, and then invite him over for dinner right on the spot, to join in with her family.”

“No really, your man Freddy was really pumped up telling us about his mom and how your man healed her.”

“Howie ain’t jiving T. She wants to make him a feast of her special bar-b-que ribs, Southern fried chicken with mashed potatoes and all kinds of other good sounding fittles and grits as Big Freddy put it, and she wants this to happen soon.

Then he said with a big laugh, we’ll have plenty of your man’s stomach healing powder on hand and ready after the big feast.”

“Yeah, Howie and Jacobs words were exactly what Big Freddy said, so tell us what’s that all about Boss?” Cowboy’s voice had a fun but curious tone to it.

“Well guys, Freddy met David about six weeks ago here in Wixom when I had to fly em up to bring me some special engine parts and then help me do an emergency repair job on one of my other older little planes. So, while we’re both workin’ on the engine David drives up and meets Big Freddy for the first time and I told the big guy that David used to suffer from stomach problems like he does. But the thing is, David created a natural powder formula cure for his stomach issues and made a batch for Freddy, and within less than a weeks’ time, my big life-long lovin’ friend swears his life changed.”

“What do you mean changed?” Jacob asks me.

“Well, whatever that natural formula had in it, the heart burn and constant almost like out-of-control belchin’ and burnin’ in his belly and all the way up his throat, just flat out stopped, yeah-no guys, , stopped.”

“You kidding me?” Cowboy now rushes in to ask.

“No, this is legit. So here’s the deal, David after leavin’ Mexico was sicker than a dog cause he ate, drank, smoked and lived in an all-out Mexican style world and even dared to challenge the hot chili peppers, and towards the tail end of his time there, started sufferin’ the consequences. I mean he was pukin’ up and out of control on the other end too, so without more details, I can tell ya he was one sick hurtin’ puppy.”

“Oh that’s sounds nasty, , damn.” Howie breaking in.

“He tried hidin’ it all from me, but towards the end of our shared days in Mexico I caught and witnessed some of the painful raw action of life he was experiencin’, and brother’s, bleedin’ out at both ends ain’t pretty, no-way-no how. By chance and luckily he started studyin’ at libraries when he came back to the U. S. and figured out with the help of a young Chinese naturalist he met he swears was done by God’s plannin’, well so anyway, this dude started him on the path of what to do for his painful bleedin’ gut, and serious at times just poor out and out health.”

“Wow, Amen to research brother.” Jacob says to me as he’s clapping his hands.

“I knew about Big Freddy’s appreciation for David and now you’re tellin’ me that my sincerest childhood buddy’s mother loves my guy too, , well that’s righteous and really good to hear he could help another sufferin’ person, especially her.”

“GUYS, what we have here is a growing deep feeling mutual appreciation admiration society, and I love it.” With that one liner, Howie had us all smilin’ and easily laughin’.

“Jesus T, your man from Mexico seems to be a miracle worker on you, then he’s a doctor for Big Freddy and include his momma too, and from what you’ve told us over the pay phones the last year and a half, he’s wilder and sort of fearless at times like all of us, so what else should we know or come to expect?”

That was Cowboy and Jacob and Howie followed right after with the same thought.

“Know this you guys, Freddy was a total stranger to David but when he noticed the big dude wasn’t feelin’ so good while workin’ with me on the engine, he asked em what’s wrong. My buddy’s not shy, just observant and carin’, and after Freddy told em bout’ his stomach situation, David excused himself and drove all the way back home to get his remedy, then came back to us at the plane and started Freddy on it, right then and there.”

My boys are listenin’ and takin’ it all in. I continued on.

“Guys, Freddy later swore to me he was startin’ to feel better that day, and he couldn’t believe it himself. And then later on when our work was done, David spoke with em like he’d known em all his life, and I swear he’ll do the same with all three of ya, so that’s what you should know and expect.”

After all this openin’ up to my boys there was a pause cause my friends were takin’ in and appreciatin’ all I had to say. Then Jacob breaks the silence.

“I can speak for all of us Boss, we’re with ya and your good friend David too, and we’re looking forward to meeting him.”

The split second I heard that, I felt a nice feelin' come over me, and I'm not a sappy guy.

"Jacobs right on, we're definitely all in, and sure as rain ready to make a trusting new friend. Now one other thing boss, but not meaning to change the subject mind you, but we've been traveling a long time, so can we head for your pad and check it out."

That was big Howie jumpin' in, smacking me on my upper arm like we all do to each other, and his timing was perfect to move us all on out of there. And again, not bein' the sappy type kind of dude, but it was freakin' fantastic bein' again with my trustin' betta than good friends.

After those personal inward thoughts, my mouth and brain connected again.

"Absolutely boys, we'll all get on out of here in a flash, but first I've got one question while we're standing next to my plane, and by the way I'm thankful is still in one piece, , so anyway, tell me, who was at the controls today?"

As soon as the last word comes out of my mouth, I couldn't and they all couldn't help themselves from bursting out with serious long-lastin' laughter and causin' more of those facial and jaw smilin' pains.

"Well, who do you think was at the controls Boss?" Jacob says after we all settled down.

"Come on man, give us your best shot." Now Howie bein' a wise guy.

"I'd say it was you Howie, cause I recognized your wing flappin' style."

"Hey, what did I tell you guys, T remembers our ways, and like I've always said, he's got an amazing memory." Jacob speakin' up.

"Yeah he does." Now Cowboy, emphatically.

"I just want to say one thing to ya T,"

"Oh, what's that Howie?"

"I love that plane man, I mean I just flat out love—that--plane."

Well now that quip got us all really cuttin' it up again, cause life was treatin' us all so good at that cool moment. After we all got laughed out, we first secured my new plane and then made our way over to my oversized kick ass pick-up truck. The boys were impressed with its big roomy cabin and its large wheel base, in fact so much so, the next thing I know they're each buggin' me to let em drive it but I had to say no cause they each got heavy metal to the pedal foot work, and besides that, I really enjoyed drivin' my new toy big-time myself.

Well so anyway, I chilled em all down with an ice chest full of beer, pop and something else very special made in Michigan, a glass bottled drink called Vernors. They were curious and swigged the cold bottle, and then BAM, they were really diggin' this special hometown pop drink. They were passin' it a~round and diggin it, but I told em I had cases of it along with all kinds of snacks and healthy food waitin' for em at my place.

On the way over before I picked em up, I stopped and loaded up five cords of firewood for tonight and other nights festivities. All the wood was stacked up in the back of my big truck cab along with their duffel bags, so I had to drive a bit careful around all the curvin' roads in this beautiful farm land country, but the boys couldn't help themselves from gettin' on my case about me drivin' like some itty-bitty old man with the grandchildren in the back seat. Oh there kickin' my ass with rapid fire jokes, and I mean just ribbin' the shit out of me with their grandpa good hearted jabs, and old man rockin' chair humor, and you know what, I LOVED IT!

My rented vintage old farm house with two fairly good size barns wasn't that far from the airport, and once we arrived and got all their duffel bags and gear settled in, we all gathered round my large wooden kitchen table.

"I can't believe this place T, it's really looking and feeling good, plus now I see that extra big ass refrigerator you told us about on the drive over, so yeah man, we all thank ya."

Jacob admirin' the extra added touches while slappin' my arm.

"I just got to add that all of us being here together feels like old times, and I'm feeling mighty grateful to be alive and feeling so at ease. So now, all that aside, for sure Jacobs right about a big thanks from all of us for that second stocked up fridge."

That was Cowboy talkin' to me with a fresh ice-cold beer in one hand with a big smile on his face. Yeah, I gotta tell ya seein' my friend smilin' really made me feel good inside and I noticed Howie and Jacob saw our sad friends smile too, so we all felt good seein' that. I went on.

“Well boys, actually I got to give credit where credit is due, so I got to say the two fridges were the forethought and thinkin' of David.”

As soon as I said that, all three lit up smilin' and clanged each other's beers like an impromptu toast. I continued.

“In Mexico I always talked to my buddy regularly bout' you guys, and after I rented this cool get away farm house, I told em I wanted this place to be a routine friendly guest hang out for all of ya at any spur of the moment time, so then he said well why not really do it up right with some special added touches that you guys would really dig and appreciate.”

“Like how?” Cowboy askin'.

“Well, I'd like to know too but I already appreciate your mystery friend for even thinking of us regarding those special touches.” Howie putting out his feelins'.

“I guess somewhere along the line I told em you guys like a lot of different beers and occasional wines, so out of that David says to me do somethin' really cool for my friends, and then he pauses a few seconds to gather more thoughts and then comes out sayin' to me,

*'Get a big extra fridge just for all your buddies favorite drinks, and keep that baby stacked from top to bottom'.* And guys, those were his exact words.”

“Really, he said that?” Jacob shoots in.

“YEP, he definitely was thinkin' bout' you guys.”

“I like this guy even more.” Cowboy tellin' the boys, and then I can see all of em shakin' their heads in total agreement.

“So what else do you and your Acapulco buddy got cooking for us?”

“Lots of things Howie. Like the big campfire pit he and I built, plus buyin’ sleeping bags and tents and all the campin’ gear, , plus other odds and ends we’ll all need.”

“So I guess we can assume you filled him in about our Nam shared times?”

“I did Howie, cause he was curious to know bout’ my life and times back then and he asked and wanted to know bout’ you guys too once I opened up how tight we all were over there, and then after in the hooch biz. Boys, I trusted my friend from the minute we met, and from then on we just began a natural open book policy with each other.”

“Hey Boss, not to change the subject but I looked in the other fridge and it is stacked to the hilt with all kinds of goodies... And it’s all looking really top of the line, so I got to tell ya again man, all this is mighty nice of ya.”

“Thanks Jacob. . . So hey guys, I asked David to make his big pot of his mystery soup for tonight’s feast.”

“Yeah, you told us about his special big pots of stew he brewed up at your Mexican shack.”

“Good memory Howie. He told me when we first met that both his grandmas taught em how to make soup when he was a kid, and he’s never stopped ever since. He soups it up all the time, even sometimes for breakfast, but the ingredients always change.”

“It sounds like he grew up in a loving family, and that’s a good thing.”

Cowboy pauses after those words but we all could tell he wasn’t finished. We each knew each other well, so then the three of us looked over at em and each asked em to say whatever’s on his mind. He looked first at us all, then in a gatherin’ up like way, spoke his mind.

“I just feel we’re all damn lucky because of instead of everything ending for us in a real ugly manner in Nam and then with the weed gig going on for those three scary and hectic years of always looking over our shoulders, well I’m just thankful we all came out in one peace, , and,”

He paused & began to shake his head up & down, lookin' for words, then he found em.

“Do you guys understand what I’m saying, I mean now we’re all here in one piece, not missing any limbs from the war, and not rotting away in any jail cell due to this past secretive world we constantly lived in. I’m just trying to say that I’m so happy it’s all over and behind us, being here together healthy, happy and free.”

After his deep heartfelt words there was a few seconds of total silence, but then we just all simultaneously started speakin' praisin' words and thoughts to our emotional thinkin' dear friend. None of us never really knew how deeply he felt, but what just came out of our lovin' faithful friend helped me understand what always seemed to be that sad and pained look I felt was there on Cowboys face all the years I've known em.

“Listen guys, for what it’s worth I felt like we were getting too damn big and way over exposed, and I think we should be thankful for our Bosses buddy for making a big difference in the direction of his life. I mean look at the easy going and positive mental place TB’s at now.”

Just as Howie was finishin' his words, my man from Acapulco walks in and I think everyone was slightly caught off guard, but in a non-alarming way.

“Hey guys, , wow, , this is really cool I finally get to meet everyone.”

That’s my boy David, comin' in right on cue, and I could see now easy smiles openin' up on my three war time buddies faces.

Seconds after he arrived, we’re all standin' and Howie’s the first to walk over to David.

“So you’re the guy I was just talking about who put me and the boys single handedly out of the hooch business, huh? Do you know how much MULA you cost me?”

Now poor David didn’t know how to react or what to say, but then a second later Howie bursts into a nice smile, puts out his big hand to shake with D and at the same time says,



“Well, I don’t even know ya but I already love ya man, and I want to give and tell ya a big thanks, really, I do, and I’ll tell ya what, we all want to thank you more than you’ll ever know.”

Other than David, we all knew exactly what Howie meant. Now all of us are shaking our heads in agreement and David is catchin’ on to Howie’s good nature and dry humor. Then Cowboy walks over to shake David’s hand and make a new friend.

“You changed our lives by changing the big Boss’s life and believe me, we three never had a bad word to say about you talking sense into the big dog and getting him to wise up, meaning quit while he and all of us were free and way ahead in the green stuff.”

The look on David’s face was that of calmness with an easy smile, but we could also see he was gettin’ a little choked up and emotional, and knowin’ em so well, I truly know he was appreciating the words he was hearin’. Now Jacob went over to shake his hand and speak to him eye to eye.

“David my new friend, T has spoken to all of us about you, especially about your patience to help him find some spiritual place to find peace for his life, and we think you’ve gotten him on the right path,”

“We do, we seriously feel that way.” Cowboy almost in a whisper interrupting Jacob.

The room then went quiet and calm for a~bout three seconds, but not at all awkward as we all stood there with a peaceful feelin’ vibe all round us. Then David broke the silence.

“I don’t quite know what to say other than thank you and, , and I appreciate what TB has done today by bringing us all together.”

We all could see and hear David’s slightly choked up voice and I swear something really great happened that day in those first great minutes in that kitchen.

“Hey my new best friend, we also want to say thanks for putting the idea into TB’s head to buy that extra fridge.”

Howie's words were well placed and timed to help David out in his slightly speechless choked up moment. Then all four of us started but first by Howie who began hittin' the big kitchen wooden table top with his beer bottle bottom, , yep, we all followed, then the boys began a shout out of thanks for D changin' my wild crazy minds misguided directions. Then David hushes us down with his arms calmly wavin' and says,

“I have to be straight with everyone, I've thought about all of us finally meeting ever since a week ago when T said you all were for sure coming in, and now we're all here and it just feels very natural and right.”

“Damn straight it does.” Those were my words and thoughts that came quickly out of me cause I knew the heart of my dear good buddy, and if anyone could just ease on in with this hardened tough as nails group, it was definitely meant to be David.

“Thank you T.” David nods to me and I nod back at em.

“Guys, I'd like to change the subject or maybe get back on the point you were just making about the second fridge, so I thought it was needed because the other one is stacked up with tons of so many other goodies that TB wanted to have at the ready for all of you.”

That was a nice compliment that David gave me and later on I made sure I thanked em.

“I saw what was in the other fridge, and you're right, it's stacked up with all kinds of great stuff that he knows we all pig out on, so thanks Boss for thinking of us so much.”

Jacob says those words and Howie and Cowboy follow right up after that with their thanks to me also, and as far as calling me Boss, well they started doing that back in the early days when we all met in Viet Nam and it just stuck.

“T really cares about you guys, telling me I've got an unlimited budget and together we bought everything in sight, and as you can see, the big guy went totally all out.”

Right there David paused, thought about something, then,

“And you know what, nothing was overlooked, and to bring that point home, T wanted so many things for you guys, that we had to take tons of stuff over to my freezer and fridge because there was zero room left in those two big boys over there.”

Howie, Jacob and Cowboy are takin’ in and totally diggin’ everything that David is tellin’ em. My buddy wasn’t hypin’ and jivin’ up any~thing one bit, just bein’ his down to earth easy goin’ self. He had more to say.

“Our mutual friend here is a very generous good guy, which I kind of figured you’ve all known that for a long time, but now you can add he’s a great host.”

Everyone does a little cheer, except me and I actually felt like I was blushin’ for the first time in my life, , seriously. So like I said, it was a great day in that kitchen for all of us.

Over the next few hours, we all pitch in doin’ different chores gettin’ all our ducks in a row for the campfire and cook out comin’ up that night. One of the chores we all shared, was I backed up the truck alongside the barn and we unloaded two and a half of the cords of firewood in no time and the rest we took over for the nighttime action.

A couple of days before this gatterin’ of all of us, I went out into the woods with David and we loaded my truck up with lots of kindlin’, plus plenty of all sizes of branches and more than enough dry fire starter odds and ends, and covered it all up with a tarp to make sure it stayed dry.

Later in the kitchen Cowboy was helpin’ D with all the preppin’ of the vegetables that were goin’ into the big soup pot, along with carvin’ up all the different stew meats, and the chickens and not to be forgotten, a variety of very special sausages I picked out. It was cool as all heck how they were talkin’ away as if they’ve known each other forever, and I could tell a new solid friendship was in motion.

Within give or take two hours of time, David did his magic with his soup and it smelled great under our noses as we passed big hot steamin’ extra-large wooden bowls of it round the big wooden table, so we each had one land in front of us.

We were five hungry guys now divin’ in while we all were sittin’ round this very large wooden picnic table that I had specially built and bought from David’s dad’s lumber yard.

Yep, we were feastin', and on the table were tubs of butter, tons of slices of French dippin' bread that D specifically picked up and of course, the delicious soupy stew to top it all off. We're now piggin' out on his custom-made soup mix, with every~thing in it imaginable, includin' special blends of spices and its pleasantly surprise~zing everyone how right on it really turned out. All the meats and chickens were custom deboned and cut up nice and soup style small, and all that other good soupy stuff includin' the veggies were just right for large spoon consumption. My buddy put his heart into this special event and it was well appreciated by all.

After we all stuffed our bellies up to our eyeballs, we went for a short walk startin' across the street where there was a huge east to west laid out corn field.

Today bein' The Fourth of July, the corn was just a~bout on schedule, meanin' it had reached a knee-high level and from the action of good regular rain so far this growin' season, this could end up bein' a good crop for that farmer's field and hopefully all farmers a~round Michigan. As we were walkin' long the outer edges of the field, David comes up alongside me and asks,

“Should we tell the boys about the scattered weed growing all over this field?”

“No, not yet.” I say quietly to em.

“Yeah, well what do you think about if we do it in a few months from now?”

“Let's keep in the drawer, or special compartment, like you always like to say D.”

“HA-HA, but yeah, I get it! Roger That my man, TEN-FOUR...”

That's my bro sayin' to me quietly and at the same time his eyes quickly doin' one of his patented shootin' and glancin' moves at me, along with his spirited wild adventurous looks, and a big smile added in.

“Well brother D, I was tryin' to be close with those technical words you like to use, so.”

As far as what that '*drawer and compartment*' shot of sarcasm I was trying to have, David as usual caught the humor that I was makin'. You see he had told me in Mexico that for

many years he had been tryin' to train his mind to be like slidin' drawers, you know, puttin' things in different places and openin' and takin' em out when needed. So sometimes out of thin air I'd start messin' with em askin' if he's got any new things in the compartment or drawers today. The fact was though, he was always tryin' to better himself, learnin' all he could on subjects that really intrigued em, even if at first he had just a gist of an idea, that didn't matter, cause he'd dig in and do his best to figure it out. And the correct word for my jokin' and sarcasm usin' my words of drawer and compartments, is '*compartmentalizing*', and over the years David and Fitz became like machines soakin' up a variety of worldly information, stackin' it away in all their special minds drawers.

And when I'd get serious and ask em why bother collectin' so much mind-bogglin' stuff, their patented answer back to me was, '*Because we never know when it may be useful*'.

Between the two, Fitz was clearly a one-of-a-kind genius and David was and will be forever the student of his, applyin' and pushin' himself all the time. The fact was, they both knew their places and always worked great together on years of many interestin' and at times very complicated endeavors.

I think I just got off course but Cousin Fitz had to be mentioned cause he's as an important part of this group, albeit presently absent from this important night with the boys. So, back at the ranch about tellin' Howie, Jacob and Cowboy what's in the field, I got a bit serious and told David,

"I think its best we tell em after the harvest, and then we'll have another feast like tonight."

"Yeah, that's a good plan T, right on. And besides, it just hit me that I don't want the guys to think I'm a hypocrite, you know?"

"Don't even go there cause you aren't doin' it for business like we all were. It's just your personal special kind of stash, , you know, so no sweat, and that's all there is to it. And the fact is the boys long ago started their own personal stash piles out and a~bout where they all live, so have no fear, they won't be goin' dry anytime soon. Fact is D, each one of my fearless buddies were master green grower's, even before I met em."

“Well that’s cool to hear, but still I just wanted to share and be open with the guys once the harvest is done and there’s hopefully something to show for it.”

“They’d appreciate your after-harvest hospitality, and for sure like I said, we’ll afterwards break out the bongos, pipes and rollin’ papers and have us another kick ass full on feast.”

“You crack me up big guy, plus nicely put and delivered. Okay, so anyway, let’s put that idea to bed for now in one of my special drawers and open it up after the coming harvest.”

“Now you’re talkin’ your talk, , so Roger That.”

So with the corn field subject filed easily away for now, we all walked for bout’ twenty-five minutes more and everyone’s bellies started feelin’ settled and much better.

We just all ate and stuffed our faces too much and that walk was just what we all just flat out needed.

As soon as we got back, I asked my three warriors to build us one kick ass camp fire with all the wood and cords stacked up, and within ten minutes they had that sucker roarin’.

While they were doin’ that for us, David and I brought out two big ice chests fully stocked and loaded.

I now have to be straight with ya’all bout’ that important evenin’, cause the fact was, gatherin’ my closest trustin’ four friends on that night of The 4<sup>th</sup> of July of 1975, was the beginnin’ of a pretty damn serious conversation and it wasn’t somethin’ that would be let go of for any of us for a long time.

I damn well know I’m not any kind of writer, but I want to express myself as open and clear as clear as possible with as strong a memory as I can of how my needed talk all went down that great night we all had together.

Like I said that gatherin’ all took place on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July in 1975, and now I’m puttin’ pen to paper on this first of many rough drafts twenty-five years later, and at this very moment rememberin’ what David always says to me, and that is,

*'We're so fortunate to have good recall of our experiences, but life is just flyin' bye, and the older we get, the faster each day seems to go, with no stoppin' time at all, no matter what we try to do a~bout that forever universal TIME OF LIFE clock movement'. And to cap that off, my buddy says in his low-key manner and way, our 'Good Health is our True Wealth', , and man is he right on with that thought.*

So, okay, let's get back to that important night. It was close to 9:30 and the fireworks and all the big booming 4<sup>th</sup> of July action was echoin' from miles all a~round. All four of my guys were sittin' on their log seats David and I built days earlier, but I was standing, , no actually, more like kind of nervously pacin'.

I had a subject to speak with my trustin' friends that was of the most serious of nature that I've ever spoken to anyone a~bout' in my life. The problem was I didn't quite know at first how to begin to go bout' speakin' my mind, but David totally read my hesitatin' body language and the fact I was bitin' my lower left bottom lip, signaled to him I was searchin' for words. Bein' D and always havin' my back, he says to me,

***TO BE CONTINUED***

## **‘The Battle of Lexington & Concord’ – 1775**

History of every kind is very important to follow and most certainly of all, learn from. In the world of past military conflicts, if your present-day generals and government officials aren't wise enough to learn from past major historical events and especially the mistakes made, then they all just may be entering into a bigger ultimate future repeat of the past.

Spying, double agents, all sorts of slick at the time propaganda going down, and even triple flipsy-doodle agent activity, along with your basic treasonous action taking place, plus your basic sort of rag tag false flags being planned and somewhat executed, and any form of dirty play is always taking place on both sides of any conflict, and that's before a major battle or war has even in the slightest way broken out.

That's all frightening in and of itself, but after war is declared then imagine what goes on from spying to torturing the captured enemy. Now with that just being said, I could go on and on with very horrible descriptive adjectives one's mind could conjure up, but I think its best I just stop right here. For T and myself, we believe war is horrendous, but like many things that happen in life, sometimes necessary and out right unavoidable.

Now I would like to ask you to go back deep in time with me to when our nations first President, George Washington, became very adept and cunning with where he relied heavily on his spies starting in 1775, to give him the upper edge at all times possible.

For some this might be a learning period of history, so let's go a step further and realize the same spying activity was taking place with the British agents working against GW and his brave band of true American Patriots.

**‘George Washington’s Secret Six’**, a very informative book by Bryan Kilmeade is well worth the time to dig into and enjoy reading to learn more about the strength and courage of our nation's overall true leader.

And to this very day in my sincerest humble opinion, and include TB too, our fearless leader, **George Washington** and his perseverance and dedication to **The Cause** should absolutely be taught in all the younger grade schools because it sincerely



**IT IS that important to clearly understand and comprehend** by all the young American children growing up now and for many multiple decades into the future.

## **The Beginning of It All**

On April 19<sup>th</sup> 1775, the first shots truly ever fired and recorded of the American Revolution took place in Middlesex County, located close to Boston near the Province of Massachusetts Bay, within the towns of Lexington and Concord.

The British Kingdom had treated in the wrong way for far too long the new and struggling 13 forming colonies. The treatment had gone on far, hard and long enough with their taxation without representation along with many other taking of their money piggish acts that were downright cruel and inappropriate.

These brave folks had finally had enough of King George III and all his British Rules and his demanding over taxation of their hard-earned money, and the people basically getting nothing in return. Things turned even uglier when a real raw nerve was struck when the Red Coat British Army were told to tighten their controls on these innocent pioneering settlers who were just trying to make a new world for themselves. A thuggish boot was attempted to be put on the necks of many and it reached a climax when King George III said his troops have the right to enter the subject's humble homes and do basically whatever necessary to spy on them and keep them under control. Can you imagine the utter gall, arrogance and contempt this prick had for descent human folks.

What was happening to these fellow original American's had reached a boiling point, and thus, The American Revolution was born and the rest is our great countries history.

These hard-working men, women and children had once come from the British homeland but left to carve out a new way of life and were doing so even amongst the overbearing British controls that followed them all the way over to their new continent they sailed to. It was the Mayflower sailing ship with a hundred and two brave souls in 1620 that sailed from Great Britain to a new world eventually named America. Thousands more followed over the years in other ships and the thirteen colonies began to form steadily as the settlers took to spreading out over the unchartered lands, and without a doubt, millions of us are

of the same bloodlines of those that bravely carved out new lives for themselves so many years ago. We truly are the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

The Revolution sprouted when some strong leaders were developing amongst a secretive Boston group, and these men had finally had enough and steadily with resolve created a resisting growing volunteer militia army to train to fight back against the growing over the top harsh ruling British controls.

The fact was, tension had been brewing for many difficult anger hidden filled years between the British authorities and the residents of the 13 growing American colonies.

Now came the dark of night of April 18, 1775 when hundreds of British troops took up serious arms and munition, then marched for many difficult hours to the town of Concord starting from nearby Boston, and all this was done because their spies had been seriously dug in and did their deeds and then came back and told the commanders about a buildup of a large cache of weapons. It was during that time Paul Revere began his ride to warn the mobilizing patriotic minutemen, '*The British Were Coming*'.

Now fable tales forever it seemed went on and taught us about the great heroic ride by Paul Revere, except he was actually captured by the British but his riding companion, another brave man named Dr. Prescott did make it thankfully all the way through the dangerous foreboding ride, to thankfully sound the alarm.

Dawn, the next day April 19, 1775, the recorded history stated that over **700 British troops** arrived by mostly foot in Lexington and were greeted by a reported **77 militiamen**. First a verbal warning was given by the British to the patriots to throw down their weapons, and before anyone truly knew who shot the first round, the overwhelming forces of the British had dispersed the patriots with eight of the militia shot to death on the spot and a dozen more were injured, and the Redcoat British reported no one killed on their side. After that, the British marched into Concord to look for the large cache of arms reported by their spies, but due to our own patriot insiders, we shall call spies also, we knew the British were coming and all the military machinery and arms were readily removed with time to spare.

From this particular battle and another one hour after, the now forever famous word MINUTEMEN were given to the rapid responding team of militia fighters because they proved that day and then thereafter to be ready at a minute's notice to getting in gear and prepared to advance to fight. The name spread and over time the pride of tens of thousands stepped forward to honor the tag the men were given, 'The Minutemen'.

And be sure from that humble beginning, our now brave men and women of all the branches of today's modern military can all be proud to know that millions of folks like TB and myself consider them our brave and ready Minutemen and Minute-women.

So we thank you with all our heart and might for being wherever you are, working to protect us and keep us free and safe.

A very important aftermath and recognition of that very important first day of battle, was the fact that our brave small group of heavily outnumbered Patriots stood up to the most powerful army in the world at that very moment in time. For TB and myself, we can only imagine what it must have felt like for those brave Patriots, so we thank them forever and ever!

Word of the first and second battles slowly spread to another continent by a messenger sailing British war vessel, arriving in London on May 28, five weeks after the battles and by the following summer the lines were drawn and thus the battle for Independence by the thousands of brave men and women and even children, was in full Patriotic bloom.

In conclusion, all wars have a beginning at some point and there will be spies and traitors and everything else in between and all around us, but if the *CAUSE* is right and the fight to ***destroy evil*** is met with might, then the good guys, that's us, will prevail.

Please though, this is very important to remember, and that is if NO FIGHT is put up against the bad 'EVIL' plotters INSIDE and beyond our country's borders, then these LOW LIFE no-good dastardly forces will always win by DEFAULT!

BUT, we shall and we will mount up and swear to all allegiances good, that we will never let that happen, period!

**THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A FIGHT PUT UP AGAINST EVIL!**

Does History Rhyme and does it Repeat, only Time will Tell

~ ~ ~

*Keep your Eyes on the Ball Folks,  
For There's A Storm a Brewin' In the Air,  
In These Dangerous Swelling Times!*

**Please Scroll Down**

# Could this be the Start Of 13 New Colonies, But in Space?

Humbly I say from my visions, I sense a new form of colonies and way of life for humanity will in full force begin in more or less twenty-five years from this day, October 13, 2017. I speak of humans blasting off into outer space who at that time will be already prepared to set up new frontiers, which are being planned right now by great visionary minds. And they will use the Architectural plans that we given to me in early 1972 by Jacque Fresco, who said to me, "I'll know what to do with them when the time is right."

Give credit and begin for yourself an open welcoming mind to Jeff Bezos, Elon Musk, Richard Branson and Robert Bigelow, for these are the visionaries for our great-great grandchildren's futures because I sense they have seen the need for new grand exploration to take root and move forward in the for sure future of rapid technological changing and advancing times. Not all named will be successful for various whatnot reasons, but the leader will be just that, THE LEADER, as things sort themselves out.

These men's goals are literally on their own mental timetables and launching pads as you read this, with testing and preparing their rocket ships to go deep into outer space, with the ultimate goals I perceive, to one day set up fresh colonies to start a new way of life amongst the stars. And the wondrous discovered planet that America will announce to the world will be the new starting point for the beginning deep-sky explorers who will land like the brave folks of the Mayflower sailing ship did onto America rocks and soil, and now it's their turn to begin to populate what will be called ***Planet Miracle***.

This needs to be said, and that is they say that history does not repeat itself, but it rhymes, but I feel history has shown me that it does repeat itself, good and bad, plus without fail, it can also show itself to rhyme at the same time.

So my point of what you just read, is I have no doubt going forward in time that history will repeat itself as new colonies will begin again, established by brave new settlers, who gained their position to be the first to go by merit achievements of their skills and forte they shined in. And YES, the willing brave souls to go blast off into a long arduous adventure that will be completely raw virgin territory, will be putting their lives on the line like humans have never done in the modern times we're in now. And just imagine this new space and land they will be settling on, FOR ALL ANYONE KNOWS, might have welcoming 'Inhabitants', just like those original Mayflower voyagers did back in 1620 in November, when they landed on what's known today as Cape Cod.

One last point I see, and that is modern technology is advancing quite quickly, and I see the future where automation and advancements in every sort of technological way, will make building the future Miracle Planet into a real viable place of great inhabitation.

My curiosity opened up greatly when my Mom and Dad gave me the greatest gift a parent could do for a precocious wild child like myself. They gave me a down and dirty basic but damn good enough TELESCOPE that brought the MOON into my life, up close and personal, along with its amazing CRATERS, and all kinds of stars, and, and damn, that fantastic apparatus was one of those life changing humbling experiences to use and never get tired from doing so. . . I can't say as of this writing I'm really a world traveled experienced person, but done my simple share, but as a teenager with that Telescope in my hands, I became an outer space believer, a mind traveling visual realist, and at the same time I began to be a dreamer into the future, thinking that traveling and settling in outer space one day will be the next big achievement and thought and known of as one of those GREAT MYSTERIOUS 'Wonders Of The World' type miracles that was accomplished by those with the big adventurous fantastical minds.

The Expression of  
***'Only Time Will Tell'***  
Definitely Applies to this Deep Probing Topic...

## **‘Wernher Von Braun, Rocket Man’    Spring 2004**

Before we ever met David, my cousin Fitz and myself never heard of Wernher Von Braun. David began his interest in this man soon after his parents in 1962 gave em what he calls the greatest gift a parent can give a child, a telescope.

He would tell us bout’ how he’d sneak out onto his family’s house porch late at night and aim that telescope at the moon, and that’s when his mind really began to explode with a~may~zing scrutini~zing ideas bout’ our planet and what’s up and out there in space.

Just those thoughts and experiences alone woke his mind up and he started connectin’ ideas better bout’ the moon, the sun and the earth’s movement and rotation.

He told us bout’ how he would almost become transfixed from the eerie calm silence from starin’ through the telescope at the moon but then on a very rare occasion on a winter’s night, his trance would be broken up by the sha~king sound of the *roar* from a Lion in the Detroit Zoo, which was not that far away from his houses 2<sup>nd</sup> floor porch.

He told us whenever that Lion *roared*, he smiled inside and out and really loved those moments. During those same times he was readin’ up bout’ Wernher Von Braun and this man’s dreams he had a~bout puttin’ a man on the moon someday, and David told me and Fitz how his mind really was wakin’ up cause of that telescope and this guy.

He knew of Von Braun from watchin’ special shows he made for TV with Walt Disney back in the 50’s, and those really got David deeply curious bout’ outer space when he watched em all. But that was just the start of his fascination cause more interest would begin to open up once my buddy started doin’ research at many libraries bout’ a government program called DARPA.

And years later after the Internet began, David research and dot connectin’ with Fitz really sped up. Before I know it, they’re sure of their findins’ that there really was a UFO crash in Roswell, New Mexico and all the contents were scooped up and eventually shipped off to a place called AREA 51, but D swore to me that he uncovered others places

they shipped other scooped up crashed UFO's. Like I said, once the Internet came about, plus his library investigative action, David was cruisin' the shit out of DARPA, and he's probably forgotten more things than most people think they even know. But hold on, it gets even wilder, cause that's where Wernher Von Braun and his team began their accelerated knowledge of how to put a man on the moon usin' a great deal of this crashed UFO technology.

Yes, it all may sound stranger than fiction, but the boys swear by their never endin' diggin' away kind of mindset for the truth about UFO's. And once these two focused sleuths are onta' some~thing, then they enter into their established dot connectin' thorough research methods, and that work generally ends up payin' dividends on all kinds of 'what the fuck' is goin' on events.

And speakin' of events, Kapustin Yar Russia, a place that David learned bout' in the late 80's with his hound dog like sniffin' he did of other places in the world where the same amazin' kind of special event happened similar but bigger than this place called Roswell, New Mexico.

This UFO crash happened in June of 1948 but just like the American crash event in Roswell, New Mexico, DENY-DENY-DENY was the way both countries handled the event for information given out to the general public, and the world for that matter too.

I might have said this before, but I'll say it again, my buddy D screwed up his eyes big time over decades of peer~ing through reems of micro-film files of the unclassified DARPA program released information, and that's how he found out bout' Kapustin Yar Russia, and their wild very similar UFO crash event.

And check this out, it's said that they actually captured a live ET, but there's obviously no actual stated government proof and or any verification given by Russia of such an event. So for the record and bein' straight up here, I think we'd all want some proof, so...

David and Cousin Fitz put their subject matters and other fringe connected tangibles through a constant documented scrutini~zing' check list and used all their logical and complete unbiased thinkin' without any exceptions, and then they'd deliver an honest



truthful conclusion that they both could always easily live and abide with. All that said, I'm tellin' ya, they were and are pure human bein' hound dogs, and that's a FACT JACK!

Yes, I know I just said a mouthful of some wack-a-doo kind of stuff, but it's all in line with my guys and how they operate. And ya know what, in the case of that UFO crashin' at Roswell, well once my two closest friends explained and showed me all their dots and serious research and proof, then after that, it didn't take but less than five seconds for me to become a true believer in UFO's just like them!

*So the Big Question for All of You,*

*Is What Do You Believe?*

~ ~ ~

## ‘3 Nukes and The 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1975’

Conclusion

We left off where David was readin’ my mind and body language, that bein’ my erratic semi sort of nervous out of character for me pey~sing right in front of all my buddies.

“I’m feeling you telepathically big time right now T, seriously, big time, but whatever this thing is right at this moment that is tying you mentally up in knots, you got to cancel-cancel-cancel this negative uptight **Stinkin’-Thinkin**, and flat out stop hesitating right damn now, regain your inner total mental and physical strength and then just tell us what’s on your mind.”

Okay, so let me tell you all somethin’ right now about my best buddy David, and that is that boy can read anybody but especially a close friend, and when he says that word ‘Telepathic’, well somehow it totally became a reality between the two of us almost right when we first met in Acapulco. So, the fact was, after his words I just relaxed, took his advice, stopped ‘pacing’, quit the lip bitin’ and gathered my thoughts and spoke up. And here's what went down on that extremely eventful night.

“So I know you guys remember from over the last six months from the payphone chats we’ve had, about the legit good business fortune I’ve fallen into, right?”

“You meaning your new air freight gig?” Howie askin’ me.

“Yes,”

I answered em but David knew in a word, every~thing, and what I mean by that is every single step by step beginnin’ detail and move was coordinated by him gui`ding me with his library research bout’ how I had to establish myself with correct filled out over the top detailed paperwork, submit it all, and from that I luckily got myself an interview inside the pentagon. Plus it helped from another of David’s suggestions to try and contact an officer from my Nam days, and that luckily worked out too.

Now as far as my three war buddies, well they just had a slight and simple overview of the big future picture. Eventually I was going to be bringin' em in on the entire air freight pentagon package and havin' them again workin' tightly with me, but this important gatherin' wasn't for that future project at all, no, nothing close.

“What I have to talk to all you guys tonight a~bout, is not some rumor or any type of hoax or wild BS conspiracy, no-no, nothing like that.”

Now I'm gettin' caught up again to spit it out and David's catches on quickly, again. In his calm natural way, he says to me,

“T, just breathe and relax, and - then - tell us what's going on.”

And that's what I needed that second time, right then and there. Now for sure game on.

“There was an event that went down in Russia involvin' the KGB, and others suspected too but aren't known, and it's not good.”

I could see the boys were all ears now and curious as all hell actually too, and at that moment of pickin' up all their good vibes, I felt a calm comin' over me, and now I had a total confidence to continue on.

“Listen guys, this information was told to me two months ago when I was asked to meet my original pentagon contact who got the ball rollin' for my airfreight action. We hit it off and not to get off topic, but David has two Israeli dudes that have been advisin' us how to secure ourselves as tight and safe as possible.”

Right there the boys were not quite followin' me, and D saw and felt the vibe of me gettin' out of focus, and he was right. I needed to keep it on point and direct, and quickly I cleaned up my act and laid it all out.

“The advice we got was to never if totally possible ever enter the pentagon again to get workin' contracts, for it best be co-ordinated out of there for my protection, and then set up a multiple layer of companies in front of my actual company, so as to keep me more or less in line first to take the fall if some 'gov' contract patsy was goin' to be set up.”

The boys knew what I was talkin' bout' cause they'd heard chatter of this same type of goin's on from all our wide eyes and ears experiences in Nam, but never though so sophisticated as D's Israeli boys advised me to exactly follow and do. And what I mean by that, is I explained to Howie, Jacob and Cowboy that there was beeper technology with my pentagon basement contact now bein' deployed as our first measure of startin' our communicatin' to each other. . .

I'm probably over yappin' here bout' all this but David and I learned from his boys by them drillin' into D's head and then into mine, a~bout bein' sharp as a tack at all times with the pentagon, and doin' all I can not to let my guard down, and D was always there checkin', then double checkin' all my moves. So bottom line, it all worked.

Let's get back to this serious camp-fire meetin':

I was feeling much at ease now cause the facts were lined up clear in my mind bout' how this highly secretive issue I was just a~bout to begin to explain to my friend's. And let me say this, if there ever were any dude's I could trust with whatever highly sensitive material I'd be talkin' bout', it was these four.

“My go to guy in the pentagon tells me that three Russian nuclear suitcase bombs supposedly controlled by the KGB, have gone missing.”

Now I could see the look on my four friend's faces, and they were frozen with confusion, disbelief, curiosity, and a little fear too thrown into their minds in that instance of time. No question, they were feelin' now just exactly like I first felt. I continued on.

“This information came from our State Department, and they were notified by their counterpart, or simply put in easy-to-understand laymen's terms, Russia's own what they call State Department.”

Now I couldn't hold my friend's back from almost shoutin' at me with questions, but the main thing was I wanted my guys to stay cool, which I knew they would once I asked them to.

“What the heck is a nuclear suitcase bomb, and how dangerous can one of those suckers really be?” This was Cowboy speakin' in a matter-of-fact tone.

“Guys, the question bout’ how dangerous these suitcases could be, was the same thought I had with my contact in the pentagon, but he couldn’t or wouldn’t explain that question I shot at him.”

More questions came right at me the second of my last word came out of my mouth, but I had to keep the floor a bit longer and lay more out there for them to understand.

“Please, before you guys fire away at me more questions, let me explain some things.”  
They were one hundred percent with me and told me to keep goin’.

“These bombs are deadly bad news all rolled into one, but here’s the crux of the matter all put together in a very dangerous futuristic way. My guy or maybe I should label him my contact, anyway, he expressed to me that the details or unsubstantiated word is, is that these three suitcases are going to be placed in separate big cities and detonated one year from now, meanin’ on our country’s 4<sup>th</sup> of July two-hundredth year Anniversary.”

That was it now, there was no stoppin’ my good friends from what felt like them jumpin’ all over me, but with more than fair and reasonable questions comin’ at me.

Cowboy was first. “T, we all heard what you said, but what is the chance that this is all bullshit out of Russia, or some kind of false rumor to deflect something else going on with the KGB? Maybe it just like Nam and that totally Bull Shit Gulf of Tanka crap.”

“It’s a fair and good question, and you make a damn good point of it all bein’ some kind of deflection from somethin’ else more serious, but apparently the pentagon is takin’ this situation as the real deal, and not wantin’ to drop the ball and be complacent. In a nutshell, they’re all over this situation, but in the tightest form of clandestine pro~bing.”

“T, if I may, what exactly can any of us do, I mean why did your guy in the pentagon beep you and then set up a meeting, and after open up to you in the damn first place?”

“I asked myself that too Jacob and I asked em why in the world are you tellin’ me all of this heavy damn shit, and *what do you want from me anyway? I’m tella ya guys, I came right at em, with no holdin’ back.*”

Almost before I finished my sentence, the boys except David were all over me again with the obvious right question, *'What did he say he wanted?'* It was a damn fair and to the point right on question and I put my memory in full gear and began to tell em every~thing bout' that crazy bewilderin' short and quick to the point face to face conversation.

"First of all, he and I only met one other time before in his basement pentagon office and things went well, includin' the complete Lon Chaney disguise my brother David and I created, but more bout that another time."

"What are you talking about TEE?" Jacob practically shou`ting at me now.

"Come on guys, let me lay the heavy news first, then the coverup back-story another time." While I finished talkin' I catch David sittin' there as calm as usual, with a peaceful approvin' low key half smile on his face. He nods at me like we both do when no words spoken need happenin' cause we're cool and in agreement. That's some~thing since we first met in Acapulco just naturally started to go down, and still does. . . So anyway, I nod back, and then promised the boys I'd get back to em completely bout' the Lon Chaney gig later...

"That was the first contract from the government, and I was really diggin' that whole scene. It was wild walkin' in and out of the pentagon and goin' thru all that security, and by the time I got to my truck, well I've never felt so naturally high in my life. Yeah, no really, in my life!"

Right there I stopped talkin' and was checkin' out the looks on my friend's faces, an all was normal but David's. Now he was somewhere in his thoughts with an indescribable look I've never seen before, but I let it slide for now and continued on.

"My contact told me in this second meetin', he felt he could totally trust me with this shockin' news. He said he was kind of hesitant at first but then he said he let the cat out of the bag to me cause he & so many others in his respected rankin' were lookin' for any kind of ideas on how to find these missin' suitcases if they were in the United States."

I stopped talkin' right there cause I wanted to dig deep into my memory and get all the facts out as well as I could replay how it all went down. I was good to go, so I went on.

“Guys, here’s the missin’ key point that answers the question why waste time with me. He said to me he remembered how I was so proud of my cousin, and he mentioned I told em what a pure genius he was, and that’s when he asked me if I could speak with em and see if he had any ideas that could help with some kind of nuclear material detection equipment that hasn’t already been created, that could be used in and for a wide sweepin’ area.”

Without being rude to me or anyone after I just finished my last word, David jumped in, and he was locked and loaded for bear, steely slanted now beady eyes and all.

“Listen T and my new friends, there’s a lot going on here all of a sudden that leaves me scared, pissed off and then filled with the thought of to what degree are these bombs in comparison to the two bombs that were dropped on Japan?”

Now my good buddy got all our minds stirred up with the World War Two devastatin’ bombs that we all knew about growin’ up as kids. The terrible thought was planted, but before anyone had a chance to say a word, David had one last thought.

“Remember guys, those bombs were dropped with the sole purpose to persuade, , or pick the correct words you want, but it was done to make Japan’s leaders come to their senses to stop all the horrendous maiming and killing that was going down on both sides, and put the fear of God in em to come to an agreement so as to officially sign some papers that would put a complete end to the war with the Japanese Empire.”

We’re all noddin’ our heads in agreement, cause we all more or less knew of the history. David still has our full attention and he went on.

“BUT, if these three so-called suitcase bombs go off somewhere in America, God Forbid, then this unbelievable action won’t be ending any war, , no not at all.”

He paused right there, looked at us all, then with this most straight up serious look like I don’t think I’ve ever seen before on my friend, he said,

“That action will turn into big time out of control paranoid thinking that will spread wildly throughout America like never before imagined. . . Seriously fellas, think about it, if just

one of those nukes go off, that possibly will be the unleashing of the start of the worst kind of war of them all, *a full-blown nuclear war.*”

After that, the fire of fear was just lit by my friend’s clear and simple vision. For the next fifteen minutes or so, we all are throwin’ ideas out there on what could be done to find these bombs, but the basic fact was, none of us knew squat a~bout the makeup of these kinds of insane world changin’ monstrous creations.

The boys and I were handy with small ordinances and all kinds of very dangerous bombs we loaded under our helicopters and small planes in Viet Nam, but this stuff we’re talkin’ bout’, well it was way damn out of our league, and it truly gave them all one real freaked out mental moment when I first heard bout’ these missin’ suitcase bombs.

But here’s the deal, the dude sensed he could trust me and I would care greatly bout’ this and speak with Fitzy to try to help figure somethin’ out to find and stop any kind of life changin’ nuclear attack. And yes, he figured right, he could trust me, but as far as my cousin figurin’ out somethin’ to find or detect em, well I know he would do every~thing in his powers to try.

Now I’m goin’ to say this one last time, and that is, I shared this very sensitive information with my four guys cause I totally deep-down trusted em and knew they could hold onto secrets, and maybe one of em could have a spark of an idea that could be helpful.

It was a tough super charged down and dirty discussion, but I didn’t want the night to turn into a real bummer and spoil our reunion, so after more than enough time for questions and ideas that we all kicked around, I thought the boys were gettin’ too worked up and I felt it was time for me to call a major league time-out, and ask them all if we could change the subject for the rest of the night and get back to the nuke matter on another day, , like tomorrow.

And as soon as I got the question out of my mouth bout’ changin’ the subject, a resounding YES came back at me by all, and with big smiles on everyone.

“Dude, good call. We used plenty of those TIME-OUTS in Nam, and they really worked, so this one too is right on the money because this subject needs time to be figured out.”



“I agree with Howie.” Cowboy backing up his friend, then Jacob jumps in.

“Brother T, good call man, right Effing On. And now I think what we all need is for Howie to break out that little brown bag he’s got stashed over there on his right side.”

“Did I just hear my name?”

Howie chides in to say in a happy roarin’ voice, and we all got a much-needed laugh out of his snappy sense of humor. No-really, it was beautiful how his words cracked us up.

Then durin’ all the laughter, Howie in perfect unison breaks out his brown bag he had, and in it was a very large size stash of some fresh smellin’ quality seedless weed, with dozens of pre-rolled big fat joints and a half a pound more on standby for the rest of this fantastic weeklong reunion.

“You are one big party boy as usual Howie, so right on bro.” Cowboy says to em as he smacks our good buddy on his upper back.

“Hey, somebody’s got to start this action up and kick out the jams, ya know!”

Howie’s words were perfect and puttin’ a smile on all of our faces again, and believe me, we all needed that. Now our brother in arms is holdin’ up his bag and tellin’ us all,

“Reach in guys and torch these stogies up!”

Seriously now, bein’ real a~bout’ it all, it was the right time to change that nasty God Forsaken subject, at least until tomorrow when we really could start brainstormin’ that nuke situation. And that bein’ that, I spoke up and said,

“Yeah boys, let’s just unwind now and be free and at ease, , and light em up.”

*But let me be real here and tell ya somethin’,  
My last remark was just a diversion  
for my close tight nit buddies,*

*but this matter twenty-five years ago (1975)  
was just seriously beginnin'.*

*Fact is, the possibility of a nuke attack of some sort springs out of  
David's mind sadly durin' every wakin' day!*

*He says to me sometimes out of the blue, he senses his future will  
somehow be involved to one day decades from now, STOP a  
major nuclear catastrophe from full out goin' down.*

*Well, to be real, best that I can say is I completely back up and  
trust my buddy, and I've never ever doubted his judgement and  
all his future visions from Mother Nature, to the far reachin'  
complexities of cancer and his Blood research he's all over.*

*The dude care's a lot about the Country, and World Peace*

## **Alzheimer's Disease: 1987**

Alzheimer's disease was named after Dr. Alois Alzheimer, who was a neuro-pathologist. In 1906 he observed the brain tissues of a female patient who passed away but before she died, he and his associates noticed some unusual strange mental behavior. You see, over time these very studious doctors observed symptoms like memory loss, speech and language problems and as time went by, more unusual and troubling behavior set in. It wasn't until after she died that he was able to examine slices and whole pieces of her brain under the old microscopes of his time, and from that he discovered a variety of medical unknown clumps and thickness in the tiny vessels and arteries in her brain slices.

Today names have been given to those long ago all important and crucial discoveries. The thicknesses and clumps are called amyloid plaques and other medical names given to these internal brain changes are labeled bundle fibers, or TAU and also tangles. Now moving forward many years and using today's modern powerful microscopes, this modern technology is allowing the devoted researchers to look deeper into the brain and maybe one day they'll be able to truly map out and understand all the amazing intricacies going on inside it.

It's 1987 and this horrible brain disease according to the best studies done to date, shows in its early starting stages to be affecting one out of fifteen American adults over sixty-five years old. This is very alarming to say the least, because the researchers really don't know exactly what is causing the clumps of plaque and bundle fibers.

Try to understand this, the average human full-grown adult has about one hundred billion cells, and they are linked by what is termed synapses, in which each tiny brain cell can connect with tens of thousands of other brain cells. When a human beings brain starts to suffer the Alzheimer phenomenon, it is then when those intricate working brain cells begin (for a better word to understand) they begin to *SUFFER* and misfire from the clumps of plaques and bundle fibers all around that block the normal connectivity. So just to be perfectly clear, these are horrible blockages taking place, and thus the problem.

In turn, this is the very beginning stage of the disease and how fast it progresses is still a wide-open unknown reality. It seems to takes on its own life so to speak, but what the scientific world is learning from this neurological disorder, is the death of the brain cells

causes a steady downhill degree of memory loss and clear signs of cognitive skills begin to decline and continues on until a person becomes not even a small recognizable shell of who they once were. This is serious and very sad information and until you've seen it up close and in person, you will have no idea how horrifying this disease really is.

So here's the really serious and totally bad news about this disease as of this time in 1987, and that is this brain affliction cannot be stopped and is not reversible. I'm shaking my head back and forth from thinking about what I just wrote, because this is really bad news for families with loved ones who are showing signs of the beginning stages of this disease. This affliction slowly destroys our loved one's memories, thinking skills and sadly if they live long enough after the disease attacks them, they lose the ability to do the basic and simplest tasks for themselves.

Please take a moment and try to understand what I am conveying here, because it's just so important to realize what this disease does to once normal existing family life. The seriousness and sadness of what happens to a once thriving normal human being is devastating, and again I have to repeat, there is no research showing any promise right now of stopping this disease dead in its tracks or even better for all humanity, reversing this tragic human affliction.

My sweet grandmother suffered with this Alzheimer disease for far too many years and was 95 when she quietly passed and was finally put in her resting place next to my kind and wonderful good guy to all his grandchildren, my Grandpa.

Very sadly I can attest it was very difficult for my dad to see his mother in a state where she didn't even recognize him for her last ten years of life. Until this happens to you with someone in your family, these words cannot do justice to the mental pain a loved one goes through when the person they once knew and loved so much, aren't mentally or spiritually there anymore.

***I'm so sorry my Father had to live through that Pain***

**Let's Hope and Pray**  
**The Scientific Community**  
**Finds a Cure as Soon as Possible.**

Scroll Down to the Next Page

## **‘Needed to be Done!’ - October 1999**

*Sometimes events happen in life that never can be forgotten*

In a large rented secluded cabin located in the Northern Michigan, seven men are sitting outside on a large handmade wooden picnic table. Five of the guys have been flown in to be a part of a special operation that will utilize all their highly trained skillful talents.

The sixth man is the leader and will do most of the talking and the seventh fella is a very close tight friend of the leader. The meeting now proceeds;

“I want to welcome you guys to my team for this very personal one of a kind mission that all of us are goin’ to be studyin’ and preparin’ for over the next three weeks and then soon after, carryin’ out .

I know you have a lot of question in regards to the who, what, when, where and why, but for now I’m only goin’ to get into the necessary beginnin’ pertinent information and all the other questions will all be answered in due time. So be patient, bare with me and trust my operational ways of easin’ our way into this operation.”

He’s the leader and everyone sitting there clearly knows and understands that, and each one is all ears and waiting to hear more, and he delivers;

“I’ve been told you all know me by reputation but I want you to forget every~thing you’ve heard and from this moment on, I sincerely want you men to concentrate with me to begin a new strong bond and trust in one another for this mission and many others in the future. Openin’ up a little to ya’all, I’ll tell ya that this is a personal project for me and my very closest friend sittin’ here with us, and what we’re goin’ after concerns millions of unsuspectin’ people in the United States and round’ the world.”

He pauses to get off the uncomfortable wooden seat because it was killing him and begins to speak right where he stands.

“This operation I’m involvin’ you all in, will be somethin’ of the likes that I really believe has never been done before, so its goin’ to be interestin’ to say the least.”

He looks around at each man, he then nods and continues.

“After eight years of dedicated service, all of you have recently officially ended your enlisted and extended time with The 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers Regiment and I and my best friend here with us, wholeheartedly salute you and thank you for your dedication to our country. I have the utmost respect and admiration for you men and now I want to welcome all of you into our private operational missions army and tight nit world.”

After his heartfelt words he pauses, looks over to his close friend, nods, and then goes on.

“I personally selected each one of you for this operation cause when I do somethin’, I look for the best men suited for the job, so to the point, you guys have the skills I need.”

Again he pauses, looks around at the beautiful setting in this Northern Michigan land and thinks about he’s very at ease with what’s taking place today. He takes a few seconds to do some deep in and out breathing, then resets his footing and after he goes on.

“If I thought anyone lacked somethin’ which would be a detriment, they wouldn’t be here. The pool of fine men like yourselves who come to my company wantin’ to be a part of it, didn’t have what you men have for this situation. Albeit, their talents more than likely will be utilized and hired into the private security world or back with the government in the FBI or CIA, or somethin’ along those lines. And actually, some of em might still become a part of us, but you men must know right now that each of you stood out on every exam, from physical, to mental and plus technical, and interactin’ with the normal world out there and even on a spiritual level, which we look for and care a lot about.”

The five men smiled with appreciation from his words. The seventh man sat very calmly, listening himself like the others, lightly smiling also.

In the first days meeting, the first discussion lasted for about forty-five minutes and then they would all break together to go for a hike. The cool fall weather and the Northern hilly forestry area combined for perfect conditions for these rugged individuals.

The second meeting after the hike took place was along a quiet hilly top stretch of land, bordered by a fenced in area for grazing cattle which were not too far down away from them.

After that meeting ended, they all hiked back to where the five new recruits would be bunking during their stay, and in keeping with the leader's normal way of operating, he and the seventh man had organized before all the men arrived, a detailed planned out schedule made up for each twenty-four hours of each day onsite for the planning and training of the upcoming mission. He did though have the mindset to allow for plenty of space and flexibility if the need should arise, and this was learned from years of experience the two friends had.

The original base camp set up was in a reasonably large log cabin, and now prepared and waiting for each of them on a large beautiful hand carved wooden table top, were half frozen totally filled canteens of cold water plus a back pack with a healthy choice of nutritional snacks, plus packs of Oreo cookies and assorted fresh picked Michigan tree grown fruits. Also, inside for each man was a compass and a handmade fairly intricate detailed map of a nine-mile radius of the local layout.

Before they left for another bonding adventure of the beautiful Northern territory surrounding all of them, there would be a brief third meeting. At this gathering the discussion for the upcoming mission was about details of each man having a ground support assistant and spotter. They learned now that their upcoming operation was going to be utilizing all the most modern communication equipment available and each man would be set up with identical back-up units, in case of the primary having a failure.

They were learning first hand their boss was covering all his bases for this project and being that they were new to his organization and working with him personally, they were to the man motivated about being a part of this.

After concluding this short but relevant gathering, they all took in a little nutrition that was separate from their small backpacks and while they were firing up their engines so to speak, the leader explained to the five Rangers that he was sending them on a great hike that would end at a beautiful one of a kind special place. He knew this was a no brainer exercise in finding this beautiful unique spot with the use of their compasses and years of military honed skills, so he was pumped up to send them heading off. The leader told



them once they reached their destination, they would be well rewarded and he let them know to take their time to totally enjoy this one of a kind special place.

The always silent seventh man smiled with his eyes and slightly with his mouth and nodded in agreement. Now the leader had one last thing to tell his men, and that was a great bar-b-que-dinner would be sizzling hot and lip smacking juicy ready for everybody at six PM sharp, so come with an appetite. His words got everyone smiling.

After the five men set off on their journey, the leader and his friend had time to talk about the upcoming operation and then talk over some personal matters while venturing over to a local lumber yard.

Hours later all seven men are back at the cabin sitting around a much larger picnic table than the first one they had their original meeting on. The leader was compelled to go out and quickly have a much grander, bigger and stronger custom big man's king size table made. He told the five new men that no expenses will be spared to do every step of this training project correctly, and all the men gave him a friendly hand clapping thanks. What he didn't tell them was he practically paid double the cost of the original big table quoted price because along with being custom built, he wanted it delivered in less than a five-hour turnaround time span.

They were quickly appreciating the boss's attention to details, and this was one of the positive things they heard about him. Just this nice gesture alone of the new big table made them feel welcomed and already a part of his team, plus they loved what they smelled cooking on the grill of the giant bar-b-que cooker, that soon all of them would be feasting down on in style. They all saw the seventh man over at the big cooker turning the steaks, moving around the chicken, and basting with a large long handled paintbrush the mouthwatering giant slabs of ribs.

The discussion at the beginning of the meal was carried by the five Rangers who were very amazed and appreciative to where the mapped-out hike took them. They spoke about how after landing at the spot, how peaceful the place made them feel and the fact that such a treasure was hidden away in the middle of nowhere.

They all talked about how once they got there, they didn't much feel like leaving, and wouldn't mind camping out there. To the man, they just wanted to stay and continue on with the peaceful feelings they had.

The two friends listening knew exactly how the five guys felt and the leader told them that he directed them there to hopefully help them spiritually grow closer as a team, and it sounded like his goal had already begun.

All five said they definitely felt something spiritual and tranquil happening around them and yet they couldn't quite describe any better the unique feelings they had. The leader and his friend held back from breaking into big smiles, but inside they were very pleased. In a phrase, all things were going according to plan.

Years earlier the seventh man discovered this one of a kind place and just more or less by accident named it, The Spiritual Vein of Tranquility. It was a true special place on Earth! After dinner they walked up an inclined litely traveled road, then back around another hidden path and ended up just behind the cabin the five men would be staying in, right on time for another planned meeting inside it. This gathering was an introduction to some of the high tech one of a kind spy equipment they would be planting for their upcoming special mission. Now they were getting a taste of the world their boss lived in.

Some of the relevance of the mission was glossed over, done just to keep the men on their toes but he made the point again that more details would follow in the very near future. The leader was being very careful with his strategy in dealing with how he wanted to lay out the mission in its entirety. He had it all mapped out in his mind but as he spoke to all of them, he knew he was continuously mulling over more targets to add to the operation and willing to adapt on the fly. The most obvious and curious question but never talked about yet by the leader, was who and why were they the specific targets.

To close the meeting the leader made a point to let them all know just like they had experienced in their Ranger life, the objectives of an operation are sometimes left unspoken till the very end, this being of the same nature. For the five ex-Rangers they'd experienced this same type need to know scenario in many of their past operating times,

so that was all they had to hear and for the seventh man, a smile and a hand clap by all ended the session.

With the meeting all wrapped up the leader led them all down to a large open pit area where a giant bonfire was already set up, except for the lighting of it. The boss grabbed a large prepared torch, lit it with a long wooden stick match then put it to the readied large pile of kindling and within a few minutes, a raging fire was lighting the area where they all safely at a distance surrounded.

At one point during the campfire the leader's friend had to travel over to a payphone and make a scheduled personal long distance phone call to his parents. During his close friends time away, the leader made a spur of the moment decision to lightly open up about the upcoming mission.

He explained to all the men that this operation was being done to find out about borderline or worse, hidden illegal business activities involving Wall Street investment bankers colluding with easy to manipulate corrupt Washington D. C. politicians, and adding to that corrupt group, any and all types of other greedy worldly business players. He told them that this was something he'd been wanting to learn about with his friend for the last few years, but he personally had been pushed far enough by all the intense growing greed he saw developing in the Wall Street world and now the time had finally come for him to dig into and follow all his suspicions and use his private array of technology to peel away the rotten filth and find out how they operated so corruptly.

Now switching gears, the leader let them know that the phrase never judge a book by it's cover was the right phrase to give his silent friend who had just quietly left the campfire. He talked straight at them, man to man, letting them know that his friend admitted last week to being horribly out of shape and upset and even angry for letting himself go, but the leader told the five about the weight loss and shaping up goal his friend set for himself and that this was an individual who always reached his targets.

He then told them about a pact they made regarding swearing in front of each other, and over time to extend practicing this idea in their overall lives. This was an idea his friend

had years earlier because he knew it would help both of them keep their aggression and anger more in check.

To the man they understood the logic and each nodded their heads in full agreement. He spoke to them about other positive ways his friend had made a huge difference in his life, and then he wanted to clear the air a bit more about the ‘Don’t Judge a Book’ comment. He explained;

“I want you guys to know that my friend’s not the soft easy peazy pushover type, like he might appear to be. He’s mellowed and admits he has a long way still to go in life but as he often says to me, he’s found over time an inner peace with life and he feels The Lord at times helpin’ em, like a trustin’ guide. But I can tell each of you guys that that dude still has some surprisin’ lethal explosive human gun powder hidden inside that unsuspectin’ body, but only when truly, and I mean truly necessary, does it come out. His outward peaceful appearin’ calm shell is really my friend’s true persona, but that other side is always lurkin’.”

When the five Rangers heard that, one of them asked, ‘What do you mean?’, and after the leader heard the fair question, he gathered his thoughts and quite readily opened up.

“I guess first I need to say that my friend is just like all of us when it comes time to standin’ up for himself, and help others too if need be. He’s had incidents in his younger days while livin’ in another country that were extreme tests and I’ve seen em in other bad situations over the past twenty-five plus years, where he’s handled himself when needed.”

“Like what?” Another Ranger shot in.

“Like how would you feel if any of you were constantly harassed and shaken down by a low-level punk street cop in a Mexican town?”

These men themselves have experienced multiple foreign countries before and know of the corruption and harassment at the street level and understood about the feeling of anger and frustration and wanting to do something.

The leader continued on;

“This one young Mexican blue shirt cop, with his other two workin’ buddies that walked and worked daily together always backin’ each other up, well this one dickhead used to put his hand in my friend’s pocket shorts and squeeze his balls till they were about to burst, and he’s still physically hurtin’ at times to this day from those past painful experiences from so long ago. So besides that pain and humiliation, more occurred when the punk ass blue shirt let up, he’d then take whatever pocket money my friend had on em and then laughed and taunted em as they all walked away. Now remember like I said, don’t judge a book by it’s cover. . .

Okay, so now what was an act of pure mean and cruel disgustin’ human behavior, was on the last shake down and physical abuse, the same young punk cop took his boot and stomped on my buddies big right exposed toe, leavin’ em realing in serious pain.”

The leader took a quick break to get his wind and during that time all five men were now totally invested and not liking what they heard. The leader’s now set to go on, and he did.

“So finally after four of these painful attacks over a few months period of time and capped off with this boot stompin’ deal, my friend had had enough and seriously felt some sort of retaliation had to go down, which I know all of us would feel the same way too.”

He pauses as he can see they were all nodding their heads and their bodies were stirring from physically feeling and relating to all the abuse. The boss went on;

“So from a safe distance in a pretty darn good unrecognizable disguise, my man waited one day till the cops shift ended and he followed em from his command post, then carefully at the right precise moment got on the same bus ride that took this blue shirt punk cop to his home. BOOM, first goal accomplished, knowin’ where his objective lived. He saw he was stayin’ in what looked like a little two room hole in the wall built onto the backside of a larger home. The primary structure was built off the beaten track on an unpaved poorly lit backside road, where it was semi-dark and easily accessible without anyone bein’ noticed durin’ the quiet of the night time.

Once he knew where he lived, he went back three times over a month's period, spendin' time carefully in the dark watchin' em in the evenin's and learnin' if he lived alone, or had guests, and just watchin' to learn of his habits and things goin' on round the area.

This is my friend showin' me another side of himself I never much suspected at that young time in our early developin' friendship. I knew exactly what I saw takin' place though, and that was he was huntin' and strategically stalkin' his prey and settin' up a future attack and livin' in another mental world of his own.

He later in time explained to me he learned at a young age how to compartmentalize his different feelins' that were like other personalities he felt he had from within, and just lived and rolled with it all. On many occasions my buddy looks at me with different kinds of looks in his eyes, and often says, don't you feel and see yourself in a different light at times too? Guys, I have to admit, I couldn't argue or poke a hole in his truer than true words he spoke at me."

Now the leader had to take a break, for what he was telling his new team was bringing back deep caring memories. And each man looked around at one another, knowing the meaning of those truer than true words he spoke. He gathered himself and went on.

"During all this time preparin', he never dragged his knuckles around but more like appeared to be gettin' physically bigger, mentally stronger and any~thing and every~thing that could chain em down, he wouldn't let it happen.

He never asked for my help but there was no stoppin' me from havin' his life's back. That final night as we drove up near the target area, he told me he was ready and he'd be fine alone and not to fear, and then he thanked me several times for bein' his friend. His voice was choked up with his thanks and I felt the same, but I hid my emotions.

During that final minute of the drive in the jeep together, he started carefully wrappin' his knuckles with some ruff material cloth I'd never seen before. He also wrapped another material round his left wrist, which he said would give em more direct connectin' power and over all needed support and strength.

Now as we were parked, back end in first by his insistence, cause he said if we need a fast get away he wanted a quick runnin' forward prepared start. Gentlemen, now from that nights backin' in end first experience from my friend's simple words, we now always incorporate that idea into all my missions, cause it made great tactical sense.

We were tucked away in a safe launchin' and exitin' location he picked out a week or so earlier. Before leavin' the jeep, the sound of his voice, I, I heard a tone almost not recognizable, almost sad like, but then not. I to this day can't explain it, but I saw my friend's face that night and his eyes told me every~thing at that moment, bein' he was one fierce force now and a warrior seriously focused for battle without a shread of fear.

I knew he was ready cause his vibe alone was palpable and his entire core of inner strength in total command. And without hesitation my friend then went on his way, with us havin' no handshake like usual, or any more words spoken or sounds made, nothing, never lookin' back, only total focus and determination to do what he set out to do.

He was wearin' a long sleeve black shirt and black jeans he bought in some flea market weeks earlier. He had on a tighly closed black hooded sweatshirt which pretty much covered his entire face but he strategically cut away the sides by his eyes so he'd have full peripheral vision.

Weeks earlier he went out and with some more money I insisted he take from me for his outfit, now bought a pair of heavy steel toed boots and practiced walkin' and kickin' with em every day for hours, so as to get a feel for em and have control. He also carried a very lethal black jack I gave em, and he said to me, 'I'll use it only if its really necessary.'

His other item he prepared and practiced on me personally, was a well weaved strong satchel oversized cloth potato bag, which was to be used to put over the targets head.

Since I was much taller than the blue shirt guy, I sat in a chair to give em the approximate height of his target, but I was swifflin' round on it to make the task as real as possible. I can tell you guys that when he practiced on me, he worked on his balance and tryin' to find the best leverage of foot work he could figure out, so he'd be as efficient as possible.

And all the times when he got that satchel over my head, it all happened really fast and then he whipped me round with real intense force, and as you guys can see, I've got a lot of body weight he was up against and challenged to move.

Believe me, my friend is a planner, a preparer and a student studyin' the battle field, always calculating his moves and counter moves if and when necessary.

He redefined the word 'CONTINGENCY' for me cause he left nothin' to go to chance as he planned his entire mission. But I was there for em in the shadows, lurkin' and watchin' his back cause now all of this was very real and chokin' me up. I, I had total confidence in em but this was my damn close American friend we're talkin' bout', in a damn unforgivin' foreign land."

All the men were looking around at each other and nodding with total agreement of what they were hearing and had done themselves for years, watching a friend's back in combat.

"Planned, prepared and positioned, now the moment of truth had arrived. I saw em catlike leap out of the dark and in an instant of speed and perfect precise execution, he tightly hood covered and disoriented the punk from the backside and then like a cowboy neck twistin' a steer, whipped em round and threw em to the ground like a cheap rag doll. He never saw our boy comin' out of the dark, and true to his plan he exploded with lightenin' controlled fist poundin' rage that first savagely pummeled the sides of his ribs and then his face, and then multiple times square deep into the punks belly, skillfully takin' the air, breath and fight out of his prey. My friend then just repeatedly pounded em senseless with I would swear was lethal hand speed, and I'm tellin' ya, I thought he was going to kill em and he could of if he kept it up, , but he didn't, , okay, he just didn't.

That evil sort of thinkin' was never in any of his thoughts. Now as quickly as it started, my friend knew it was time to stop. He then got on his feet, spit out some dirt, adjusted his sweatshirt and attached hood and now could see better and then stomped with his left boot straight into the punks balls, making ME flinch as I saw it go down, and then calmly walked away, disappearin' through a preplanned semi-darkened route to eventually come out quite a distance from the scene of the attack.



I eventually caught up with em but first I kept an eye on the area to see if anyone saw or heard any~thing. All was well as I slowly backed out, and durin' my moves my mind was thinkin' bout' my close friend's mission all went down like he planned.

Once we were at the jeep, I brushed off his backside while he did his own front area, and then he asked me for the canteen we brought that I put somewhere in the jeep. And as I hand it to em, he offers me the use of it before he even took his own needed refresher.

His target maybe never knew what hit em, bein' it was so fast and furious, and maybe felt no pain after the first massive assault. Who knows but it all happened really that quick.

I can tell you guys this, that when my friend and I drove out of there, the first words he spoke were to thank me for bein' there with em, and then tellin' me the guy got what he deserved, no matter how it may have looked in Gods Eyes.

I thought at one point though I heard em in a soft voice asking God to Forgive em, but then in a clear tone he said that guy had to be humbled and taught a lesson, and then after that he went totally quiet on me for five solid minutes.

I guess he was reflectin' on every~thing that just went down, and who could blame em.

Then my good buddy opened up more, sayin' that what he did needed to be done, cause if this punk wasn't put in his place and stopped, then maybe this coward would be doin' this to other innocent tourists, and maybe his cop buddies would get brash enough to start doin' the same damn thing themselves, if they weren't already anyway.

After he spoke those words he kind of had this faraway look in his eyes and went silent on me for a short while again. When he did finally break his silence, he said that he'd prefer we try never again talkin' bout' this night. He said;

'I know what I did might be a sin and I ask for Forgiveness from the Man above, but that punk deserved everything I did to him. That selfish fool pushed me beyond what was humanly fair, and it felt like a matter of survival, so I did what I absolutely felt had to be done.'

Those were my friends words, and to be straight with you guys, that's my good buddy speakin' from his deep down inner soul... I want to tell ya that when I heard em talkin' bout' survival, his voice sounded sad but he explained to me days later that his intentions of what he did were spurred on from some kind of instincts he felt he had comin' from deep down within himself.

Seein' the look in his eyes and hearin' his words that late night, it all came together for me bout' his feelin's regardin' survival. Yeah, it was clear, and made total sense."

The five could only listen to the story and personally and quietly take it all in. There really wasn't anything anyone could say, but they all were in full agreement with what his friend did that night, no doubts or questions because it was the right deed done to a wayward Mexican young man who deservedly so needed to be put in his place, and most definitely humbled in so many life lesson ways.

Each man now saw on their new bosses face plus heard in his voice, love and admiration coming out of this true leader for his closest trusted warrior friend, and they respected that wholeheartedly.

Now the five strong healthy Rangers could only wonder what truly was this future mission all about, but whatever it was from the little they were told that night, they were all totally in and enthused to get prepared and then activated.

**Sometimes Events in Life  
Just Straight On Have to be Dealt With!  
Yeah, That's Life!**

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## **‘The Delmonti File, year 2002, March’**

We were all livin’ in crazy worrisome times after the 9-11 terrorist attacks, and that drove me personally harder to become one of the best equipped private specialized subcontractin’ all purpose for hire small paramilitary armies.

My organization had slowly morphed into goin’ after the bad guys, or the expression I like to say, tag the villains out there roamin’ in the world and put’em down, , put’em down, but to pull it all off I needed the ama~zing talents of my cousin to make it all safely happen. What he provided was the edge, that special intangible necessity that helped me routinely succeed in the field of our paramilitary action, cause of his state-of-the-art-technology he was creatin’ for me down in our private secured hidden away bunker style laboratory.

But this fact has to be mentioned, and that is Fitzzy, David and myself definitely were fortunate to have picked the right guy to work alongside my cousin a few years earlier. Our man Delmonti was a dedicated good guy, who worked his heart out with whatever my cousin asked of him to do, plus he showed constantly a lot of his own initiative, pure sparks of genius and ingenuity flowin’ out of em.

So in total, what these guys did for my little growin’ army was insanely cool. For example, back in that time there were all kinds of orbi~ting satellites up in the skies, and some were up there aside from the warfare needs, to the simple purpose of commercial use for agricultural, forestry and geology mappin’, and include many other various kinds of interestin’ uses.

So with one of my past moth-balled hidden paper-trail pentagon layered in air-freight companies that D pushed me to set up in the late 70’s, I took one specific company and had one of my various lawyers set up a contract to use one of the satellite rental services available. So now we’re legally cookin’ with a big bird in the sky, and once Fitz and Delmonti had my specific contract entry codes, they created a layer of passwords for us and then my twin book-ends of brain power genius’ness figured out many ways (sorry, no details) how to utilize these orbi~ting lifesavin’ birds in the sky for much greater technological advanced purposes than my account was set up and designed for.

I used to and still think to myself the world is at our fingertips and my dear sweet cousin was gettin' better each passin' day at his amazin' developin' computer wizardry crafts.

So this I'm for sure tellin' ya I can express proudly, and that is my twin bookend brain power geniuses were givin' me my money's worth day in and day out, and then some I have to add to this train of thought.

Somehow, they created and then integrated a much more vivid topographical mappin' utilization program into the parameters that the original system was configured for, and after that our subcontractin' little specialty army owned the world practically in 3-D wherever we took off and landed at to do our dangerous work.

David was my right-hand man completely in charge of double checkin' my designed mission's offensive primary tasks along with helpin' me work out the alternative strategical and logistical mappin' of the lay of the land. He also stepped in heavy with his defense postures that were always carefully crafted, but he backed those up with serious alternative ideas worked in for me and my men. D also consulted with me for years on all the safety and attack moves for almost all my Ops, and I wouldn't have had it any other way. I had serious operations goin' on maybe two, three times a year, and after each job was finished, he'd insist we have a complete review in our war room barn of the step-by-step actions that went down, cause he wanted to see how we could make every~thing safer and better, no matter how slight it might be. Fact was, he was right and I never gave em any pushback on his sometimes stickler ways, and I mean stickler.

We were right from the start all about security and safety for the men, another finger pointin' stickler of David, and God Bless em for it. Now as far back as 1980 Fitzy began workin' on some sophisticated futuristic satellite trackin' devices, albeit we couldn't use any of his creations cause nothin' was up in orbit that we could trust to bounce off of back then, plus he still was in a heavy steep learnin' curve, so for all practical purposes, we were still grounded but gettin' closer and closer to fly world-wide big time.

My cousin was nailin' it all big-time for the future though, I mean he had some real-life James Bond shit goin' on, like individual mini micro receivers and transmitters for ear to

voice to base complete communication set ups, and some cool futuristic miniature body implant trackin' devices. Actually, he had those gizmos figured out in the mid 70's, but again we lacked access to any top-notch satellites.

I could go on and on but just let your imagination run with what a genius can create with all the tools of his craft neatly organized in well-equipped room after room of state-of-the-art tech toys, waitin' for him to put somethin' out of this world together for tactical paramilitary or any other kind of techie use.

Years after these ama~zing creations is when sometime in the year 2000, Delmonti joined us and then the Brainiac's went to town figurin' the smoothest, safest and all round complete and best ways for my little armies to be in communication with our base and have a twenty-four-hour satellite position on each man's movement. And like I mentioned, we had the lay of the land in real time 3-D action to work with for hundreds of square miles or just zoomed down to a half football field size layout, and even tighter.

Maybe you're thinking it doesn't sound like much of a big deal, but from my perspective back then, that was an amazin' feat, and with this accomplishment I never sent any man after the year 2000 started, anywhere in the world without havin' the ear buds and voice mics along with two trackers on their bodies, cause like I said, we were all about security-purity thinkin' and action safety measures, along with second to none top notch excellent communications. Security-purity was D's word phrase, and he was right on.

During those heavy times, drones were one of the big things being secretly tested by the Pentagon. We were on to em, well sort of cause declassified official intel was what we were constantly monitorin'. DARPA was no doubt our favorite in house intel government program to watch and learn from, but there were other very valuable sources that had loads of operatin' systems also we technically advanced from. Fact was, we honed in on multiple branches of the tentacles that worked under the same pentagon vast umbrella of DARPA.

DARPA was all David's baby, his secret project so to speak since the 78'ish time period or so, learnin', studyin' and gatherin' every~thing he could, so as to help my cause. He legally picked off and shared all the information with Fitzy and myself and worked closely with

his two close Israeli brethren too. Again, only DECLASSIFIED intel was on his radar and bulls-eye, and there was plenty of it available for pryin' eyes, & he pried.

And speakin' of that, the poor guy's eyes were practically fallin' out of his head from all the rapid glancin' micro-film readin' and then master mini camera copyin' he did at many of the libraries he bounced for years quietly in and out of back in the day.

D with his specialized micro-film mini cameras along with his one-of-a-kind darkroom projection lenses and other various tools of his trade craft, was carefully doin' his deeds and that work was crucial to help the cause for the Brainiac's who came alive from his supplyin' them with all sorts of new technological ama~zing printed information.

David and myself sometimes were just amazed how Fitz and Delmonti could start from scratch with loads of jumbled techno info and then figure it all out & then like magic, put some super cool '*Unmentionable*' things together after.

I mean I'm talkin' bout' some of the most unbelievable accomplishments you'd have to see and experience like we have, to believe.

Well anyway, worth repeatin' again to cover our backsides, none of us were breakin' the law cause it was all declassified what David picked off, but it was definitely some amazin' grey area technology the Brainiac's unscrambled.

I mean there's an enormous amount of information on documents out there, but it's a matter of one's desire to spend the hours of time and find it and then go from there.

All three seemed to feed off of each other, although David admitted that he was really not much of a computer guy at all, but always willin' and tryin' to experiment and pushin' himself to learn, and the boys were glad to teach em whenever he asked, and holdin' back nothin', he did ask, and duly noted, received.

I'll say this though, that dude generally always had a calm voice and a ton of patience around all of us, and over the years a good size lot of his general at ease attitude rubbed off on me, and I'll be the first to admit that I really needed that. But on the flip side for David, if he was a~round near bye bad behavin' young children, he'd just soon walk away

from em as fast as he could cause they generally annoyed the you know what out of em, and put his patience to a test he sincerely preferred didn't happen. So anyway, I'm just bein' straight up here with ya and I know my cool tempered buddy wouldn't mind, and I'll say to his cred's, he got chilled out over the years a~round kids, and me too.

Cousin Fitz and Delmonti's work in the lab were ama~zing David and myself with their wildly fast improvin' PEEK-A-BOO wizardry that was Fitz's baby but improved quite a bit once Delmonti joined our team. They were now able to enter into any and all mainframe mega computers and any kind of servers out there, and break through patches and firewalls, and any other form of computer safety protocols for that matter, and chew right through them like a red-hot knife droppin' easily through room temperature butta'.

The goal of this work was set up to be honest and simple so we could build better security measures, cause that was my vision of what I saw the future world really was goin' to need.

You might think or be wondering if we were crossin' any taboo lines, but the simple truth that happened was our work at times was perhaps roamin' into grey areas, goin' after whatever would help us keep experimentin' and stayin' current as possible in the big picture of the world of super hack~ing cyber security we were dealin' in.

Our proudful bookend E=MC squared geniuses were doin' some great things in the lab and what I began to suspect was how many governments round the world must be usin' brilliant minds like my Fitz and Delmonti, for purely spyin' and some other very corrupt and scrupulous hackin' round purposes. So from D's and my way of thinkin', man, if you ain't pushin' super brain power like this, then shame on ya for bein' aloof, and just plain stupid and friken' sleepin' at the wheel.

Not to toot my own horn but my main man David said I should, so humbly speakin' like my buddy would want me to first say, I saw and recognized how the bad guy's type of future corrupt thinkin' would advance for all kinds of sophisticated Internet criminal activities, and I was right. The criminals were out there with this new Internet tool and these bad guys were all lookin' for a betta way so to speak to commit all kinds of nefarious crimes, but essentially at the beginnin' of the Internet new world, it was all a~bout robbin'

money out of the public's personal bank accounts. That was it back then, plain and simple, and like David's visions, well like I said, I knew what the criminal minds would start doin'.

There was no question in my brain what serious security problems the Internet was going to unleash down the road and Fitz and David at first didn't see my concerns and point of view back in the early 90's, but then one day after a sit-down discussion I had with em, their lightbulbs in their minds were flashin' bright red warnin' signals, just like mine was years earlier. Point bein' though, they got it after that!

Well anyway, the deal was, I felt Fitz was directin' the lab with Delmonti's help in the right direction to create one-of-a-kind security-based technology to be used to combat so many of the weak bank servers and fire walls and infrastructures that could be attacked and entered, or should I say hacked into.

I need to say and must confess right now, that maybe it would have been better if Fitz wrote about all this specific computer safety measures and guards, but he's a busy man and the truth is for David and me, writin' this book has become our exercise in a cathartic healing sort of way. I really don't think I could explain it for myself in any other fashion, and I know D feels the same way too. I mean it's like we're freein' up ourselves from inside, and it just feels right at this point in our lives.

And as my buddy often said to me, sometimes being secretive makes you want to scream out and open up, and I couldn't agree with em more. So that's what our constant scribblin' notes and hundreds of chapter ideas did for us over many years, with the hopes of usin' em one day to put together a different unique kind of personal cathartic one of a kind novel/Novel.

Okay, so anyway, I knew there were just so many major companies and government agencies out there that would need help someday to ensure their safety from evil intendin' attack~ing intruders. This area of security became a strong section that Delmonti seemed to have a complete knowledgeable handle on, and it was great havin' em workin' alongside with Fitz. These guys were like a one-two infinity squared consistent brain power punch, which always gave us a source of computer Genius-Ness I grew to believe absolutely



second to none in the world. And I sincerely mean that! Wow, is that a word, Genius-Ness?

The thing was though, this young man, Delmonti was becoming an intense person after the Twin Towers massacres, and other events that were terrorist related over the years. But he was also very suspicious about many things attributed about the entire 9-11 missed signals by the FBI, and he totally woke us all up about the collapse of building number 7. Yeah, we missed that one for sure.

The dude seemed to be voicing his political views often, yet we all had em so we never really paid that much attention to his occasional rants. . . Fact was we never did, but just maybe we should have!

Yeah, no doubt we really should have, so with that said,

## **The Delmonti File is now just Warming Up**

~ ~ ~

## **‘SHALOM’ - March 30, 2013**

*David is speaking long distance with his two-close retired Israeli Mossad friends on their special equipped Internet protected scrambled and encrypted phone lines that won't allow any incursions. We'll pick up their conversation where the Israeli boys are telling David how they felt about him very early on in their friendship in Miami Beach;*

“Mo'shee's words about all our chemistry being perfect was so true, and the fact was we trusted you so much and wanted to recruit you in any way possible because we knew you could keep secrets, plus you had your unique camera skills and were a whiz in the darkroom that was so much needed years ago, and still is.”

“I remember clearly all our little talks back then, but guys,”

“No-no Boy Chick, we understood at the time we were coming on too strong and too soon with you.” Mo'shee's memory on the subject was very clear. He added a bit more.

“Non-Israeli born Jews don't really get into the Mossad but like my cousin said, you had skills, real needed talent and a quiet easy flow about you.”

“Mosh is right, we tried, seriously. We quietly talked to our bosses and told them all about you and actually somehow we were able to set up an interview in your country, but before it happened you said no, because you told us you weren't ready.”

“I was too young, inexperienced, wild and free and besides, who was I, especially with Israel having certain policies regarding outsiders. Bottom line my friends, timing in life is everything, I repeat, EV UR REE THING!”

“Well, your timing with meeting TB and then Fitz, without a doubt brought about the coolest and greatest change soon after for all of us,”

“Cousin Yoni is so right, and Fitzy, God bless him, is such a nice guy and proving year after year how amazing his genius truly is when he's focused and working in his laboratory.”

“David, I don't think we appreciate enough how he's changed all of our lives for the better, and just possibly maybe with his one-of-a-kind genius mind, helped our country too.”

“Yoni’s right, because just the fact that almost all the time now our worlds are free to talk on any devices, and I could go on and on speaking about all his other private inventions and multiple super creative spy toys he’s figured out.”

“Boys, I hear ya, and TB loved Fitz so much and felt the exact same way as both of you.”

“He’s always been ahead of everyone with all his techie and electronic skills.”

“My cousin Mo’shee speaks from the heart. Such a Dradle Cup sweetheart, the best! What’s the expression David, one in millions, or one in hundred million’s people?”

“Yoni, my dear sweet poor English-speaking cousin, its proper to say one in a million.”

David right then breaks into a light laugh, listening to his two friends who for years jokingly stay on each other’s backs with their English lessons to one another. Mo’shee laughs a bit himself and then goes on.

“Listen my two Boy Chicks, Fitz is even greater than that, because his working brain capacity in my way of thinking is off the charts, as you American’s say. Honestly, for me he stands out as a person who is more than one in a hundred million people. . .

The point is though, we never would have opened up to you in the old days on the phone systems of our countries, even with the code talk you created, because Stuxnet was that critical of an operation, and security around it was so important, , well you have no idea the concern our people had. . . So what I’m saying is,”

Right then Yoni jumps in over his cousin Mo’shee’s last word.

“Stuxnet was super big-time secret action and yet we felt secure to speak with Fitz’s communicating technology along with mixing in your special coded alphabet and numerical language that was for our personal work we all did together.”

“We’re all still cautious knowing never to let our guards down on any devices but our world of communication has changed for all of us since the start of the year 2000.”

“Mosh, I remember all those years of our long-distance chats when you guys called me at prearranged pay phone numbers scattered all around my hometown area, and how we still were uptight talking with the codes I always was working on and trying to simplify.”

There was a short pause, with everyone now thinking back to those old times.

“We can only imagine David what a hassle those old days must have been for you with all the running around we had you doing.” Mo’shee speaking.

“But not anymore Boo Boo Lah, and we say thanks again to our good friend Fitz.” Yoni after his word’s high fives his cousin.

“Yo, I heard your last words but did I just hear you guys high five?”

“Yes-you-did. Listen to you Mr. ears like a human radar spying system.” Mo’shee quickly answering back with a smile on his face after his quip.

“I love it.” David back at him, and then goes on.

“Listen guys, Fitz’s Internet phone line system is flawless to chat on without needing all those crazy old codes from the past but like a few minutes ago, we all just knew instinctively that Stuxnet was top-secret and we all needed an extra thick layer of communicating protection back then, because simply put, just in case.”

“So true, so true. Boy Chick, the fact is we’ve all benefitted in so many positive ways since he fired up that big brain of his and figured it all out.” Mosh speaking with deep sincerity.

“And you and your man TB must have been thrilled with your freedom to talk anytime you pleased after Fitz did his, , as you say ‘Magic’.”

“Believe me Yoni, all of us feel and think the same about our Internet and phone freedom to chat. Fitz is years ahead of everyone and within a half year, he’s going to finish those miniature Sat phones, and I’ve seen the prototype, and it’s just such a piece of work.”

“What Fitz’s done for all of us is just remarkable, and still is doing with some I’d say almost out of this world ideas he’s working on.” Mosh firing in.

“You know David, just changing the subject for a minute, because talking here about Fitz makes me think back to after you just returned from Mexico and how you opened up explaining everything about TB to us, even before you met Fitz, and the way you did it was so complimentary towards him, and we really respected that.” Yoni calmly speaking.

“Yoni, Mosh, I’ve always believed TB and I became quick solid trusting friends after we shared some amazing life experiences,”

“And that action became your strong bond for life with him. We get it, really, we do.”

“Mosh is right, we get it completely.”

“Thanks. I remember being totally honest with you guys about what he was still doing, and why I insisted back then he and I be as safe as possible now that I’m back in America.”

“Your idea for the payphones was wise and TB never objected because I know he cared about your safety and you not getting linked or caught up with him in his business.”

“That’s it Mosh. Man those were such wild heady day’s but you’re right, safety always came first because we were big believers in loose lips sink ships, so.”

“Oh we agreed with you back then and just as much now.”

“I remember Yoni how you and Mo’shee at first were pretty negative and got all over my case after I told you about his crazy weed world he was wheelin’ and dealin’ in.”

“Well we were worried because you both were so fresh out of Mexico and we thought that maybe there could have been active drug agencies or someone after him, and you too David. It was a real matter of our natural defensive instincts to have our antennas up for you, because we really cared about you.”

“Mosh, I loved you both for being so worried about me and that’s why you guys always preached to me to never let my guard down and stick to the payphone life we all were constantly living with.”

“Well everything worked out and you and TB went on to make a great working team, and Fitz made it even greater.” Yoni speaking his mind.

“Fitzzy’s the best and the nicest and most modest and shyest guy in the world, and we all know a wizard at creating the uncreatable, if that’s even a word.”

After that bizarre made-up word by David, all three friends had a good quick fun laugh.

*The boys carried on for a while longer with the main focus for the call in the first place. It was all about giving David an update of what they’ve been learning regarding the new six country beginning nuclear negotiations going on with Iran.*

*As safe as they knew their Internet scrambled phone lines were, none of them ever let their guards down and when something really serious needed saying, they went into the often-updated coded language that was created way back in the mid 70’s.*

*After a good fifteen minutes of David getting as much of a complete briefing and understanding of what’s going on with the nuclear Iran negotiation talks, all the business at hand was completed and it was time for all of them to get going. Before their call ends, they set a date and time for the next valuable update for David of what’s been happening, but like always over the years they took a minute to go over the direct phone line code for any kind of emergency for communicating if needed.*

*Shalom as usual is said by all, and then they separately undid Fitz’s technical specialty miniaturized high tech voice blocking and scrambling gear and once that easy task was done, they all went on with their daily routines of life.*

## ***Shalom***

# **‘The Battle of Lexington & Concord’**

## **1775-The Epilog**

Please allow us to interject this important shout out and full heartfelt caring thought about Paul Revere. This brave man was just an ordinary hard-working fella before the fight with the British army ever started, and at the onset of his humble beginnings to join in and fight for independence, he became politically involved and afterwards this good man became symbolic of the hard-fought American Revolution.

This fine patriotic man like tens of thousands of other brave men, women and even children back in that time, risked everything in their lives they had to help one another’s brothers in arms to fight for a *CAUSE* against a tyranny they felt needed to be stopped. And as time progressed, they then came to realize it had to be overthrown, and as history was recorded back then these dedicated brave souls amazingly succeeded in their hard-fought task, but it took many bloody horrific battles and long difficult years to eventually succeed.

In conclusion, TB, Fitz, Howie, Jacob, Cowboy and myself want to say that we strongly and most truly believe there were on a daily basis ‘Devine’ Intervening moments taking place all throughout that bloody revolution, and it was all forthright blessedly happening on the side of the hard working over taxed and burdened Righteous Patriots.

Let Freedom, Honesty, Righteousness and Democracy ‘REIGN’ strong in all of American’s Hearts, along with eternal fairness and balanced accountable actions that need coming forth by all in power.

And going forward with absolute never again egregious bias type political untoward double standards be allowed to happen in any shape or way throughout the Great Lands of the United States of America.

# **God Bless America**

# 1974, yes

This is a chapter with multiple folks contributing to the narration, specific facts and lots of needed odds and ends sewing things up together

It was the middle of October and David's two close Israeli buddies are back in town, staying at the Michigan Inn for their second time in the last six months, with this trip going to be a seventy-two-hour layover just like the last event. The plan was the same routine as before, that being first taking care of some semi odds and ends important Mossad business in New York and then coming over to Michigan to enthusiastically enjoy hanging out and having some good old boy fun with their good American best buddy.

They totally loved going over to the Detroit Playboy Club and some other night spots that David turned them onto in their last trip to visit with him. This kind of wild party stuff was not truly his thing so much anymore, only because as he put it, he'd done a lot of it in a fast and furious four-year period of his life starting in Miami Beach, then Shelter Island and then in at times living in a wild fearless sort of crazed mindset in Acapulco with TB.

He didn't want to be a party pooper, and he certainly wasn't an old man and a turned-up prude, so he got with the program and showed the boys from out of town a whopper of a good old time. But this trip though for the boys from Israel was less to do about carrying on wildly and reminiscing over the good old days back in Miami Beach, no, this time it was serious business to speak about with their trusting friend. Even though they could have brought the same important subject matter up their last visit, they decided not to once they realized that timing is everything and it clearly wasn't the right call to do.

The last trip was the very first time they were in Michigan with David, and he had just returned from his final experience of working in Acapulco, and he looked a bit tired and beat down to them, but they noticed he did his best to put on a good front with a cheerful happy presence.



The fact was though, he was plenty exhausted mentally and slightly showing signs his body was mending just like his mental state from some sort of physical recent encounter, and when they asked him what's going on, he lightly brushed it off.

But that was back then, and now his friends were in town specifically to ask for David's help on this one-of-a-kind very important detailed crucial subject matter, that required his honed skills and they needed them almost immediately.

They felt also in time there would certainly be other situations they knew he could handle and help them with, but this trip was in and of itself very important for them to get him signed, sealed and delivered to come on board right now.

They felt the same like they did four years earlier, that David was a very capable person with many usable skills that could assist them and their cause in many various ways.

They first met David as a couple of normal guys on vacation in Miami Beach in January of 1970, but eventually opened up to him about their Mossad future world they were entering into. Just like they felt four years earlier, they sensed even stronger now that David was ready to do whatever he could for the sake of Israel, and these two trusting friends would be his one and only confidential allied working connections.

These two close cousins and many other men and women from Israel had been deeply affected by the September 1972 Olympic Munich slaughter of eleven Israeli innocent athletes. David was well aware and saddened and angered back when it happened but he was also still in a fog in that very time, suffering from a close friend's long brain-dead lingering death and during that exact same period, he was heavily pain pill drugged up from a badly torn up right leg. He was going thru a tough patch of life and unfortunately it tapped down his normal carefree happy and attentive responsible young mindset.

It just boiled down to mentally and physically he wasn't in any kind of way the same guy back then, but now he was feeling body wise much more stable and fit, plus strong and very aware and in tune with all the geo-political events going on around the world, and key for David, spiritually in a much better place now with his friends in October of 1974.

From their first-time meeting in Michigan, everything was arranged by letters written to David's parent's home and then followed up with quick and precise coded word phone conversations that were well-timed to catch him before the family dinner.

All those instructions of when to call, the word phrases to use and such were laid out by David during their letter writing days, and it all worked out well with no glitches.

Now I will make the point why all of this careful communication is even being brought up. To that point, this long flyover meeting was very important to them because they came to see their trusting American friend to make their straight forward pitch they needed David's skills with photography and his specialty work he could do inside his unassuming small in size basic looking photographic darkroom.

When they finished their talk about what they needed of him regarding his specific photo and darkroom skills, it really didn't take much time at all to get his positive response. So as soon as David was with the program in a tight secretive capacity, that's when the boys from Israel explained in detail to him how their new arrangements for all communications would be totally set up to be done in a specific and very different way from then on.

They educated David that day about a very secret group of specially trained assassins that have been on a worldwide hunt for all the behind the scene participants who planned and aided the murderers of the innocent Olympic athletes.

Not going into too much detail here, other than David's specific skills were needed with the processing and developing of special handed off rolls of film. He was more than capable and most important to them, he was totally trustworthy and could keep secrets.

He was producing extremely small micro-negatives that would then be handed off to couriers that were constantly in motion serving an integral part of the overall mission.

The operation was well on its way to completion when he became involved, but there were objectives still needing to be met and he could fill those needs with his special-set skilled work.

He was very creative and inventive in the darkroom, and they needed that kind of ability for their future tasks. Inside his darkroom is where his well-crafted abilities lay, and with

his constant experimenting he eventually came up with the ability to produce super micro miniature photo negatives.

He was able to downsize any negative to a one-fiftieth-pinhead micro-size dimension. This downsizing though required him to first develop a regular roll of black and white film, then print the original negative into an 8 by 10-inch print, then he'd do his magic of taking the specific prints needed and reshooting them with a special custom magnification dividing lens, and from that action he'd be able to turn the original negative into those one-fiftieth-pinhead size reductions. The second phase trick to it all, was his special high magnification reader apparatuses that could put all the super tiny negative pieces together to be read.

He was a closeted freak self-admitting experimenting dark room nut, but eventually he succeeded in the miniaturizing task, and from it all he created the tiniest scrambled puzzle of any kind of negatives possible to go practically 98 percent undetected by the naked eye.

He started working on these ideas early on in his Miami Beach days, back in 1970. Only a very few select people in Miami knew about these bizarre experiments he was doing to create this special mini format of negatives, plus the needed optical viewing equipment.

One of the people in the beach area he trusted and spoke with about his creations, shortly after that tried to help David further his career but that private information so to speak, ended up getting in the wrong hands. This mistake got him directly involved in the biggest political crime of 1972, if not the century, the caper known as Watergate.

From that incident of him talking when he should have just kept his private inventions and abilities to himself, taught him a valuable lesson that he would never forget and his world of secrecy took on a whole new meaning for him after that life changing experience.

Very early on in his inventive darkroom world days he would need the aid of his Uncle, his mom's brother, who was an Optometrist working in his own office down in Detroit. On this one specific trip when he was back from Florida, he drove down to see him and talk about his complex idea for his super reading lens machine.

Over a short period of time his Uncle was able to aid him in supplying the special convex and concave lenses needed to do some of his wild experiments with. He put these and many other lenses through all kinds of tests and experiments, to the point that new ones had to be purchased and more combinations constantly had to be carefully tested.

With no need for any fanfare here, eventually specifically angled super magnifiers were born and then special wire frames were made to go around these lenses and then be perfectly attached to the enlarger itself.

This wild idea took flight because his Uncle at every stage of the operation had nailed it. Now David was testing his idea by photographing documents and then he would reduce their normal negative down to the multiple pinhead scrambled dimensions, making them practically naked to human prying eyes. The basic trick of his creation was putting all the pinhead's sections together like a simple jigsaw puzzle, if you want to call it that!

This wild and crazy accomplishment totally blew his Uncle's mind, and after succeeding together David asked him to swear never to talk about what they created to his mother or anyone for that matter, and his Uncle forever kept his promise.

David had done all this specialized negative and lens creative inventing with his Uncle almost two years prior to the 1972 Olympics, but now this special skill would be used by his Israeli friends for their own important strategical needs now starting in 1974, and for many years after. Once this three-man working union began, they operated in the most professional secretive and smoothest clandestine manner possible at all times.

In his early beginning days as a photographer, he just naturally started to observe facial gestures, eye movement and blinking, forehead action, throat swallowing and just many keen visual activities happening, and he realized over time he could tell a lot about a person from simply watching these human facial and voice activities.

What followed next was the full body movements and combining the well viewed action from the head to toe, he learned to understand how a body danced around and told him a pretty good story.

David's Israeli buddies knew this knowledge he had of observation would get better and refined over the years, and they realized one day this work would be used to make good

sound use of helping identify criminal elements. They encouraged him to stay on this idea of studying and identifying human body giveaways and behaviors and he told them he would. This self-developed skill eventually was well received and scientifically used over the years with his Israeli connections and he carried over this ability also to use with his American tight-knit secret associate in the private world they worked and lived in also.

This totally well trusting working partner would later on in time label David's in-depth research of humans, as 'Forensic Human Analytical Studies', and his education in this aptly named field has been going on strong since his Miami Beach days, beginning in 1970. Over decades of time he was carefully refining his forensic human analytical skills and shared everything he learned with his Israeli boys and American working associates.

Now for another important point the Israeli boys had to keep in mind and be sharp about, was whenever there was an emergency, they would call him or he call them and do a collect call but no one would expect the charges from the operator. That collect call refusal move became the key signal to go to the designated payphone of the day, and that's where the true communications would take place.

These descriptive ways of connecting with each other all may sound crazy but this crude but simple way always worked and it was very secure and safe back in those early shared times when payphones were located everywhere around the world and operator assistance was just the typical ordinary way things were done.

Oh, and just for a point of fact, we're talking about the 70's through the mid 90's when all this careful clandestine behavior was routinely going on, because again, this was just the normal way things were done with all the secretive players back in the day in that trade-craft line of work.

The Israeli boys were more than pleased in all their friend's ways with his super sleuth type thinking, but that's exactly what they came to expect from this trusting friend.

Quite soon after this second 1974 Michigan meeting, the Israelis would begin to take David's human forensic scientific photo skills to the next level of interpretation analysis.

He was voluntarily doing write ups on random subjects they presented him, and his work was then being analyzed by expert Mossad agents working in the same new developing profiling field.

The last matter that was on their minds they came into town for and talk about, was to find out how David's American friend from Acapulco is making out. David was totally candid and open with them on their first trip about his unique friendship and the dangerous world his wild buddy lived in back in Mexico.

They knew in their hearts only one thing, that they just wanted David to be careful and safe and use good judgment in his dealings with this special and unusually different friend of his. They expressed their concern and he appreciated their feelings. They were mainly worried that he'd get linked up to his buddy's illegal activities and bring nothing but big problems to his own doorstep.

They knew enough about David's friend in Mexico that made them want to make sure he wasn't using David and playing him for a fool, but again he thanked them for caring but assured them there's no need to worry, and everything's under control. And without bringing any hostilities into their little talk about David's American friend in Acapulco, he turned around and asked them the same question, how does he know they're not using and setting him up.

They liked how David didn't hold back and in his own cool way turned the tables around about trust, and at the same time showed them that he wasn't afraid to make a fair and valid point to them about their dealings with him. They realized very early on in their friendship that David wasn't any kind of pushover and they liked that a lot.

But quickly after David made his points, he made it clear with a sincere and friendly smile that he cared and worried deeply about his wild friend working in Mexico, and had the same care and respect for them too, and that no one needs to ever think twice anymore about honor and commitment towards each other.

His words settled every concern down they had about his unusual friend because they respected the way David supported and came to his defense and this made them love their American friend even more.

They years earlier recognized David had a way of not shying away when it was time to get offensive or defensive with others. Yes, they liked how he was mentally operating and so enthused on that day to begin helping them and most importantly, helping Israel when needed, but always at his own discretion which was also something else they respected. If he ever didn't agree with something over the years that would be presented to him, he made it verbally clear what his feelings were on whatever it was, and there were many times where strong differences of opinions happened, but their true friendship always held tight and variable obstacles and things worked out.

And that wild and close American friend of David's from Acapulco, well he would join forces with the Israeli Boys and bring along his brilliant minded cousin Fitz too. This down to earth loving soul was a pure genius that would in time be well respected, admired and deeply loved by the Israeli boys and a few other techie geniuses working in Mossad, but all of it being done by everyone in the most highly sensitive and secretive manner.

The cool and neat thing about TB and the Jewish friends of David, were in 1975 a union of trust began with the Israelites advising T with some valuable tips on how to do business with the pentagon. Their wisdom from experience was inexplicably needed and wholeheartedly appreciated.

## Yes, 1974, A Turning Point Year

# ‘In A Blink of an Eye’ 2050

## *CAN THIS TRULY HAPPEN!*

*From my projected Quantum Leap life portal position now in this year of 2050, I’ll move back in time with my memories view of the whirlwind times of 2024 and 2025 I experienced first-hand. I clearly saw the nation receiving unrelenting hacking attacks even before my decade’s earlier visions of the coming nuclear strikes. I was being hacked and phished actually myself too. This devastating activity was one of the straws that broke the camel’s back of the countries vital infrastructures of defense along with our countries heavily repeated cyber attacked banking systems. The main culprits behind all of this was actually rogue hacking groups inside of Russia and China, but Iran was a poorly hidden all-state sponsored actor without any doubt or any type of believable excuses, coming at America strong. And as hard to imagine as this may sound, those very hostile unrelenting activities could only be stopped in their tracks by cutting off the entire Internet inside the USA. This drastic never imagined ‘**Internet Kill Switch**’ was actually in the works a few years earlier but never was carried out because of the backlash that was feared from the public.*

The simplest of financial transactions were now going to be a temporary big problem, and most new forms of new currency creations would be frozen in their place until the ‘Internet Kill Switches’ would be reversed. But the interesting event that came from the once not understood alternative true de-centralized digital currencies, is that a select few will in time be the norm and prove to be the most trusted and used new form of monetary acceptance. A better and clearer understanding of true preservation of capital will be the outcome of de-centralization crypto usage, and along with this will be a slow steady upward growth of principle, and from this will come a better providing economic true fair yield that millions of once stock investors will come to realize is a fairer balanced and self-controlled and contained entire monetary eco-system. All it time this will begin to sort it self out as the country begins to have a new footing from the chaos coming from the life changing events happening in 2025. All in time, everything will unfold!



*Cyberspace espionage* via all sorts of hacking and an even more dangerous technology called *STACKING*, was running rampant. The Internet malware viruses of all sorts were part of that stacking issue, infecting our government technology infrastructure nonstop plus the same was being carried out to all parts of life for the entire population.

*The cyber economic spying* was robbing and eroding the business banking climate to a point so bad that the government had no choice but to completely shut down all civilian Internet traffic and only a specialized military defense authorized Internet system was left intact and running. The Internet stoppage was a huge shock to the American way of life, but soon after waves of **EMP attacks** began and then came 3 powerful nuclear strikes that sent a super heightened direful reality of the dangerous times we all sadly entered into.

*Not mincing words*, this is vital and beyond the pale but needed for all to understand, in that being the 2015 disgraceful negotiated Iran nuclear deal giveaway would be proven to be the final piece of the deadly connecting dots of the 2025 nuclear attacks on America, Russia and Israel.

Soon after the regrettable nuke deal finished, I used my back channels to write directly to Putin, asking him to think over and demand just like Israel, **to have complete non-warning in advance inspections of all the Iranian nuclear sites**, along with the freedom to seek out any areas that may have hidden working laboratories. All my letters to Putin were available for inspection and I put years of them on our website.

*Like the above mentioned*, the dots will be connected to show that the pathetic Oba bla bla seal of approval of the nuclear deal was a complete and utter sell out and even worse, a total double-cross that he did to America, one day his treasonous behavior will be fully exposed. Now as far as the Kremlin, well they thought they were in control and manipulating the deal to their advantage for future huge nuclear business activities, but they were used by Iran and all the while Israel had it right and vociferously made their points upon deaf ears, but they were completely ignored.

The private secretive back deals made and done by the so-called leader of the free world were criminal if not worse, and made our small tight nit group cringe, but who were we.

My position now is the same as three and a half decades ago, in that so much treasonous behavior was ignored by the main stream media, and I knew one day that the coming of a new massive digital TRUTHFUL NEWS REPORTING ARMY created by the new Independent Political Party, 'The Mayflower Compact Patriots', would **mount up** and slowly but surely prevail. From this party, the truth will never be denied or hidden again!

***THIS NEXT PART IS SHOCKING, BUT YOU WILL SEE THIS ALL HAPPEN***

ADDENDUM ONE;

First, the audacity of the loser queen bee bitch will secretly mull over to jump in and run again in the 2020, and years later contemplate in the last available hour to enter into the 2024 democrat summer convention also, but I don't want to give away what you will all see pathetically play out with this evil angry loser, and the lying sick treasonous pervert squatting in the We The Peoples Whitehouse do. It was evident to our group that her doing this political shocking move was to keep all the COVER-UPS going on of her past and still present criminal vast activities, especially the one involving her scam Global Initiative Gobbalie Gook Pay for Play Fund.

And who do you think was right there to help her with the continuing obvious brainwashing of America, that's right, the dying main stream totally complicit pieces of shit ass licking media.

The move was in itself quite daring but in all candor looking back, it was well played from the standpoint to keep fooling the world that she was acting like an innocent victim, but all that was like just stated, a big fat potato sack of greed and EVILNESS that she was, deep down inside of her. Her skin-deep lying facade will one day be peeled all the way back and she then will be totally exposed as the nasty mean spirited low-life garbage lipstick on a pig she really was all along. She will be imprisoned, bankrupted, and never again have the ability to play a part in the destruction of America.

IF WE MAY PRESENT TO YOU NOW, SOMETHING EVEN MORE SHOCKING

*After his capture and the Tribunal trial commenced, the raw overwhelming truthful evidence and facts finally came out for the world to hear, see and judge, but without a **smidgeon** of lies or deception allowed to cloud anyone's honest interpretations ever again. In the coming years those of you who still care to be open minded but who once*

had undoubting faith he was their so-called one and only puritan and great hope and savior for all, you will **see** for yourselves what his true self-aggrandizing long-range very deceitful TRANSITIONING speeches truly meant. He literally said in speeches, ‘Welcome to the END OF THE REPUBLIC’, and he spoke with his signature cocked arrogant head lifted in such a way, as to be looking down at everyone. And that will one day prove to be his paybacks a bitch by millions of full red-blooded black, white, brown and every race, greed and color of good loving Americans. He will be exposed for many secrets he was holding onto, one being the massive unbelievable tunnels dug under the northern and southern borders of America.

This man who said in his signature speeches ‘Hope and Change’ well he meant it alright, but not in any kind of good way. The country had massive tunnels that should have been easily discovered, but you will learn in your time about the massive deceit that went down with so-called intelligence agencies covering his bi-racial no good life, and when the truth is all laid bare, those in charge of protecting our country will be punished to a degree that America has not seen in over a century of time, but it was damn time it ended for all of their evil the way you will see it happen.

Let’s pause right here and Take  
Your time to digest all that you just Learned.  
But for Sure

*More*

‘Blink of An Eye’

*Will Follow*

## ‘Leonard’s Story’

When TB and I really started getting into a flow of first making tons of practically scrap paper notes from all the life experiences that would become the underlying theme of our book, we realized two things right away. And one was we've got more than a book going on between the two of us, meaning our book turned into a Trilogy, and actually a Trilogy Plus, as a matter of fact. The second point we realized was what a good mental feeling we were both having from all the years going back in time reliving so much of the past. I made a point for T and I to discipline ourselves to dig deep into our memory banks and then make these daily scribbled notes of them, and quite candidly it became easy to do, and for the most part, enjoyable.

Let me go back in time for a second here and say we both wanted to look up the word that was giving us such a rush and pleasant mental vibe experience in our first and only book-writing attempt. And that word is "Cathartic" and here's what this beautiful word means according to a view dictionaries and sources we checked out. 'Providing psychological relief through the open expression of strong emotions; causing catharsis'.

Well let me tell ya, both T and I both were blown away on how exactly that definition fit that word, because as our notes piled up and then the real writing began, amazing psychological relief started pouring over our hearts and I'll admit for both of us, our vulnerable souls.

So that brings me to this truly heartbreaking personal chapters that deeply affected my life, and pushed me and TB to go deeper into the quest to understand the life processes of the ailing and sick human body, from a physical, mental and spiritual lacking truth bearing point of view.

So now I have to say sadly and lovingly, this chapter from my heart is dedicated to my dear good friend Leonard, and his unbelievably sad passing that absolutely could have been prevented, and to this day I carry some guilt and pissed off frustration that I should have done more to prevent his passing.

You see Leonard died from having what I call cascading human organ failure which for him was caused by my friend telling me over the phone he wasn't feeling exactly his best, but not to worry about it because he thought he was just suffering from a case of a nasty flu bug. I should have paid closer attention to his voice pattern tones and realized it was more than a so-called nasty flu, but I didn't, so I failed my friend's life on that night. I remember him telling me he's all excited about the future because in the next few months he'd be selling a large piece of his personal plant nursery property in West Boca Raton to a big developer, for a super large amount of money.

This chapter pains, saddens and hurts me because again his bodies organ failure that night after we'd talked together, could have been completely, do you understand, completely avoided. I'm asking everyone who reads Leonard's story to learn and take away something so valuable to easily in the future safe you or a loved ones life. You see dear sweet Leonard passed because his weakening body was more than sick with a flu bug, because his body began overheating with a high temperature and then he must have passed out and within a period of a couple of hours his body dehydrated quickly and then another critical organ function began to fail.

And here's the valuable lesson that needs to be passed on throughout the world, you MUST keep your body HYDRATED and even more important and in my humble opinion better for all your vital human bodies organs health, you must besides seek medical emergency help, you MUST keep on hand some form of a drink containing 'ELECTROLYTES', and keep drinking it and for God Sakes, if you're alone wherever you may be with a high temperature, call someone and explain to them what's going on with your health, and DO NOT BE SHY TO ASK FOR HELP.

The next day around noon I received the heart wrenching sad news from a close mutual friend of Leonard and myself, our good buddy Mikey Roberts, After that I just went into a mental fog of the likes I've never felt before, and I've lost good close childhood friends many years earlier. Afterwards for weeks I had fits of such personal guilt and sadness, I would burst out screaming and then I'd start to break down and deeply well-up and feel sick to my stomach.

I lost total track of time and I could hardly speak to anyone, and I know that sounds very immature and what not, but I'm sadly and honestly speaking the truth.

Another bout of guilt and personal anger in myself came over me for not traveling to Michigan for Leonard's funeral or attending any kind of memorial in Florida.

I miss you Leonard, you were a great guy, a good fun loving and spirited sweet friend, and we made a good working business partnership together.

So to anyone and everyone who are reading these words, please, if you personally or you know of someone who is alone and sick with a high temperature and they are alone, you must let someone know and be there to diagnose you or them, and absolutely be HELPFUL in every human way possible, and if need be go to a HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM, and remember to keep hydrated with juices but even better, keep quality Electrolyte drinks on hand in your homes, apartments or wherever you might go when traveling. Did you know they make 'ELECTROLYTE POWEDER PACKAGES', well they do, so I encourage everyone to buy dozens of them and spread the word about the life saving importance of 'ELECTROLYTES'. And buy extra of the powder packages and give them to loved ones and encourage them to read and understand Leonard's Story.

I love you Leonard, I miss you buddy, Rest in Peace my sweet Dear Friend



## **‘The Delmonti File, Year 2007, August’**

David said this has to be my chapter to write and deliver the straight details and whatnots of our computer science unique world, with holding nothing back. So before I get into my co-workers story, I just want to say I miss so much my life long best friend, my loving and dear heartfelt Cousin TB, that without my devoted loving wife Shirley and David's love, friendship and encouragement to keep living life, the hole in my heart sometimes crushes my spirit to carry on. I miss you T, and I'll never stop thinking about you, , never.

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Delmonti and myself were making amazing strides with the original visions and goals set by Cousin T, which were to create for all sizes of computers, large, small and mega frame, the best fire walls and any and every type of security measure imaginable to safeguard one's valuable information stored inside them. There's a lot more detail involved of what we go through to safeguard all the complex systems but it's all very highly technical and as TB but David more so, roll his eyes and always laughingly tell me, keep the technicalities of it all simple for me, and after that, smile and let me continue on. But, so, let me say this, in my line of work in order to constantly improve on our securing measures, we had to use a function what we call reverse analytical engineering, and that was a vital routine we did at every step of the way till it satisfied our testing parameters. And what developed out of that were breakthroughs into areas we never really expected, but we followed every path we were lead down so we could make our goal of impenetrable security measures even better than we thought we had going on.

Our research was advancing so fast that we made discoveries of how to literally go from our base testing computers to then enter inside any network, mainframe or whatever was out there in the world after we cracked their passwords. But even more bizarre to our amazement, was millions of people and businesses didn't even use any kind of security to open up their computers in the first place. Believe me, for us this was astonishing to say the least!

Making this easy to grasp in simple terms as D pushed me to write, we were not just going through the front door and looking at files and documents, oh gosh no, we were easily

doing a bunch more than those simple no-brainer computer science nothing burger tasks... E-mail user names and passwords are just a warm up for us, because we were advancing with so many other kinds of even bigger leaps happening, it even blew our minds. You see Delmonti and myself were now able to link up into any type of computers out there and use the internal microphone or speaker systems of any type to listen in on whatever was going on.

When I first told David about this achievement, he was totally supportive and blown away, but he wanted some sort of “SHOW ME” proof, and loved all those challenges he pushed me with over the many years. At that time of this techno break-thru, D was working in and out of Costa Rica and dashes over to Panama and here and there as he'd say, but wherever, he wanted updates plus always being the challenger he is, he asked me like I said to prove to him what I said is new and amazing. At the time he was working out of Internet Cafés, sending out our special coded language to me and others in his secret world, using our old tried and true Wall Street stock symbols message board system of communication. I didn't want to break public security measures at the time that D had set up for us, so eventually he was able to borrow an old broken-down laptop of his Costa Rican defense lawyer friend, but it didn't matter the condition it was in because within ten short minutes I located it using a special search and identification PING method program we created specifically for just that purpose. And within five minutes after that, I was able to tell him exactly all the different things he was saying, & then I told him what he was reading out loud from a book, & after those tests, my friend was totally sold & beyond shocked & curious about what we had created. Oh, there was a lot of future room for growth & improvement, but we were onto something huge.

The Internet and all the daily technological advancements we were making in the lab were the same I'm sure as thousands of other techie nerds around the world were doing. I'm confident that we all were turning everything about this fast advancing connecting technology into the **'Wild West'** with no Sherriff's anywhere in sight to keep control of what was happening.

And you see, years earlier TB was exactly right, because he saw how the Internet would become a dangerous tool someday for the criminals to figure out and use for bad purposes.

And as far as David was feeling about our new breakthrough, he was in his own way concerned, and now with his deep covert active mind beginning to flash all its warning signals just like TB, he asked me to keep this listening in breakthrough at our highest level of secrecy we've ever had, and I totally agreed.

Okay, slight change of subject as the boys would say but this is important and needs to be clearly understood right now. So, TB, David and myself trusted Delmonti but I still was after all the years of us working together, doing that certain security protocol of him in my lab. David just felt it was needed because of the extreme sensitivity of what he saw coming in the future from my work, and back seven years earlier, TB agreed completely with David's security points of view. He totally had faith in this brilliant young man working with me, but D also wasn't a fool and was always making sure I never let my guard down with all the sensitive and very secretive computer technological research we were creating and doing.

Anyway, during our special phoning systems chat that day, I just happened to mention how upset and full blown pissed off Delmonti had become regarding this newly elected Senator that was running for the 2008 Presidential race. I told David how it just seemed to consume him to the point of Delmonti getting thrown off his game in the lab at times.

He would go on saying that this guy knows nothing about the geo-political goings on in the world AND that this young fool's the complete wrong person to be trusted and put in charge to be President of the United States.

Delmonti was going on and on about this MUG has no experience whatsoever other than being a community organizer in Chicago, and that was a joke for a resume to be president. And that's keeping it all cool and on the calm side of how Delmonti really felt, as long as I'm being perfectly honest here.

David laughed when I told him he called the guy a 'mug', and then went on to tell me he hadn't been paying attention to the developing situation of this presidential candidate because he'd been overwhelmed by a serious real estate criminal fraud act that was perpetrated on him. You see in September of 2005, he had bought a nice log cabin two

bed-room and two fireplace home with a couple of acres of property up in the mountains of Costa Rica, and he had great plans for this place. He had already started building a helicopter landing area for Howie, Jacob and Cowboy, but when in a roundabout sickening way, this hidden getaway home was stolen back from him by the thieving seller. It's a long and complicated messy story, but this guy who did this had no idea he'd eventually find out he screwed the wrong American guy along with his 3 remaining battled tested and bad ass stone-cold hardened brothers in arms who are always ready to back him up, just waiting for David's signal to mount up.

D was mentally prepared and spiritually all in to fight this creep through the slow court system he was learning about in Costa Rica. I know my friend well, and real justice *one way or another will go down* on this bad guy no matter how long it takes. So like I said, I know my friend well... Nuff Said, , like David always says!

David admitted he was off his game from the frustration of being robbed but he advised me now to try and settle Delmonti down and keep my focus of working diligently on the security computer business TB generously created and set in motion for me. David also told me that he wanted me to pay a little more attention to my labs back-door in house eyes and ears system with all the security protocols I specifically set up for him years earlier. D's point was very clear, he wanted to make sure the back-door eyes and ears were running properly so I could view and here what Delmonti was doing daily without me being around. When I asked him why he wanted me to do that, I guess you could say he wanted me to spy on my employee because now with this new advancement of being able to literally go inside and listen in on anyone's computer, he came right out and said that he didn't want Delmonti to be getting cute and start playing around with our technology with this young guy running for president. I mean David was real serious about that point, so...

And to go a step further, David said the fact that I filled him in how Delmonti can't stand this guy running for the highest office in the land, and how he just gets so over the top irate from any of the speeches he focuses in on and hears him give in public, caused my buddy's antennas to go up automatically. He made his point about staying on top of the situation and I agreed with him completely.

Security, security, security was always on David's mind and he talked about it often with TB and myself back in the day, and in this case today as we spoke regarding the idea of Delmonti getting cute and setting up some kind of personal spying sting Op on a dude running for the office of president, was a big NO-NO.

David then got right into another interesting point, which was that very idea crossed his mind of going after and spying on the guy who cheated and screwed him over big time in Costa Rica. After my new show and tell of our amazing computer hacking spying toy, David's mind went into a pure keen overdrive.

TB and D during all their working years together were very much alike, meaning fight fire with even more fire, and his simple truthful explanation about Delmonti was clear enough for me to be like my dear sweet cousin and David, get proactive and be a spy.

David over decades didn't want to see our shop ever draw any unwanted and dangerous attention to it, whatsoever. We all well knew of the highly sensitive secret technology and gadgets we were designing and then creating, but with the new improving addition of PEEK-A-BOO, David became very adamant about the lab's security even more, and that we had to at all times practice his words of, *'Security-Purity'*, non-stop, 24-7, no matter what, no exceptions.

That though was David's phrase going back to when my cousin TB and D both left at different times Acapulco for good in early 1974, so the security-purity was way before the lab action, but now his security protocol was even more intensified. Yeah-No, no joking around with the PEEK, period.

David and TB were experts at building all kinds of various traps and then flushing bad guys out, but D said to me often after I told him about Delmonti's anger, we can't let him flush us into any unwanted traps ourselves.

NO, so when it came to that security-purity mindset, well I think he preached that phrase so much, I'd bet he even said it in his sleep. But bottom line, D was exactly right.

The Delmonti File is Very Much Alive

‘Pardon My Polite Explanation’

Young people of America ‘WAKE UP’

To me in this year of 2020, it all became obvious their book was planned and written to be a wakeup call for all of humanity, but it seemed in a strong manner the guy named David had a personal political goal focused on America and Russia making a true long-lasting peace with Russia, and especially some sort of nuclear disarmament treaty. It’s complicated and I’m not the kind of guy wise enough to go into any details, but I can tell his hearts in the right direction. And from speaking from my simple-minded point of view, I think these two guys were principled thinkers and many of their political platform ideas were meant to be applied to help the people of many countries but without any more USA out of country nation building plans. Again, purely my opinion but these actually were words I paraphrased directly from their written thoughts.

Reading the book was easy, with all sort of mixed action plus a variety of many interesting educational and timely geo-political intrigue, and very worthwhile lessons to help anyone interested to better understand the dangerous world we all are living in, and in David’s point of view, getting more politically cut throat and geographically more dangerous by the hair trigger day. Again, I just took his words and paraphrased them.

These two good buddies did some damn cool and neat in-depth detective work to uncover some unknown truths and alarming facts about the Kennedy assassination, and the matter-of-fact way in book 4 they presented all of it, definitely caught my attention, but that’s for you to decide for yourself from their evidence provided.

Moving on in history past Kennedy, the Old Man (David) literally had first hand direct knowledge regarding never known details of the Watergate burglary, and that was all because of his behind-the-scenes secret involvement he was a part of at a very young age. Reading those chapters, I felt like I was right there with him as he lived and breathed in those bizarre times of his life.

Their different kind of tell all book has plenty of action and lots of cool history in it, but I'm sure by now you know that that's just a slice of what's going on inside the pages.

They often talked about how time was going by so fast in their lives, and now that the years have flown by for them, they believed that more than fifty percent of America's young citizens have no idea about the two historical events I just mentioned, the shocking Kennedy assassination and the famous Watergate Hotel break-in.

I believe though that many of the age group like myself in their 30's and even younger will discover after reading this book, that they will come away with a whole new perspective and appreciation of those two historical events and others they'll learn about. And taking it a step further, I think the writers had hopes that millions upon millions of young folks would take a serious interest in their country and learn about all the political events and goings on that are affecting their lives now and most importantly into the future, and from it all, these two writers want millions of young Americans to get involved in politics, and have a voice and demonstrate they care about decisions that are being made by politicians.

These guys and their peers were themselves what we think of as baby boomers today, who were also labeled hippies back in their day and time, but whatever name you want to label or call them, that generation was living in some amazing American spirited wild and free love funky partying times, along with some serious political intrigue happening.

I feel this is worth saying again, and that is these two guys admitted in their own musings throughout the book, that they were unskilled first-time fly by the seat of their pants unpolished writers. Their goal seemed to be to go totally unedited and unfiltered, and just open up in the rawest down to earth spirited way they could about themselves and do their best to put forth their heartfelt and caring relevant important visions and needed messages for all of our lives.

In their own scribbled down notes throughout, they wrote they dedicated themselves to write their novel/Novel so they could get the sincere attention of all us Millennials plus all the *POST* 9-11 born children, so as to in their own way usher in the possibility of living in a future existence far beyond anyone's wildest comprehension.

And staying real here and down to earth about their book, I believe their adventure is for all age groups, and safe to say starting with the earliest of teens, or even a little younger, because their history lessons are spot on, along with their life teaching experiences plus their warnings which can affect us all, and you can include the entire world too for that matter.

Now I have to say I could sense this book wasn't written in a way to scare us, but just remind and alert the masses that life can change in a Blink of an Eye, as you'll learn about in those past and future chapters. It will become apparent their years of clandestine activities gave them the clear strong foundation and context to write from, and again, all put together in their own raw unfiltered feeling ways.

There's at times very serious down to earth relevant messages in their book plus danger filled action, along with (OMG) sensitive heartfelt moments that I could feel they were writing directly from their hearts. Action, adventure, taking out the bad guys, hunting down the no gooders, insane state of the art technological spying tools in action and some mixing in attempts at trying to clean and ring out the devil from politics, it's all in here. Believe me, this book is *No Fantasy* along with *Magic and Tales of Wizards and Flying Dragons* and such, no, nothing like that at all. But if you will, this ripped off book that maybe never was meant to be published by the old man, could possibly be the next interesting and educational unique Novel that may capture your attention, just the same as Harry Potter did for the generation now living in the big bad real world of today.

Having to include myself with all the millions of past Harry Potter book readers and enthusiasts, these two guys have written and left us an interesting and helpful Trilogy that can possibly be of value for yourselves and even your own children going forward in all our lives. And you know what, I think you can include your children's grandparents, you know the hippie generation, just like where these two dudes started out and came originally came from.

Lastly, I have to mention their hopes regarding their *Independent Political Party* that they aptly named the '*Mayflower Compact Patriots*'. They had serious righteous intent to do good for over two hundred and ninety million Americans, and it will all come clear

once you understand their deep caring and well thought out platform of ideas to help better all of the Patriotic American People.

I sensed they had the pulse of the People in their hearts at all times, and they were damn serious to fight for a *Cause* they believed in, and I believe you will agree too.

I have to say I hope that one day the old man will understand why I needed to expose their big book to the world, but again, I need to politely interrupt and come back and bring up the futuristic dates on the bags and his passport.

I don't know what I'm about to say the Old Man speaks about even makes sense, but he's made me think about it often, and that is, is it possible that some of us truly can sense at times we're living in a *past and future* Quantum Leap Stacking Dimensionally Perceived World, like he seemed to be extremely and passionately stating he's in, in their fourth book?

I know I'm a bad boy and a hypocrite too, but I have to say that their book or manifesto if you will, was a real interesting personal wake up call for me in that I possibly need to be better prepared for an unbelievable future that maybe none of us can even imagine.

Being truthful, I needed a wake up, and perhaps many of you do too. Sorry, just sayin!

So, with that said,

Please Excuse my Polite Interruption

~ ~ ~

The Yahoo Finance Message Boards, WTF are you people Fightin' Bout'?

Now excuse me, but this is important and D wanted me to handle this entirely, so I say this in advance, I apologize and I'm not meanin' to give you the feelin' of bein' hard or judgin' people, so let me get this all spit out and then think what you will. You know though, we shared a weird piece of the Internet world with a lot of strange but serious stock tradin' folks who constantly put out their thoughts and gut-wrenchin' feelins' tryin' to explain their reasons to buy, sell or hold onto a stock on any message board you dropped by to check out. But hold on, I'll explain why and how I even know and bring all this message board chit chat up. I'm here doin' my bit to spell it all out, so sit tight and chill out and I'll get it all out.

Okay, so, the stock markets after the 9-11 terrorist attacks became very jittery with huge daily movement and swings, but the one thing constant was the wild crazy back and forth fighting and character assassination of so many of the participants on the new beginnin' popular Yahoo Finance message boards, and lots of other new stock market message boards created also over time.

Now I bring all this up cause these stock boards basically for us after 1995 became our direct way of never having to run out to a pay phone anymore and worry about the chance of being listened in on. I mean I'm talkin' bout' these message boards were really a super really great new world we had accidentally stumbled on, and it changed all our lives like you wouldn't believe.

It had become so easy to communicate with each other on those message boards and free up our daily runnin' round activities from payphone to payphone, which was a pain in the ass and took lots of energy and wasted so much valuable time in our lives, especially compared to the message boards. Those boards made our lives hassle free and we all really, no seriously, really loved that. We were all workin' so smooth and cool together in those chat rooms, and I have to include David's boys, our friends in Israel plus an important contact who was a childhood friend of David's, who was workin' in London, hidden layered into the liaison workin' insides of Interpol.

But life and communicatin' with each other got even easier after Fitzy invented some amazin' telephone safeguards in late 1999, but still, the message boards will never get old or be replaced for a lot of reasons.

So gettin' back to the infightin' and personal cruel and vicious attacks on those message boards, what a riot it was if you took the time to read the total craziness goin' on between total strangers on the Internet who were arguin' and even threatenin' each other over the good, bad and ugly of whatever stock symbol board you dropped by to read. But for all of us guys in our peaceful group spread out all over the world, it wasn't bout' judgin' and puttin' in our two cents on any particular stock, heck no. We were in it cause it became clear it was the safest form of speakin' with each other in our own coded language, but doin' our best to blend our words perfectly with all the other folks doin' their mean spirited verbal fightin' and insultin' at each other. Hope ya'all are catchin' my drift how we operated, cause I'm tellin' it like it is, plain and simple.

Anyway, speakin' of the Internet, rule number one David initiated right from the get go of its creation, was we all never ever would write e-mails of any nature to one another, period. Instead, we just took advantage of these perfectly set up message boards to do our thing of communicatin', and it all went down easy, smooth and quite fluid. Bottom line of it all, was the Yahoo and other Finance message boards gave all of us great cover to send communiques to each other of what's goin' on in the lab or just any~thing else we cared or wanted to pass along & share when we were miles & even continents apart.

This new world I'm talkin' bout', all went down as soon as we discovered it in the fall of 94' and once we learned about these Finance message boards, my buddy went to work and figured out a very deceptive yet simple effective encrypted word code for all of us to use. He would say anybody could create a code, but let me tell ya what, he's not givin' himself enough credit cause you could be lookin' right at all the messages bein' written by the thousands of involved intense participants fightin' with each other, and ours would perfectly blend in without lookin' suspicious or out of place. I mean if some inquisitive overzealous Yahoo's even tried to figure out any of our messages, they'd have no clue about what they were readin', or even better, think they're readin'. That's right, none what~so~ever!

You have to understand there are thousands of stocks and symbols and the beauty of all that was each day we had a certain startin' point and from there we all would know where to go for the beginnin' days sessions to pass on info to each other or just shoot the breeze with one another, and all in our own leisure time without runnin' to anymore blessed dog gone payphones. (D made me clean up my foul mouth words-just sayin')

But again, it was all done in our coded blendin' in language when necessary.

David designed it so a simple Da'Vinci mirror reverse move was all that was needed to find the lead marker to tell any of us where to start lookin' for the open~ing stock symbol to hang out at for that day, but sometimes that would change to even after only an hour or two, dependin' how busy that stock symbols page would become. If a board wasn't too active, David had us for security measures movin' round, or one of us would make the call and we'd move to a more people populated active stock page. It was all so simple actually and it was our perfect safe dream world of communicatin', twenty-four hours a frikkin' day.

Even Fitz and Delmonti were impressed and mystified how easy and useful the co~ding was, but couldn't quite figure out how brother David created such a simple and perfect blendin' in code for us, but still leavin' any untrained Yahoo eyeballs, clueless.

All that mattered though, was we all were a great workin' team, havin' individual special nuances to help the group, along with the attitude of positive reinforcement for each other and pushin' ourselves to strive to do our best. In a nutshell, positive thinkin'!

So cause the codin' system worked so well and was so easy to learn once you have the missin' keys to it all, we right from the get go adapted usin' David's Internet stock symbol system to speak over our big brother sky bird satellite link ups connectin' us to my little paramilitary business operations. And to each man workin' for me out wherever they were on assignment, they got a kick out of learnin' their new spoken language and it all worked like a charm.

Okay, so I think that's about as far and as much detail needs to be said and spoken bout' regardin' our very useful special world of communicatin' we lived in.

And as far as David, he was busy doin' his usual liaison thing in Florida in the late 90's, correspondin' quietly through the stock market message boards with his Israeli boys, along with being his high-rise condo buil`dings super-intendant. Now that job was a whole lot of crazy in and of itself, but it served its purpose of decoyin' David perfectly for all of us, from Fitz and me, to the Israeli boys and to his far away Interpol friend. Explainin' how it worked for all of us, I can't really get into but I can say that that super-intendant's job definitely kept em busy along with the important tasks he was doin' for all of us.

He would tell me that he had request and complaints comin' at em from over one-hundred and twenty-five condo owners on a twenty-four-hour basis. He said to us bout' his job, it was really good trainin' of sorts, cause he became a better listener and more patient person even though the amount of people's troubles comin' at em would be a real challenge and at times stressful and aggravatin' for anyone. He spoke to us bout' how he learned the best way to help and deal with everyone, was to try to keep his neighbors as calm and steady as possible, and show em by his efforts that he would do his best to take care of each of their problems, but he also did his best to teach em all to try and be patient too.

I know he worked hard and always put out a hundred percent effort, and I'm sure the people appreciated that, but while he was workin' for them, like I said, he was doin' double and even sometimes triple duty communicatin' and workin' for all of us located a~round the big ass world. Yeah, so, my man was a very busy dude, workin' non-stop and always on the run, that much I can say.

All that said, here's one other pertinent thought, that bein' this super intendant high rise position was a calculated move and a lucky break that fell into place, and here's one of a few hidden reasons I can tell ya bout' why he took the job. You see, this buil~ding had the perfect telephone old style main junction analog phone system, which was fed from outside and housed and protected inside a special locked room that David bein' the buildin' manager, had the keys and the full run and access of the place.

So soon after he had the condo super-intendent job, Fitzzy flew down and set up inside this junction box a special off-line splitter and then wired that line up into David's apartment. It's all more of Fitz's genius handy work, somethin' he called a dead phone drop line, which was a creation that left this line untraceable on each end of a call, but with a crude but effective voice activated built in scrambler, just for voice deception protection.

There were always good measures going on between my two best friends and it was wise, needed and to me so cool havin' em workin' so tight together. Anyway, this special scrambled line was only used when David or the Israeli's or Mason in London plus ourselves, really needed to speak directly in our coded phone language with each other. Fitz had done an ama~zing job of re-configurin' the old analogue line and makin' it so no one could intercept or pickup any of our conversations, but still like I said, we always used our own coded language.

Back in those days and the same things goes for now, there were just some things too important to be writtin' down, even in our crazy code talkin' on the stock market message boards, so Fitz and David devised ways to cover all our communicatin' bases.

D many decades back before our Acapulco days did some research and found out bout' the Choctaw Code Talkers, who were a group of Indians from Oklahoma who created the use of their Native American languages as military code. Without any doubt, these men provided a very important little-known service that aided our American military cause in so many valuable ways.

We salute them for their great important and needed specialty work they provided in helpin' America in both World War One and Two on the battlefield. Yes, from all of us, thank you men, sincerely.

And with that said as David would say, Nuff Said.

So you better believe we had all kinds of great communicatin' systems goin' on no matter where any of us were located in the world, and it was a great feelin' of security and above all, total freedom forever from payphones that just took so much of our time up with all the runnin' round to different locations we did for so many years.

Flat out and the bottom line, the whole tight nit group of us always worked well together.

**The Message Boards,
Oh Yeah,
A bunch of Crazy Arguing Yahoo's,
But We Loved Em**

~ ~ ~

Scroll Down to the Next Page

Giant Burping Bull Frogs, Mini home wall-plate Spy Screw Heads, Pink Lady Bugs, 9 mm Silencers & Lon Chaney

TB and myself wanted to do a chapter on our wild, crazy, quirky and without a doubt great shared night time camping out ritual we did together for years, but it was only done one night a year in late August in my favorite safe cornfield located somewhere in Washtenaw County Michigan. Technically speaking, T and I only grew weed one year together, that being in 1974 when we were just fresh out of Acapulco Mexico, and we really didn't literally plant baby starters one by one, no, instead we actually scattered tens of thousands of seeds flying low over five super large East to West Michigan growing cornfields. All the other 23 years of my summer cornfield growing night-time activities were shared with various sincere trusting hard working good Michigan buddies.

During these off the wall escape from reality once a year nights, we'd come plenty prepared with PB and J sandwiches, canteens filled with slowly defrosting frozen water, and other various goodies and snacks to munch on. For the creature comforts of the night, we each had a tight roll up well-padded sleeping bag to chill out on, and T brought several joints of his favorite blend of weed that one of the Boys supplied him with, but I was done smoking since 1991'ish, because my lungs just couldn't handle the smoke anymore. It's all good, I did my thing for many years but it took a toll on my health and so being honest about it all, I don't recommend it for anything other than medicinal purposes,, so that's it, just my 2-cents about my lungs.

So we'd spend hours out there, and we'd quietly talk away on so many various subject matters, then we'd go silent and just lay back and listen to the nearby loud belching Bull Frogs, and laugh and joke about whether it was some kind of Bull Frog language we were hearing going on. The Frogs were one of the main reasons we came back yearly, but I have to make mention of the security-purity this location gave us. This was just wild and so unique to hear them frogs from a distance, but you'd have to be there with us to appreciate what I'm saying. And if we weren't quietly yapping away or listening to the big Bull Frogs,

we'd just be quiet and still as can be looking up at the clear night star filled vast skies, and checking out all the cool as shit '**Amazing Shooting Stars**'.

We both were Nature freaks and were beyond lucky to experience and share together a rare phenomenon of being at the right location at the right time in the world. What I mean to say is, we watched on many clear nights Comet Kahoutek grow slowly bigger and bigger in our location in central Acapulco, and it all started in October of 1973 and lasting into early December. I can't explain how it made us feel, but still thinking back on those times gives me that inward and outward smile that we experienced such a major celestial event for days then ongoing into weeks. But back then we took it for granted and didn't realize how big a deal what we were witnessing really was. The memory of those times is still fairly fresh and strong, but most importantly we know we were Blessed to be at the right spot on Earth to enjoy such an amazing growing Comet in the sky.

We both shared a lot of crazy stuff, but the one thing we really wanted to always happen, was having the good fortune to witness a real-life UFO sighting, and then to go even wilder with what we both honestly wanted to happen, was a damn straight up in our faces, a 'CLOSE ENCOUNTER'...

This was a chapter that was beyond easy and fun for us to put pen to paper, so that said, allow us now to share that 1997 August summer night with you.

~~~~~

"Here we are again T, laying on our backs in the middle of the night in a totally cloud free perfect star gazing world above us."

"Right on brother Stealth, this cornfield is quiet, the sky is unreal with stars cause we're totally free of any city light pollution out here and so maybe we'll get our wish to have our once upon a time UFO visual sightin' experience..."

Right there TB stopped what seemed like he was in mid-sentence form, then continued.

"Oh man, I'm callin' myself out for bullshit with my dreamin' bout UFO's happenin' up close and personal for us."

"NO man, down deep we both want that UFO happening to go down, because that's always been our ultimate stop the world in our space and time dream."

"Oh yeah, for sure and I know we're both cool for havin' wishful thinkin', no doubt, but it's more than a super nova long shot for our UFO wish to come true."

We both paused right there and in our own way were reflecting on those wishful thoughts we've both had ever since we met in Acapulco, and experienced the viewing of Comet Kahoutek for over 60 or so nights. This was a once in a lifetime really cool big deal, and I say that because this glowing Comet in the sky started getting slightly bigger and bigger every night, and, and, well to tell you the truth, you'd had to have been there with us to appreciate any of what I am saying. TB broke our silence and went on.

"If there ends up bein' no such out of this world kind of event tonight, I'm cool as always cause I'm just thankful to be away from my stressed-out work schedule and here with ya just chillin' like we've done for so many August nights, year after year."

"It's a shame big guy that we didn't do more than our one nighters over all these past years."

"I totally agree, and as crazy as it is for us to be camped out, we got the world by the tail out here, I mean come on, not a lick of business thoughts bein' our number one rule, plus any lady drama or issues, or any care of any kind of notion in the whole planet out here."

"You crack me up T, yeah-no really, you do."

"And why is that my good sir?"

"Well as you so coolly say '*not a care in the world*', but here we are laying on our custom made roll up sleeping bags you had made for us many years ago, *and thank you very much* as I always say to you, but do you forget that you always bring along TWO nine-millimeter guns with silencers attached onto them, so I mean what worries, huh?!"

We both had a quick LOL but not too loud actually. Then TB rolled.



"With these bad boys tightly by our sides, we ain't got no care's out here in the world with em, cause I've never forgotten the event you told me bout regardin' that wild pack of dogs you and one of your weed growin' partners had that experience with many years ago, so I've been packin' for our nights out here ever since you told me bout' that."

"NO-NO, point definitely taken, no more discussion or mention of it again, that is till next year."

Something about this wacky conversation caused us to have a good but very quiet as possible burst out loud laugh again. We both knew we had to maintain and keep a certain voice level, so as not to cause any sleeping deer to awake, or dogs running wild to come sniffing around, and that being again the point of D and his guns & silencers attitude out here in the wilderness.

"Yo Stealth, if we shut our yappin' mouths we'd start hearin' those giant bull frogs."

"Yeah you're right. They make enough noise to wake up the neighborhood,"

"And actually maybe we can thank them for givin' us some voice over cover, bein' we're talkin' and blabbin' sometimes so much."

"Good one, , really, , spot on with your call brother,"

"Oh it's all good, but what a trip bein' here, I mean it sounds like the bull frogs are goin' ape shit over somethin' right now."

Right there T and I went silent, just listening to our frog friend's rule the territory. It never got old for us to just chill and hear these wonderful creatures of the night do their thing. We smiled whenever we thought out loud that these Frog friends were just having night after night one big social FROG event, and life was just really sweet for them all.

"T, we got lucky again with this perfect August night weather,"

"Was thinkin' the same thing,"

"And you know, we could get some good shooting star action going on up there."

"No doubt Stealth, I mean there's definitely no city light pollution out here, and are you catchin' what I'm seein', practically right in front of our faces now?"

**"THE FLYING LIGHTING BUGS!"**

"YEP."

"I swear I was just going to mention them to you,"

"Our telepathy at work as usual Mr. Stone, so cool and a big shout out and thanks on tonight's wonders of the Universe."

"Right on man,, seriously."

"I love those Florescent flyin' mystical bugs, and I know we're synced on that."

"Oh yeah, but you know what just flashed in my mind T?"

"Well no actually, so no TELEPATHY workin' in this flash moment for me, so tell me what's your *flash* thought?"

"Humor, , yeah man, the world needs more of it going on, so excellent... Ok, so my flash thought was those Pink totally abnormal underground Lady Bugs."

"Yeah right, I remember years ago when you told me bout' that discovery you and one of your weed growin' partners dug up by accident when you guys were hand plantin' new baby plants in this same cornfield."

"That's exactly right, and I should have brought a little mini shovel and we could be exploring for a chance to see if their still here."

"Their pinkness probably happened from some kind of genetic mutation goin' down from decades of weed killer and all types of fertilizer's causin' some strange kind of abnormalities to freak out and happen."

"Totally, you nailed it."

"Bro, do you think anyone's ever seen Pink Lady Bugs in public? I haven't, but,"

"Yeah-No, I don't think so, and I know you and I haven't had that experience, but I'm grateful for the discovery years ago... OKAY, so here's a promise to you,"

"What's that?"

"Next year I'm bringin' a small garden shovel and we'll take quiet turns diggin' for our little PINK FRIENDS."

"It's a deal and I'll remember to remind you to bring that shovel, and I'll even go one better, I'll remind myself and bring TWO of em also."

"So what's that, a total of THREE SHOVELS?"

That wise crack remark got a good almost too loud of a laugh out of both of us... After that we just chilled and enjoyed those amazing Florescent Bugs flying all around us and the Bull Frogs actually not too far from us. I can write about it with fancy words but you have to be there in real time and enjoy the reality of this beautiful display of nature, up, down and all around us.

I would bet anyone if they had some simple adventure and wild curiosity in their backbone, would dig joining us on our cornfield night-time getaway. Well, I don't know the heck why I just thought and then wrote my feelings about joining us, but after meeting TB in Acapulco, my life and he'll say our lives changed in the most fantastic and adventurous spirited way, and we both Thank God for it happening. . . Alright, sorry for getting a little sappy on anyone reading this, so let's get back to the cornfield.

~ ~ ~

"Stealth, your years of diggin' into and followin' DARPA changed the way I viewed the world,"

“I guess, but before I met you, my friend from Shelter Island, Johnny Moore, he started waking me up in my best summer of 1970 to the corruption going on in our government, and those deceptive HITS STILL KEEP COMING with the **‘gov’**, and especially DARPA.”

“Yeah man, I like the way you just put that last part.”

“Cool, , ok, so if you don’t mind T, I’m gonna ask you a serious question,, and that is which of my DARPA grabs over the years put you on your back heels and shocked you?”

“Oh Brotha, now you’re really testin’ me, so give me a second here Stealth.”

And I did, telling him to take all the time he needed, but I already knew what my answer was going to be if TB put the question back onto me, and YEP, I knew eventually he would be doing that, no question about it. So now I was locked and loaded with my answer, just sitting back and waiting for him to give me his DARPA big change the world sort of speak **‘shocker’**.

“Ok man, I’m good to go. . . So my answer to your DARPA question, is their **evil** ‘LITERAL PHONE CALL OR BEEPER MESSAGE TRIGERED BRAINWASHING HUMAN KILLING ON DEMAND PROGRAM’.”

I’ll best say at that moment after my friends last word came out, we both went very silent for at least a lapse of time a good six seconds. Then T just looked at me, and with enough light from the night sky saw my eyes and he knew undoubtedly my answer was the same, demonstrating to me he had a very strong memory of when a good decade plus years had passed bye when I first taught him about this ungodly DARPA program.

*This is very real folks* what is going on inside of DARPA, and humbly speaking, I’ve learned a little bit about a little bit about them starting out since the late seventies, and this program just spoken about, *ain’t no spring chicken by no-means!*

Yes, DARPA was the bad ass of all bad ass spying operations in the entire world and all tied together with a wide vast umbrella of tentacles reaching out into many other nefarious serious deadly covert operations around the globe. Over the years I was regularly giving TB updates on some of the cool weaponry I’ve discovered that was old

news now and the mind-blowing stuff that they sort of teased and semi intentionally leaked out that was coming in the future. They were playing their psychological worldly games, and I enjoyed in my own way figuring out what they were up to, but none of what they were doing was easy to fully grasp, but I was always trying.

Believe me, this futuristic stuff was beyond anyone's imagination, that is unless you are Fitzzy, TB and myself, and I'll do my humble best to explain what I mean. It was under DARPA and the PENTAGON to always be thinking outside the box for the unimaginable offense and defensive technology to defend America, and I'm talking about weapons of every sort that could be used kinetically, or biologically or the MK-Ultra black ops mind control very devious, dangerous and highly successful program, originally started back in the early 50's, but that could be debated for it going on even earlier than that. TB and myself talked about above the 'BLOW YOUR MIND' beeper signal program to trigger the operators who were brain-controlled via various methods. . . Maybe I digressed a little there but what I'm trying to say is, TB and myself were always bringing up these James Bond gadget weapons we wanted to test to see if Fitzzy could actually make them happen in one of his labs, and be one day used in TB's small specialized militia operations.

Here's one of many of this nights quick August summer conversation with our Bull Frog friends maybe spying in on us, (ha ha) while we're talking about a possible challenge of a new weapon we just dreamed up to see if Fitzzy could one day bring into fruition for TB's mini militia operations.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"T, I've been thinking about how my brother and I as kids flew those noisy small motorized planes that were attached to one or two thin like metal very flexible cords, and we'd stand there in one spot and go in circles till the plane ran out of fuel or we screwed up and they'd crash cause we got dizzy and tired of going in circles."

T knew what I was talking about because we'd had this conversation before and he told me he and Fitzzy as kids were doing the same thing with the same reactions as my brother and I were doing. So as I sitting comfortably on the greatest cushioned sleeping bag you can imagine, I'm looking up at the sky and telling TB my half-baked idea for a future weapon to challenge Fitzzy with, and the Big Guy was quite serious and set to hear what I had to say.

“So the way I see it from our long ago kids experience with those wired noisy motor planes, is now how DARPA is experimenting & others too with what we know as DRONES.”

“Right, sure, very stealthy new experimental dangerous technology.”

“Yep, but what I’ve been thinking about regarding those Drones has been on my mind since the day that large major airlines airplane crashed landed in the middle of the summer about ten or fifteen years ago in a cornfield somewhere in the United States.”

“Wow, I’m trying to figure out now how all this connects to Drones, , *so due tell.*”

“Gotcha, will do... You see that afternoon I was cutting the grass in the back and my best employee Dan, was riding the mower in the front section. All of a sudden my peripheral vision catches Benji jumping all around in one spot and it looked just very odd and out of sorts. So I quickly went over to Ben and literally ran into what was happening to him.”

“What, what was going on.” TB shoots at me.

“It was a swarm of summer Bee’s, and I quickly realized it was some kind of unusual underground nest.”

“I’ve heard of those kinds of nest, and I’ll bet the noise from that lawn mower pissed and freaked them out, and Benji being a curious great dog like he was, stuck his nose in the wrong place.”

“That’s exactly later on in the day how I analyzed the situation, so as usual T, we are generally always synced with our thinking.”

“We are, I agree, , but I don’t see what this has to do with Drones, but I’m really curious, and maybe more so than Ben was a~bout them Bee’s. . . And I’m sincerely tryin’ at this moment to use our Telepathic abilities to read your mind and tell ya your reasonin’.”

So here’s that deal. Forever almost since we met in Acapulco in March of 1973, we sometimes could tell what each other are thinking about, and as the years went on we had more interesting Telepathic activities occur.

So right there in that deep dark nighttime cornfield surrounded by our friendly loud belching bull frogs, we experimented with me using all my thought processes to send to TB what the Bee attack on Benji had to do with me later in the day thinking about Drones and Bees. . . Please don't over think what you're reading here, but just realize that we always were two friends thinking, operating and in our own way living our lives outside of the box... I recommend this at times for everyone to try with a friend, but I digress!

So after a two minute very concentrated effort on both of our parts, T told me he's not able to see my thoughts, so just lay it on em, , and I did.

“Okay Brother, so after I rescued Benji and myself included actually because they were all over him and I was feverishly brushing them off of him, they then attacked my hands and arms, but Benji was my priority and he came first, period.”

“Right on David, good man.”

“And you know what T, Benji knew what I was doing for him when the rescue went down, and later on in the house he never left my side and he was constantly looking at me and I could read his eyes and he was saying *“Thank You Dad, Thank You.”* . . .”

“I hear and feel ya D, , Benji was the best.”

“I'm gonna well up here so I better spit out where this is supposed to be heading to.”

“Like I said, I feel ya my friend, I really do...”

“For sure, for sure... Ok, so them nasty flying bees gave me the idea of a future mini type of weapon.”

And right there TB stopped me and BAM, he read the rest of my minds ideas, and then after he told me what I was thinking about, he and I for the next fifteen solid minutes talked in actual detail about the idea of presenting to Fitz making one prototype of a futuristic ***‘Mini Killer Bumble Bee Swarm of Drones’***, outfitted with viewing optical sensors, 360 degree sound pick-up microphones, one or however many possible carrying explosive charges, and we went stupid crazy wild with ideas to hit Fitz with.

Well so all we can say is, only thinking out of the box type conversations like this can go down in the middle of the night and in the middle of a maturing massive cornfield amongst our dear close nearby belching Bull Frog Friends..

## **This Ends Bull Frogs Part 1 of 3**

~ ~ ~

## **This Also Ends Book One**

**Book Two starts below our Book Cover**

**PLEASE SCROLL DOWN 1/2 PAGE**





# Survival

John 12:37

## of the

John 3:16

# Deadliest

*We are not alone in the Universe*

*Mother Nature's Oceans  
Are the Womb of Our Planet  
...And As Sins Come Upon Her  
The Wrath of The Lord  
Will Speak Out*

# **SURVIVAL OF THE DEADLIEST**

**‘PAIN—SADNESS—HUMANITY’ - April 4, 2000**

TB surprised me with an early morning phone call and asks me to meet him in Miami Beach around mid-day. This call was very uncharacteristic due to phone security protocol we always took. He’s explained he’s only in town for forty-eight hours and he really needs and wants to talk with me right away. I explain to him that I can’t meet in Miami Beach because today’s my parents 57<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary and the entire family was in town and we’re all going out early tonight. Miami Beach was just too far away, so I asked him if we could meet closer and he didn’t hesitate to say yes. I would do anything to help him out and he knew that, but sometimes events needed a little tweaking between he and I, this being one of those situations.

So we met in Ft. Lauderdale by the Intercoastal at a place called Bootleggers and we both had a light lunch. TB picked the most out of the way table down this long wooden narrow dock and paid the waitress a hundred bucks to keep the only table and another next to us empty until we left. She was more than happy to honor his request and even happier when we departed he handed her another hundred for doing what he asked.

During the lunch, TB actually avoided talking to me about what was really on his mind. We ate slowly and talked about exciting ideas Fitz was working on, which always was a positive subject and made us both feel good and optimistic, but I saw his eyes and entire body language, especially his fists, so I knew right away that he wasn’t his usual self.

I know him like I know myself and I knew better not to rush him because he’d open up when the time was right. It wasn’t until we changed our location, parked and were now at the corner of the Las Olas and Ocean Drive, did he signal me he’s ready to get serious.

Before crossing the street to the beach, T stopped and bought himself a cold beer from the famous street corner Elbow Room lounge watering hole. He asked me if I cared for anything but I was holding up fine.

He knocked it down quickly and then then we walked over and found a fairly private palm tree shaded area along the concrete wall by the beach, where we could watch hundreds of young tourist's sunbath as far as you can see.

He was finally ready to talk to me about a haunting experience that happened very recently in Bogota Colombia. He began by telling me he was deep in a mountainous farming area where the main crop of the dirt-poor farmer is Coca, the plant which cocaine eventually comes from.

This experience he had was twofold, one about a closer than close call of death combined with a very disturbing incident that was so fresh in his mind, it was causing him great mental anguish and pain. Believe me, this was a war tested gritty grizzly human tough guy, so whatever happened really had to have been so horrific, that even he was having a hard time dealing with it and letting it go.

I recognized that this was one of those true life tortuous mental situations that TB didn't really have anyone he felt comfortable to turn to and talk with. These were the times when the big guy needed my friendship more than ever and I was always glad to be there for him, no matter how possibly gruesome an earful I was about to experience.

Sadly, we'd been down this road before, so over the years I've become a bit hardened and always a good listener. The fact was, he was always there for me too, so in a way we shared our highs and lows in our adult life together. He picked his moment and then began;

“It all started when some U. S. government military guys and myself were evaluatin' for the Pentagon the long ongoin' debate of the possibility of a future major military drug crack down program to be done in a joint effort with the Colombian Government.”

His voice was quiet as he began to speak but I could feel anger at the same time. He would stop often, as if to just think about everything he was telling me and then he would shake his head in a way that definitely spoke he was in pain and very sad.

This was a combination of his humanity that he rarely liked to display, so I felt his pain and now for sure I knew my good friend was hurting. This was not good.

“As we were flanked out and scoutin’ at a slow pace makin’ our way through the terrain, we came across some poor peasant farmer who was being tortured by five heavily armed thugs who were part of the well-financed drug traffickers. They had this poor guy tied to one tree with his hands behind his back and his legs tied spread eagle from tree to tree.

His wife and children were on the ground at gunpoint and were made to watch just a few yards away.” His words are coming out much slower than normal, and very clear.

“Three of them were methodically pun~ching and rifle buttin’ em to the stomach, groin and face area and they would put their cigarettes out on the man’s bare chest and forehead. One of the guys was playin’ games with the wife and the other was smokkin’ a big fat joint.

We were at a far enough away distance, but could bring the whole entire event into our minds with our powerful binoculars, and my rifle scope. . . I’m tellin’ ya David, I was beginnin’ to lose it when the one guy took the wife off just to the side and brutally raped her, and the children and father could see what was happenin’.”

As I listened and saw the look on my friend’s face now, his tone and aura was beginning to make me feel antsy myself, but I continued to sit there as still as possible, just listening.

“As the rape took place, the father tried to escape from his ropes but it was impossible. Then out of nowhere, one of the punks took his machete and slashed off right above the farmers right wrist bone, his entire hand. I know that because the poor man brought around his arm from the back of the tree and we all could see the blood gushin’ out.

It was just so brutally shoc~king and then the madden~ing began in my mind. You could see the immediate reaction of pain the farmer was in and at the same time the thugs laughin’ and carryin’ on, , and the children were scream~ing. It was at that moment I snapped. I took my weapon and put the scope on the scumbag who held the machete. The U. S. government soldier that was the rankin’ leader of the operation we were on, saw what I did and quickly put his hand on my rifle and said this wasn’t our fight.

He told me that he, his and my men were simply on a fact-findin’ mission and nothin’ else. I quickly then took my knife out of it’s sheath and put that big bad ass razor sharp



blade under his throat and told him to get his !\*%K+@g hand off my rifle and be a man and command your men to assist me now.

He took his hand off my rifle but wouldn't give the order. I was pissed, but in control and by no means finished with any of this insanity in front of me. Howie, Jacob and Cowboy were right on thought for thought with me as they saw exactly what just went down with my knife action. I did our standard trained two finger signalin' set up on who to take aim at who, and then received back from each, nods of confirmation."

TB paused right then and there. His eyes squinted tighter as he looked away from me and his teeth grinded as his jaw bone muscles tensed. I've seen this before and I was really feeling his pain and anger now. He gathered himself seconds later and continued.

"You know me old friend, these are speechless finger pointin' drills I go over in my army camps and this was no practice session now. NO, none whatsoever, and as I had full clear vision of my targets head, I took the lead shot and our boys proudly quickly followed.

As all four of our shots hit their marks, the fifth bastard who did the rape, was just seconds later the recipient of four kill shots to his head, neck and heart area. I was so proud of our friends at the moment, I just can't say it enough. It was over that quick for these monsters but the farmer was bleedin' to death while painfully still tied spread eagle to the two trees. He was now slumped on the ground face first in the dirt, and undoubtedly in shock from the untold agony.

I told our boys and the soldiers that I was goin' into the hot zone to try and help the farmer and to cover me in case anymore of these animals were lurkin' in the surroundin' area. All the soldiers, from the Colombians plus the young American guys and you better believe for damn sure Howie, Jacob and Cowboy were all over gettin' involved in watchin' my back. Each one of their high-powered rifle scopes were scannin' the area high and low for the unknown.

As I made my move one of the young Colombian soldiers ran up with me to the farmer, tellin' me he had some medical trainin'. I remember seein' fear in this very young man's face but he also showed me true grit and real courage.”

TB then right there just stopped talking. He was getting choked up and shaking his head and biting at his lips, grinding his teeth and clearly visibly in deep mental pain. Twice he took a deep breath and then let it out. He looked over at me and his eyes were sadder than I've ever seen them in my life, heavily uncontrollably welling up but he gathered himself and went on but even more uncharacteristically slowly speaking.

“First thing I did was cut the bindin' ropes to the farmers legs and then placed him as comfortably on his back as I could. Then I lifted his legs and propped them up with a log that I quickly grabbed from near by. I've always remembered that move you explained and taught me a long time ago. You made the point that liftin' the legs would stop the blood from drainin' downward, and help the flow go stronger to the heart. The young soldier gave me a thumbs up signal from the leg liftin' move and then he was quickly takin' off his undershirt and ripped it into long pieces to make a turn~a~kit.

This young man was sharp and made me instantly proud of em. He placed a ripped long strip six inches below the farmers elbow and with a strong branch he ripped apart from a nearby small tree, fashioned the turn~a~kit out of it, so as to make it as tight as possible and then repeated quickly that same action with another strip and strong thick twig.

Then with a confident voice pattern he spoke in Spanish to the farmer, *'You're going to be okay.'* and he kept repeatin' those words.

We both made eye contact after his words but we both knew the situation was really bad from the beatin' he took and all the blood that was spurtin' out of em before we had a chance to reach em. The poor farmer was shakin' all over and I guess it was bein' in a state of shock. His wife and children now came over to us and lay by his side uncontrollably weepin'. There wasn't much we could do for em and I felt so helpless and incredibly angry. We didn't even have a battlefield morphine kit to stick em with. Nothing David, , nothing!”

My friend was now really choked up and I was starting to feel even more so his pain, but he gathered himself and,

“Then out of nowhere, a shot rang out and the brave young man holdin’ the branches of the turn~a~kits was violently thrown back and slammed into the tree. Immediately my boys and the soldiers returned fire to the area the shot came ringin’ out from. . . F\*\*%\* !”

TB stopped talking after he just screamed out his last angered word. He looked up to the sky and I saw so much pain and frustration now in his tear-filled eyes, I can’t even imagine his sorrow. He gathered himself again as best he could and then went on.

“I checked the young soldiers’ pulse and looked for any signs of life, but I knew right away from the gapin’ hole in his chest that he was instantly killed. Then I went over to the farmer and he was on his last gaspin’ breath. The gurglin’ in his breath tones were faint and sparse and I couldn’t find any pulse. I felt so helpless and crazed but at the same time I pushed myself to focus and think.

Now this was war and I wanted the blood of the scumbag who just chicken shit open fired on this innocent brave young man. Before I moved over to the area of where the shot came from, I hand signaled clearly to all the men to circle around and go slow and stay low. I doubled up on the stay low sign, knowin’ this was the key now for their safety.

When we all arrived at the shooters spot, he left an easy trail for myself and Cowboy to follow. We could tell right away he was alone and this was what I instantly thought to our advantage, but by no means were we goin’ to let our guards down.

This bastard was on the run now and had about a four-minute jump. I had a quick whisper meetin’ with all the men and our plan was we would work the hunt as low to the ground as possible in a half-moon circle fanned out arrangement, but stay slightly spread out so as not to be easy targets for another ambush. As we all were huggin’ the ground, I could see this guy was on the move and not settin’ up any kind of games or trap for us. So for the next half-hour we carefully and methodically followed his trail and persistence paid off. Hunting prey is Cowboys specialty and he took the lead and did most of the hand command signalin’, and did great. He delivered us right to a bushy area, overlooking a

stream where we spotted em coolin' off and restin'. He must have thought he was tucked away pretty good, but he damn sure wasn't. I told everyone with me to quietly secure their position but spread out slightly now and put their scope on em and fire after my first shot. I was more bloodthirsty at that moment than I've ever been in my life, even Nam and at that instant I didn't care bout' any~thing except endin' his pathetic cowardly human life.

I cleared my own eyes quickly with some Visine you know I always carry and then put my scope to my right eye, steadied my body ground position and lined his fat skull up in my rifle's cross hairs, right between his eye. His head was pretty still while he laid back on a rock, actin' so full of himself and maybe thinkin' we didn't bother comin' after em.

Well think again you piece of shit cause it's now time to die, and right after that thought, I evenly pulled my gun sight away from my eye, realigned up my target, breathed in and out and in again and then on my outward next breath, I put my only shot right dead center. The other shots followed and instantly tore the rest of that bastards head and upper body to pieces and then each one of them followed with one more shot, out of anger, I'm sure. Quickly after it was over I told em all eyeball to eyeball we did the right thing and then thanked em. After that, I suggested we better hightail it out of the area now cause of all the noise the shots made. I was concerned that there were still others that could be part of this gang, somewhere gathered in one of their camps and our sudden volley of shots may bring em out to see what's happenin'.

Gettin' back to where the farmer and young Columbian soldier were killed, we found fellow farmers already diggin' a burial hole in a back section of his small plot of land.

It was so senseless what those low life cowards did to that poor man and I still wonder why. Before pullin' out of there, I gave the wife all the paper Columbian money I had and David, our boys did the same. I went with her into her little shack they thought of as home, to make sure she hid the money safely cause I felt a strange upsettin' and untrustin' vibe throughout the whole region we were in.

She looked up to me with her swollen crying eyes and thanked me without sayin' a word. I felt bad leavin' the family behind, but we had to go and I kept torturin' myself later bout' maybe I could have done more. . . I, , I just, ,”



TB stopped talking, then lets out two big sad deep emotional sighs, pauses a bit more while trying to gather himself, and he does, then goes on.

“Well so after I made sure she hid the money, I bent over to give her a hug, and I felt like we both wouldn’t let go. Everyone there was terribly hurtin’, and I swear I don’t know how she was even holdin’ up after all she just witnessed and had savagely been done to her.”

My friend had to stop, and now we both were just naturally welling up. After we each experienced deep sounds of emotional sighs, TB went on.

“David, I carried that brave young soldier out of that area myself, with the men at the ready in full on war zone combat mode. I came to Florida to talk and be with ya, because, I, , I feel something I can’t quite describe. I can’t understand the way life sometimes takes such terrible turns. Why that young soldier was the target instead of me! I can’t stop askin’ myself that question. . . I can’t. One second he and I are makin’ eye contact and I remember feelin’ so damn proud of em for volunteerin’ to run up and help the farmer, then I’m lookin’ at a young man who I saw take his last breath on earth as a bullet rips through his heart.”

For the next ten or so minutes, TB and I sat there talking about life, and how it’s not always fair. That expression being so true really struck home for the tragic event he so sadly witnessed. He was blaming himself for the young soldier’s death and how terrible the experience everyone had of watching the butchery of the farmer and his wife.

I need to say that the most important thing I had learned very early on in our quick bonding friendship, was be a good listener, speak as wise as possible and be straight with him, holding back nothing. And that’s what I always did.

After a quiet walk we took a while later on the beach, he told me my often spoken words about time would have to be the best healer like it always is, would be words and thoughts he would continue to carry with him. As our years together quickly went by, I wished my friend and I had more time to just have normal buddy time together like we did as young guys in Acapulco, but I cherished all our experiences and every moment we shared in life.

The last thing I remember I told him as we departed that day, was, God works in mysterious ways and please don't lose faith, ever. And after my words, he told me,

“I carried the young soldier a long ways, to get em down to our principle base camp and all along the rough jungle like terrain I kept thinkin' bout God and ask~ing him to please put this young good man in his army of Angels. I did that cause I always remember how you believe the Big Man up above has his Angels lookin' out for all of us, so I just needed askin' those things cause it seemed to help me out as I walked along carryin' em.”

When I heard TB say that, I became choked up again and felt that maybe my buddy was really trying to put his life in God's Hands, which I know wasn't an easy thing for him to do, especially with everything he just went thru.

I could truly feel how touched and saddened he was, but a spiritual breakthrough had in my mind happened for T, for he spoke in a way that told me he was leaning on The Lord for comfort, and strength.

I drove away from that gathering really moved and sad, but also so proud of my friend. He was showing his humanity, albeit being so sad and down, but I know my friend well enough that time will help heal his sorrow and pain and he will recover, , but never forget his experience.

A couple of days after the meeting I received a short Internet stock message board communique, followed that to the next message board like we always did, found the coded signals and unscrambled them. He basically wrote that he was thanking me for listening and being there for him.

Now I was feeling again that welling up emotion, but also pleased because I felt really good to see he was writing me and doing his best to carry on in life. His painful experience was still fresh, but he was dealing with it as best he could, and that's what he was signaling me in his message.

We both fed off of each other for years, but I was especially glad by something his last broken-down decoded words said. He talked about thinking positive and doing all he can

to make his spirits rise again, along with using his best efforts trying to stay calm and just allow time to go by and allow the healing process to take over and happen.

**No guarantees, but Time does seem to Help Heal**

Please Scroll Down

## **‘In A Blink of an Eye’2050**

*And all truths will come forth of the disgraced X-president, that being he used his office to weaponize his well-healed obedient government agencies that all regular good American folks feared, but he reigned with his power in a camouflaging smooth tone yet his condescending inner arrogance gave little care to the American citizen & his enemies.*

*He without pause went after any political opponents he chose, and when his personal wing man, his Attorney General, (self-described Pit Bull) and totally biased and corrupt Department of Justice henchmen attacked innocent folks under the guise of government for the people, it was all a fraud and scam. If you were his enemy, you were screwed! And he used an evil head power hungry monster in the tax division to destroy innocent lives, for the sake of controlling people’s free speech & liberty, and financial well-being.*

Those actions were all beyond shame of his movements, but he didn’t care or think deep enough about what he was truly becoming and doing with his reckless use of power. You must understand, he used his entrusted seat of the highest honor in the land to attack and eventually imprison the likes of those that made slanted films of him, wrote negative speeches or articles about him, and just plain others who simply put down words in the press he or any of his people in his tight inner circle didn’t agree with.

### **Acts of revenge with his Weapons Were Concealed, until they WERE NOT!**

*And thus, he and his people lived the old adage for too long, of ‘POWER CORRUPTS AND ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS ABSOLUTELY’, but it finally was righteously stopped. Just realize this, the publics outcries will be heard by the courts, that will commence and send a harsh message that will be the planted flag marker of the ‘True American Cause’ and bring about ‘The Next Revolution, America Reborn’.*

You will learn the facts about the serious corruption and spying on innocent American citizens all started in mid-2015 before the next crucial presidential elections even began.

This cold pathological disconnected pure shameless forever lying and deceiving dishonored X-president will himself be eventually unmasked as being the head of all the wrongdoings being ordered by him and for him, & implemented by his lying CIA chief.

*And in your time* a few years before the nuclear strikes begin, overwhelming substantial evidence from whistle blowers with irrefutable super electronic digitized audio proof, will come out from the dark to join in with others with valuable knowledge of the corruption and treasonous behavior he masterminded with Iran.

*There will be those millions of Americans* that had faith & waited a long time for the truth & facts of all the spying and election FRAUD and corruption going on, to be vindicated. And they were, for starting in late 2024 the forever long brainwashed other millions of Americans will finally hear & see the proof, so then honest pure justice will righteously begin, and this will happen, and the brainwashed millions will finally WAKE-UP. . . So permit me to end my own visions with a Thank God shout out...

*But that was just the beginning*, for next was the treasonous most easily hackable traitor, the angry miserable queen, now being fully exposed as those tens of thousands of important deleted emails will all be re-covered. Without any equivocation, she was a habitual poor liar & sour grapes obvious mean loathing loser, & now all those emails spoke truths.

And lastly, the whistle blowers and NSA captured and then laid out all the queen and X's every contemptuous levitating guilty utterance, and finally all the corruption came out into the open for all the world to see.

*Thankfully*, that wasn't all from the NSA, for there were other very important recordings and documents of top echelon FBI and CIA so-called respectable and responsible leaders also involved, that would be crushed. Too many wrongdoers were close to the seat of power with the X-man, and their pathetic lust for dominance will be what thunderously brings their lives righteously down into the pits of hell, where they all deserved to be.

**So from a future portal view, stay with us as we will bring you more, of**

***'In A Blink of An Eye'***

## **Bull Frogs, Seaweed & 9 mm & Silencers part 2 /3**

After a good few minutes of chilling we were back flapping our traps like always. T led the way.

"I think this is kinda' important, so I want to bring ya up to speed a~bout the improved mini wall screw super spy bug Fitzzy's almost got upgraded to the max."

"Yeah, I've been pay phoning back and forth with him and getting all the crypted-coded conversation updates and I'm impressed and stoked big time about it all."

"He's killin' it Stealth, ya dig man... I mean like every~thing you and I dream up for em to take a shot at creatin', he just nails it all for us."

"Roger That, , he never fails."

"But let me tell ya, the old and now this new improved wall plate screw listenin' device is just off the frikken' charts for us spy collectin' crazy MO~FO's that we are."

"Those bugs created sizeable worthy dividends for your last client you had,"

"And we haven't even finished his contract, so the money is still heavily rollin' in."

"Well, the only thoughts I have are that in the future when you build out the new electrical computer science bunker, Fitzzy's going to have more room to roam and that big brain of his and our off the wall spying toy ideas and satellite link hookups are going to be reaching untold new levels."

"The future is lookin' pretty damn bright Bro, and I gotta tell ya I've realized that your idea of findin' a brainiac genius bookend to work long-side with Cousin Fitz, really is the right future move."

"I'm glad you feel that way and I see you remembered my wild and crazy expression of 'Brainiac Genius Bookend.'"

"Yeah, cause it was a no-brainer phrase that just stuck inside me."

Right there, I smacked T's arm and put my index finger to my mouth, being that was our night time signal for wherever we were in this cornfield or out of the country working down somewhere in Central Latin America, to be immediately silent. This occasion for the shush index finger signal was because right then I heard a vehicle of some sort, albeit it was far off in the distance, but still, security-purity was a part of our long-standing protocol. It turned out to be a truck quite a distance away rolling along on the rocky pitted stone gravel corn field roads out here. T actually has much better eyes and hearing, and he zoned in on it and minutes later told me it pretty much strongly sounded like an F-150 with a clunky piss poor semi-disconnected muffler.

You see, out here in the cornfields sound travels and reverberates loudly and that noise awoke and stirred up some deer that weren't too far from us. They were nesting in their patch of corn they broke easily down with their sheer body weight, and the deal was they were nearer than us to the big bull frogs, so T and I later joked on the ride home that maybe the deer really dug and enjoyed that night time sound of those creatures. We humored ourselves with using a little funky fun imagination, that being maybe the frogs were like some kind of sleeping night-time lullaby for the deer... Well anyway, all was well, no worries further went down about any freaked out wild running deer coming our way and possibly trampling all over us, but yet T grabbed his 9 mm and was on full alert just the same. I didn't feel the vibe myself to get defensive for some reason, and maybe that was because I've been working in night time summer Michigan cornfields since 1975, and only had two real close calls, and on this night I had a calm spirit in my entire being. But I'll tell ya one thing that I always had right next to my main hand, and that was my razor-sharp machete, because of snakes.

T and I weren't afraid of them, just respected the shit out of em, so on this night T's the gunman and I'm the blade swinger. I'm laughing out loud reading what I just put down but it's no joke and damn necessary being sharp, no pun intended, and always on guard. Within 5 semi-rest-less minutes, we're totally chilled and back to all good on the Western Front, feeling fine and onto a new topic.

"Me and the boys saw you limpin' round even more than usual bout six months ago when we all had a trainin' mission goin' down, and even Fitzzy noticed and was timid in his way to ask you if there's anything wrong with ya."

"You know the deal, my bad knee and both ankles are just beaten down to God knows what, and so like all of us I have good stretches of time and then our bodies sooner or later give us those payback aches and pain signals."

"I hear ya D, and I got somewhere in me some kind of ghost heavy payback kick my ass body aches at times too, but yours seem to be more often and more visibly obvious, so..."

"Roger That again and again, but I'll just keep pushing thru life, walking a little bit slower with all my moves, and just do my best to deal with it all, and try not falling on my face."

"Right – Right, OK, Nuff Said Bro, but just lettin' ya know me and the Boys always got your back, when and wherever needed."

"I know, , I know T, and I appreciate so much the Boys in every manner of respect and love possible. Bottom line, right from day one when I met the gang we bonded and began this incredible great team partnership, always having each other's backs, and I love our camaraderie."

"Couldn't have said it better man... Right on."

We both chilled out for a few minutes after that sort of sentimental journey, then TB was good to go firing up something we touched on earlier in the night.

"I'm super pumped up to begin the construction on the much needed additional knew underground research lab for Fitz, and us too for that matter, and I'm goin' to run rough shod on myself mind ya, to keep every~thing on schedule, right down to pushin' Fitzzy not to be worried or hesitant to order and buy whatever the fuck he needs and wants."

"Oh yeah man, now we're talking, and I'm digging your enthusiasm big time."



"Sorry bout' the swearin' but I've been visualizin' for a long time how cool it's all gon~na be when it's finally finished."

"No problem, we're good, because I'm deeply feeling all your enthusiasm, which is much different from an anger outburst of reckless mindless swearing. . . You're just really excited about what's going to go down in the future, and me too."

"Right on Stealth. . I mean it's going to more than triple the size of today's bunker, and that bad boy if you remember was built back in 84', and,, and,"

"TB, this is a kick-ass big deal, and Fitz and myself can't wait for construction to start and even more pumped to see your drawings, dreams and plans come to fruition."

"Exactly, and I'll confirm and say it again, I'm all in to the MAX with your idea bout' startin' in the future a search for a 'Brainiac Genius Bookend'. . Yo buddy, did I get that right?"

"YEP." Saying it with a light laugh & big smile and holding back from laughing too loud.

"Well I'm serious as a MO~FO on that search idea with ya for this bookend piece, cause I think it's time to up our game with this expandin' one of a kind computer science and custom gadget researchen' engineerin' operation."

"And Fitzy knows there is absolutely no offense meant towards him for a search in the near future to find a likewise genius mind to be right alongside assisting him."

"Listen my friend, the new and improved lab is goin' to also have whatever computers and microscopes you want for your cancer and blood research ideas, cause I know you're doin' Gods most challengin' work, and you've proven to lots of people your white powder formula really helps folks durin' and after their chemo treatments, so that's a big mother fuckin' deal."

Yeah, no shit, you better believe my buddy was super pumped up about my research, and humbly speaking, I'll admit I was too.

"Thanks T, but you've had your hand in helping me with the weed root pulverizing, and actually first you and Freddy put together a pretty damn cool pulverizing gadget that kicked ass, and then that ancient Ozone generator gadget you got for me...

So yeah man, you deserve as much credit as me because those discoveries wouldn't have gone down without your mechanical wisdom."

"Ok, thanks Bro, but your formulas are workin' on folks and that's all that matters."

"Amen to that, and I appreciate your confidence."

"Hey man, just keep workin' & thinkin' deep as you go, cause all of us can't wait to see in the future what different new formulas you come up with & see how they work out."

"I just feel at times that The Lord has His Hand on my shoulder and He's guiding me, and pushing me, and giving me Signs almost daily, and I react to them, and most importantly I acknowledge and give Him a big shout and sincerely thank Him. . . I mean I just do, seriously, I do."

"I've seen it, and me and the boys have been with ya so many times when you stopped us dead in our tracks, and told us to recognize the subtle Signs when you pointed them out... God Bless you man, we all believe, and that's it. . . Now as far as your cancer studies and all, well I half sort of get what you explain to me and all, , but,,,"

"Well T, let me be honest and say, I only half get it too, ya know, but I can't wait till the day comes where my mind can fully get it all, and then can explain it real intelligently."

"You will Stealth, I have no doubt my friend."

It seemed like right there we took a chill and it felt good. TB lit up and started smoking one of his dubbies, and I was just as naturally high as I wanted and could be. Then T broke the silence.

"I'm diggin' this night bigtime Mr. David Stone, cause it's an exceptionally cool as cool great vibin' groove we're havin' out here."

Right there we both caught each other smiling in the dark cloudless night. We were rolling really smooth and this was just typical how our times together went down.

Oh, we had on many occasions some push back at each other with serious debates on matters of *HEAVY* tactical and strategical *BIN`NESS* that went down in our two war rooms, but we always found eventual true common ground and worked things out, and after just smoothly moved on to the next order of business. Yep, we were having a very good vibe going down tonight, and our chats continued easily on.

"So brotha, speakin' of overhaulin' and such improvements for business, I'm finally doin' a major body downsizin' of my original Lon Chaney contortion freakin' straight-jacket."

"Well AMEN to hearing that. . I've been dropping hints about upgrading that torture chamber straight jacket for a long time, and you know that for a fact."

"NO NO, you've been right on the money since the first time you advised me long ago, but,"

"But nothing, because in this case you've been too damn stubborn for your own good, , but as the saying goes, better late than never, so,"

"Yep, stubborn and better late than never is sayin' it all like it is."

"We're in modern technological times now T, and there are all kinds of advanced materials to create a kinder, gentler and much more flexible and comfortable body rigging suit without the rigor and pain you go thru to shrink your appearance of your big body down to a much less intimidating man."

"Hey, Whoa, that was a mouthful you just spit out Brotha."

Right there we both had a laugh out loud moment, but still we muzzled ourselves so as not to stir up the deer. TB finished his thought.

You're right and the only thing you left out is the fact that when this new design comes to a complete custom usable fit, I'll be able to stay in it for much longer stretches of time."

"Yeah, right, I totally can see that point big time bro. That's exactly what's been the crying out loud literally and figuratively main point of a new modern design."

"TEN--FOUR to all of that man, for sure." After those words, there was a pause between us, then I continued.

"You know what this conversation is bringing back to my mind?"

"Well as good as we generally can read each other, in this moment, no, so hit me."

"The early spring of 1975, when it was the first time you had the appointment with the Pentagon which was set up by your Viet Nam Commanding Officer to pitch your big dreamy plans for the flying freight idea you had for the military."

"I remember, and I'm flashin' back in my mind how you figured out from all your library research how to make the contacts and eventual move to pitch my idea to the government, and it worked man, it worked thanks to your ground work,"

"And in so many ways all that action changed the direction of our lives forever."

"Fuck an A it did, , , Fuck an A..." T was being T as always, and its all good.

Right there we started a little laughter and hooting and then we both put our index fingers to our mouths, and then that caused more restraint to be needed. This was a fun memory lane we were tripping down and natural laughs can't be held back, you know, kind of sort of like when you have to sneeze and you can't quite hold it. Well anyway, we eventually shushed up and I continued.

"I remember that day like it was yesterday, especially the thought of you pulling off the Lon Chaney straight jacket dance and some other of our Hollywood tricks to hide your true facial and physical identity,"

"Yes, cause it was the plan you and Moshe and Yoni felt was best to hide my true persona, but still go into the meetin' with all the procedural government forms and documents spot on, and intelligently able to talk a~bout."

"It was perfect timing in our countries history, being that the Viet Nam war was more or less ended, and other stars lined up perfect for you Big Guy, and that landed you right in the sweet spot of those old long days ago very lucrative flying air freight contracts."

"I'm trippin now on this memory you're bringin' back to me D, I mean seriously, no shit, wow, and since we're talkin' bout' this, check out how times flyin' by."

"Yeah, really, I mean like those twenty something years ago just feels like it all happened a few years or so ago."

"Right, right, and thinkin' back how Mr. Lon Chaney figured so heavily into the equation, I mean who da` thunk, HUH, !"

"Really, who da` thunk, but we did THUNK and you pulled it off,"

"No Bro, WE, and we're still pullin' it off, cause Lon Chaney still lives and breathes with all of us in our work at times, so I say a big AMEN and a sincere no bullshit jokin' a~round thank you to Mr. Lon Chaney."

Right there we were really having a great memory lane groove going on. The world truly opened up for TB when he walked into the Pentagon in midway 1975 for his first time and nailed it with some dude in some lower basement office who really took a liking to my bad ass well prepared friend. And after that first moment in time with that fella, over the span of many years since, he helped my big buddy with all kinds of flying contract business arrangements, and to T's ultimate dream and goal that came together a few years after, was TB's very discreet contracting Guns For Hire (GFH) business. This was TB's mid-size eventual highly skilled & trained band of brothers that did contract roving justice to bad actors all throughout the vast countries and lands of Latin America, and very highly specialized work inside America.

The world of business changed BIG TIME for my friend like never before imagined, but all along the beginning way of this new enterprising action, my two close trusting dear Mossad friends in Israel were giving us precious valuable advice to protect and secure T's involvement and actions with this new Pentagon world TB had entered.

This is all thoroughly opened up in detail in dozens of our chapters, and all along holding back nothing.

Being humble and legit, T and I were not as sophisticated as my two Israeli friends in these new serious matters, and we welcomed their much-needed advice even before TB walked into the Pentagon for the first and last time. That point of *'last time'* was a critical deal *'make or break'* MUST, that they thoroughly advised TB to make, and he followed their coaching and lead, and after that, all business with this good man needed and was done discreetly and efficiently off site. Again, our Trilogy explains and takes you on our journey in detail and depth all along this great ride we shared. But I must mention this now, all the final decisions rested on TB, for I was just fully and gladly his ***'right and left hand man'***, but without pause, this was his show and I had a ring-side fantastic and exciting seat.

We were really talking up a storm now and having a really memory tripping fun and good time. And being straight about it all, when T and I decided to write about our low key but wild at vast stretches of times lived lives, this writing and opening up became the most amazing cathartic overwhelming heartfelt great feeling that two good and tight close friends like us could ever experience. So, I am duly noting its worth repeating, we can never over emphasize that word CATHARTIC...

***This ends part 2 of 3***

## **‘Romeo’s Life Lessons’ - Back in time, 1972**

*Miami Beach in the late part of winter and early awakening of spring in 1972 became the most eye-opening educational period of time for my life. I was learning the facts about many fascinating past historical geo-political events, one such being that of an unknown quantity of the USSR’s military nuclear arsenal being shipped in and set up on Cuban soil, just ninety miles away from the coastlines of Florida.*

*I absorbed riveting firsthand accounts of stories about the Bay of Pigs invasion of April 19, 1961 and then the October 22, 1962 beginning naval blockade put around the Island of Cuba by the United States. That one amazing event put the entire globe of countries on notice that the first nuclear war could break out between the two worlds dominate super powers, the USSR, now known as Russia and the United States of America.*

*Besides many amazing history lessons my unique older Cuban friend Romeo regularly gave me, originally starting in the winter of 1970, I personally just barely escaped from landing myself right smack dab in the middle of one of the biggest national news stories regarding a major law breaking presidential political espionage event.*

*So years after all that, I’m here opening up into a cassette tape recorder at the suggestion of my sweet friend Katie, so as to preserve from memory events of the past for the possible future book idea my close buddy and I thought about one day producing. She pushes the RECORD button, then signals me to begin, and I do;*

“So I was telling you that Romeo had opened my mind and taught me so many new history lessons in life, yet he at times left me shocked and confused but I also had no reason to doubt him. I listened carefully all the time and there were many instances he repeated himself and each time he did that, nothing changed from before. So this solidified even more my feeling that he was telling me the truth about well kept secrets of these past historical events. And you can definitely include in that, information about the Kennedy assassination which years later after his teaching lessons, I was astonished to read for myself declassified information, and it was just like he told me many years earlier. Yeah

Katie, my wild eyed and very expressive Cuban friend was a talking human book of wealth of history lessons that forever made an important impact on my life.”

Right there David stopped talking, thinking back to those old lessons, then went on.

“What a great time in life it was, just he and I late at night sitting on the steps of the Simone hotel, me smoking a joint at times and him tipping and sipping some whiskey. The stories he would tell me will never be forgotten. I would listen to everything coming out of him with no distractions around us to interrupt and I never could get enough of his knowledge, yet at times my head was spinning and overloaded with information that I thought I truly didn’t need to know, but boy was I wrong, and came to truly appreciate everything he taught me. But after weeks of his stories though, my mind seemed like it was beginning to play tricks on me from an amazing amount of really scary sounding activities that could cause some sort of world ending nuclear action.”

After that last thought David stopped the recorder and then told me about that period of time in his life was a real wakeup call and just thinking and speaking about it, made him feel very fortunate to have such a great teacher. On this particular taping session of the many, he quietly said to me how his memory just starts happening and then it floods wide open and he sometimes can’t stop it.

He pushed the record button himself now and picked right up where he last left off;

“So one night he had been talking for about fifteen minutes about the Kennedy murder, but then what happened next was another strange within itself episode with Romeo. He said to me rather forcefully, to come with him to his bedroom but I said NO.

I told him stop already with the homosexual come on bullshit, enough is enough and I repeated those words and I told him that I thought we understood each other over the past few years of we’re just good friends and that you do your thing and I do mine, and strongly drawing the line that I’m not that way, period.

He said, *‘No-no, you don’t understand me, I want to show you something really cool behind my hidden wall and teach you more about the world of spying.’*



His eyebrows as usual were really flying all over his forehead now as he spoke. Cautiously and carefully I went with him to his small room, which was the last unit down the hall and closest to the beach exit back door. My eyes were wide open when we entered through his doorway but then to my amazement as we're both inside, he walks about seven feet over to the corner of his room, and then he pushes away first his bedroom dresser and then forcefully slides open this fake well concealed cut out wall. I'm observing all this action and then he realizes his room door is open and runs past me and shuts it.

I never saw my friend move so fast but his guard was up and now I'm realizing that this is serious and I was becoming even more focused. So behind this sliding wall was this elaborate very sophisticated and technical looking fancy oversized gizmo of a radio, which he quickly explained to me was what's called a short-wave radio.

I was frozen in my tracks with everything going on now. He fires it up and within a minute I hear all these noise signal sounds, high pitches and then he quickly plugs this gigantic head phone set into this machine and starts searching for something with this odd fat round dial control. In seconds he finds something and then hands the headset to me to put over my ears.

All I heard was a bunch of chatter going on in Spanish but didn't have a clue to what they were saying. I quickly handed them back to him and he then went through some kind of procedure to shut it all down. When we were done with the radio behind the wall show and tell, he explained to me that the FBI had strategically positioned dozens of selected and thoroughly trained short wave radio handlers, like himself.

These special educated guys were set up in locations up and down both the Florida coastal areas and their jobs among many responsibilities just like Romeo's, were to communicate if any suspicious Cuban spy agents seemed to have penetrated into the neighborhood or somewhere in the vast community. He didn't really specify a lot of details about all of that but he took me outside and showed me the special tower that was installed to send and receive all the signals. This tower like thing was built right alongside the hotel in full view of anyone if they cared to notice. To the average guy though, this tower looked like an oversized TV antenna and nothing more, and that's what I always thought it was too."

Right there David took a short break. His eyes seemed to have this far away gaze in them, something they do whenever he's thinking way back into his past. Coming back to me now I see he's ready so I press the record button again;

“The short-wave radio, the huge antenna right there in broad daylight, and the FBI and all the things going on within the bureau regarding Cuba back then, well he wasn't kidding about educating me and giving me a new spying lesson in life. That evening was the most eye-opening experience for a world I never knew about, but there would be many more from him to come and to be honest Katie, it all feels like it was just yesterday when it all happened.”

David takes another quick pause, gathers more thoughts, and goes on.

“It was an eye-opening strange night, so early the next morning I took a walk on the beach and all I could think about was the other valuable life and political lessons my very wise and trusting friend Johnny Mayer from Shelter Island was giving me just months earlier, just like Romeo was doing. Johnny and I shared a unique friendship during the spring and all the way through the fall periods of 1970' and 71', and it was really great to get to pal around with him, and to this day I still feel I had a true once in a lifetime experience with him.

Johnny was like Romeo, another great story teller and a very mysterious kind of dude too. I say that because I remember hours of him doing the talking as I drove us many times into New York City in my little Opel GT. On a few occasions he gave me perfect directions to the United Nations building, and then I'd drop him off at this specific back area where someone would open a door and he'd disappear through it and then come out a half hour or so later with lots of cash, no seriously, lots of it in one packet and another mysterious larger package that he never explained or said a word about.

His big lesson or you might say actually in his style, preaching, was he always used to talk about things aren't what they seem and appear to be and unless you can unravel the cover off of them, you won't know what the truth is.

He called it peeling the onion, and he wasn't joking about his lessons and yet he was a funny and very easy-going good guy to me every single time we hung out and took our long interesting drives."

David pauses to mull over something about what he just said, then he's ready to go on.

"Interjecting my thoughts here after many years away from it all, I don't think I will ever forget those thoughts about '*Unravel and Peel Away Any and All Layers for The Truth!*' The impact of those long ago lost special friendships with Johnny and Romeo will never fade and I am grateful and consider myself very lucky to have had such early on good teachers. And what they taught me is what TB and I hope to pass on plus along with other helpful pointers to all the younger folks we can reach with our book someday, because those valuable lessons are tools we're still using every day in our lives now."

"You were lucky David but you also opened your mind to listen to older guys and take in all they had to say and not be some snotty know it all kid."

He hears my sincere words then mouths to me '*Thank you*', then he fluidly goes on.

"I have to say though, the fascinating lessons from Romeo never left my mind and from those bits and valuable pieces was how I began connecting all the dots of history and world events. And the more I brought Johnny into my thoughts about what he did for the United States via the United Nations with his special world class thieving and spying skills and other talents, the more I began wondering about our government and all governments for that matter. So in respect and deep appreciation, both these guys began my first ever real down and dirty stages of opening the deep political curiosities of my mind and seeing things in an altogether different shade of political lights and sounds.

Johnny used to say to me, '*Politics is a very dirty and ugly game, a full-on blood sport, so be extra sharp kid because politics sometimes creeps and enters into our lives and when it does, we still might not even realize it.*'

Oh, how that lesson was right on, something TB and I would face often, and just from Johnny's teachings the big guy and I could work as a strong team to peel a lot of needed layers away and avoid some dangerous political unrealized traps we could have

unsuspectingly ended up in. Katie, T and I learned over the years how to flush things out and set good traps, but all the while like I said, avoid other's traps. So anyway, at a very young age Johnny's lessons stuck in my head and Romeo's stories blew my mind but I wouldn't have traded places with anybody and missed out on what those educating friends did for me back then. In truth my dear, I had become un-fire with a new perspective on life and it was a great natural high."

Right there David stops talking and a puzzled look comes over his face and this he can't hide. Something just hit him and now is stirring up in his mind.

"What's wrong? Why did you stop?"

"Sweetheart, I'm sure Johnny didn't really realize how much I paid attention to him and how much he really taught me. I have to be truthful to myself about I was probably nothing special in his life, other than his sounding board and a trusting friend who drove him all around in the city, and Long Island to visit and hang with his friends and their families. He was the kind of guy who loved to talk, chase women, get a good buzz on from drinking and smoking, but he would always try to be helpful to his friend's, and I just saw him as a real good guy with lots of interesting knowledge to pass on."

He pauses for a few seconds, possibly envisioning those long-ago great times, then David slips back into memory mode and goes on.

"He helped me in so many ways besides all his political intriguing lesson's, such as on many out of the blue times he would invite and take me for nice dinners and on multiple occasions introduce me to his hot young lady friend's all-over Long Island.

Now this was always what I dug about Johnny, I mean he was smooth albeit he liked to drink, so on one wild night when he really drank himself out of sorts, we ended up sharing this sweet gal pal kind of girlfriend of his, who just seemed to be full of life and happy to be with both of us during a long splendid amazing evening. He was just a nice all-around good guy."

David takes another pause right there and even hits the record button to stop the taping so he could take a quick breather and I think more so to think back to that wild pleasurable

night because during his moment of not speaking, a nice smile came over him. He was ready to flow again into his past so he pressed the record button and then went on.

“Again Katie, I just have to say that I’m sure back then his thoughts and feelings about our friendship weren’t as deep as mine were towards him, but the times I spent with Johnny were like a dream, and I will never forget how kind and generous he was and all that he taught me. I really wish I could see and talk with him once more in this slightly older stage of my life, and just tell him how he opened my mind so much and in many important ways woke me up and changed my life.”

After those last thoughts, David asked if we could just walk down to his little boat dock and chill a bit, so we did and a half hour later we returned and he was rested and ready to do a little more recording. He’s good to go and I press RECORD.

“The human mind can play tricks on one’s self and that’s what I felt was actually happening to me on many nights when I would-be lying-in bed after leaving Romeo and thinking back to all his fresh evenings of mind-blowing history lessons he gave me.”

“You were really fortunate learning about such interesting and important history David, and all of that from a real credible good guy.”

“Oh, you have no idea how grateful and lucky I feel about learning so much.”

Right there he pauses for a five count to think back to those times, then goes on.

“Back then I had all these feelings coming up about what in the world is going on all around us, with all this EVIL and how could God allow this to happen. My thoughts on many nights were about how naïve I was even after so many life lessons learned with hours of time hanging around with Romeo and Johnny.”

Right there David stops to take a moment to do his deep breathing exercises he likes to do when he feels the need, then easily picks up where he left off. His memory is totally flowing and he’s fully engaged to open up about his friends.

“Even after I moved to Acapulco to recuperate and begin to work in the ocean, the fact was a few years removed from these guys, I couldn’t stop wondering about all I learned

from them, and their lessons helped me with the many unreal but down and dirty events that were wildly taking place all around me in that time period in Mexico.”

Right then David pauses again and his eyes go real slanty like, then slowly open and then he starts to bite his lower left lip, then like all is well, he goes on.

“Being real about those younger days, I was just really a baby in a sense and didn’t know a thing about life and the world around me. I got to tell you one thing though, and that is all those lessons made me think about what was coming for the world’s future.”

“David, those years of a worldly kind of education from your friends in no way should you think back and say or feel you were naïve, no, not one little bit. You truly were learning amazing history and now you’re passing so much of it on to me and if you guys do publish this book someday, you’ll be moving forward all kinds of new and useful words of wisdom and important history onto many young people out there.”

“Yeah-no, your points are well taken Katie.”

“Watergate and the Kennedy assassination were beyond heavy stuff in our time, and the young people of today most likely don’t have a clue about those major events, but I think you guys will turn them into interesting lessons to learn about.”

“You’re right, that’s what TB and myself hope we can do someday, along with share some of our crazy life’s twists and turns.”

“Think about this, I’m not naïve but rather a student of yours in all these taping sessions, just like you were a student back then with Romeo and your unique friend Johnny, but baby, you were years ahead of so many young folks who were your peers and to even much older folks who’s heads back then and even now are still in the sand.”

“I don’t know, but for sure it was a lucky and wild ride for me back in those days.”

“That was then and now it's very possible you guys and your future book will help young people in ways you two haven’t even thought about, so keep that in the back of your mind.”

“That’s interesting Katie and I like the way you put that. . Thanks.”

“I know you sweetheart, and I believe you can be a good teacher, and one day your time will come when a new generation of young people will be open to learning important information from people with minds and experiences like you and TB.”

“I hope you’re right.”

“Young and old people will always need to learn new things and as it happens, they grow, and then very naturally they’ll want to learn more interesting things. So sweetie, just trust me when I tell ya, that you in your younger days were growing and absorbing knowledge fortunately faster and ahead of your time.”

“I was very lucky back then, and I can only hope it continues. And hey, again, thank you again my Angel Cup Cake.”

*Truth Is,*

***None of Us are ever too Old  
To Learn New Lessons in Life  
So always try to keep an Open Mind***

Scroll Down

## **‘Life is Sometimes very Cruel’ - June 6, 1959**

On a clear warm tropical late spring night in the mountains above the future jet-setting city of Acapulco Mexico, a double barrel shotgun blast interrupted the stillness of the once beautiful calm evening.

Two young Mexican boys and their younger sister were sleeping when they were instantly awakened by the close sounds of gunshot blasts.

Horrified and confused, the children rushed toward the sounds that startled them from their sleep and found themselves standing in the doorway of their parent’s room. With only a half moonlit evening entering through the bedroom tiny window, it was more than enough for them to see the sight of blood, human disfigurement and the gurgling sound of death coming from their dying father over the helpless cries of their mother, who was also hit with the spray of the shotgun blasts.

These mentally painful and torturing sounds would be etched in their young minds forever causing deep seeded revengeful thoughts for the oldest young son.

From the instant the dozens of hot steel balls penetrated the male targets sleeping body, this calculated planned killing would set off a delayed domino effect that would be felt fourteen years later by the elder Mexican son and an American young man entering Mexico with his own mental pain.

The father was a good man, a family man and ambitious yet a poor man. He was a hard-working owner of an air cargo freight business in its infancy and he had jumped in with both feet.

Acapulco was a quickly growing air cargo freight hot spot for worldwide tourism and his timing couldn’t have been better. Competition was fierce and he was a little fish trying to grow while swimming with the sharks.

Life sometimes is very cruel and horrible events everyday takes place that cause lifelong pain, this family being no exception. As years went by and the older boy turned into a



young man, time sadly didn't really heal his pain or memory, for he could never let go of his father's terrible executed murder.

During the same period of time, another boy's childhood would pass into young manhood and in March of 1973, he would take a long trip by car with his brother at his parent's insistence because they recognized that something was way off with their son's behavior, like not so happy go lucky anymore and even worse, displaying a total lack of cheerfulness. You see he was going through a mental and physical bad patch of time in his life and he just couldn't get out of the funk and fog he was in.

This crisis hit him almost ten months earlier, when he had been attacked by two Cuban angry and jealous over protective cousins of his stunningly attractive 17-year-old young female companion in Miami Beach Florida. Almost to the exact minute in time on the same day but over a thousand miles apart, his serious leg injuries paled in comparison of a horrific auto accident that left his very close childhood friend brain dead. Immediately upon learning of this from a long-distance phone call from his brother, the mental shock and the new very fresh physical severe injuries he sustained, caused him to enter a complete zone of agony and horror he'd never experienced before in his human spirit.

Up until her cousin's interference the young beautiful Cuban girl was his regular close beach hanging out buddy that together shared a lot of good times playing in the ocean, throwing around a Frisbee and walking, talking and picnicking on the sandy shores whenever he had spare time. They were just natural as can be when together but the cousins were ignorant punks who brutally snapped his leg, tearing and ripping all the knee surrounding muscles, tendons, and ligaments, leaving him with years of rehabilitation and much recovery time needed.

This physical destruction of his leg was the beginning of him secretly becoming a pain pill addict in Miami, and that all started after being attended to in the Sinai hospital where they started him on the road to the pain drugs that he really needed at the time and then continuing in Michigan, where he went to recover with his family.

His use of marijuana helped too with the pain but his body naturally needed time to heal and so did his mind and all the sadness it was in.

Someway and somehow, which will stay guarded and not explained, he was able to continually get his hands on very powerful pain medication which at times help quell his real problem, that being his constant repeating nightmares which caused his mental anguish. He would try to shut his brain down but he would think to himself that his mind was in constant overdrive and he couldn't stop thinking about his friend's horrible death and then like a switch was flicked, his thoughts would go onto his own recent painful encounter. The nightmares were regular and the day mental pain wouldn't let up either.

Keeping his drug supply trail off his family's eyes and attention was not difficult for him to do. For him being cunning and learning to keep secrets was not difficult at all, since almost at the age of eight he started to act with this type of human characteristic behavior and this carried on forever throughout all his life.

His secrets started out innocently at that very young age, when he had routinely been bringing his close buddies and other neighborhood acquaintances over to his family's garage, to put nickels and dimes in the old time roaring twenty slot machines that were stored there, collecting dust but in somewhat of a working but always winning condition.

In a phrase he was drugging himself into a zombie like state and that was obvious to his parents and they had finally had enough and insisted he go and spend some time with his brother who was going on his yearly well-earned getaway vacation. The elder brother had a well-planned mapped out long getaway drive down to Acapulco Mexico, and the injured one knew inwardly that he needed help and was willing to try anything to get back to his old self in life.

Together they traveled for seven full days and partial nights all the way down to a world far more different from their cold snowy winter they just left, and he did this with just a few pain pills and not one joint between them.

The purpose of the trip was his parents hoped this would help him get out of this sad mental situation they saw in his eyes and get his head back on straight. To him he knew that this was absolutely the right move, literally to save his spiraling out of control life.

Life is not always fair, and when it's not we all have to dig down deep and figure out what we can do to pick ourselves up and carry on. You might have heard the expression over your life span, '*It's a dog-eat-dog world out there*', and perhaps it is, so get your spirit and ducks in a row and put a little bark into your own bite.

*Anyone reading This  
Who thinks they need a little Bite,  
Think Positive,  
And Go Do It!*

*Please Scroll Down*

## **Bull Frogs, Seaweed & 9 mm & Silencers part 3/3**

Like all our years of doing our once a year summer chilling out in our favorite cornfield, the bull frogs chirping were a common theme of enjoyment, and crickets by the tens of thousands were always our under the radar smooth chatting away friends, and never to be forgotten we totally had our space in time where we rapped flawlessly about our favorite government agency, DARPA. .

So here's our DARPA chat that night. Oh, and others things too, and if you didn't know, DARPA stands for **DEFENSE ADVANCE RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY...**

"So what have you been up to lately bout' your intense spy~ing on your favorite Umbrella Spyin' Agency? Fitzzy's been tellin' me you've been absolutely killin' it this past six months since I bumped up the bunkers Internet Connectivity Speed,"

"Which that alone has helped me KILL IT as you say, whenever I'm in the home lab. It would be my dream if we could get that setup in Michigan and somehow get the same amazing speed package for my new condo in Florida.

"Trust me Stealth, Fitzzy and me are goin' to have you *stealthin'* like a MOFO in less than two years once you get settled and we figure out the best way to set up and deliver you that unreal internet speed that would change your research and spyin' life . And the fact is, the world is goin' to get wired more and more every single day from now on and soon enough the connectivity speed will start really movin' for everyone. So be patient like you always are, and then you'll be in *BIN'NEZZ*".

"I hear ya but I wouldn't mind us having the speed and just one satellite set up we could up-link and piggy back off of, even though it wouldn't be one-fiftieth of what DARPA is working with."

"Yeah-No, Roger That brotha. And Fitzzy's on the tappin' in dream of a powerful and actually one of a kind mini super powered space dish, so,"

"Yeah, well we're all dreamers, so Amen to all that. I mean I can't imagine what they have planned for their world-wide spying umbrella networks once like you just said the speed and wiring and more and more spying satellites are going to be circling in orbit everywhere. Like that great expression says, *'The skies the Limit,'* well no truer words could describe what's coming from DARPA's point of view."

"Stealth, they've got it up and runnin' for **THEIR** world-wide networks already, meanin' as you say *'Skies The Limit'*. And believe me, as much as you learn and teach us from your years ago library diggin' on DARPA, and then our bunkers lab computer setups that Fitz put together to bypass some of those protective firewalls and all the other layers of shit they got goin' on, you ain't seen nothin' what's goin' to be comin' out of your favorite Uncle Sam's bad ass spyin' organization."

"It sounds like you're doing more spying inside work on them than me!"

"No-no, but I'm just like you do, always thinkin' outside the box, and that's the designed set up purpose and goals of DARPA, and for our future major league upgraded bunker."

"I can't wait for that man. . . Yeah, really TB, , I' m so stoked..."

"Fitzzy told me how you've been talkin' bout' the future, so we're all dreamin' big my friend, and time will fly and soon enough we'll be in bin'ness."

"I love that word, and it all started with Leonard, and when he said BIN'NESS, he killed it with his timing and expression, back in the day we had our K-Mart Terrarium contract."

"And now we adapt it sparingly and it just feels right and flat out just works."

Right there we both paused our talking and enjoyed the moment of our special bin'ness-bin'nezz word we break out now and then. I broke the pause.

"You know T, if our minds aren't regularly thinking outside the box, then we're screwed way over the top in defending ourselves and the country big time for that matter."

I paused right there, thinking about what I just said, then,

"The damn honest truth, is that if we both aren't thinking outside the box and at the same time a little paranoid vibes added into it, then we're off our game and fucked."

"Right On man, I agree totally, and I like hearin' ya lettin' loose a little bit,,, so yeah, gotcha covered on that F-Bomb..."

"Thanks T, but it's just true, we're screwed."

"Now regardin' the paranoia deal, well our life long pact to keep ourselves in check pretty much always keeps us balanced and on guard, whether one likes it or the other doesn't regardin' disagreements of opinions... So we're cool my friend, and mighty strong together, healthy paranoia and all."

After T's words we had another one of our comfortable silences, just totally enjoying and feeling the good late night-time outdoor vibes that were all around us.

Then I broke the silence.

"T, I wish I had the brain capacity to really grasp and do much deeper research on the human bodies Red Blood Cell full on activity."

"Be patient man, you just continue to work and study in those baby steps you're doin' and however long it takes, and then one day you'll wake up and realize your time and effort you're puttin' in killed it and, , and,"

"Thanks Bro, you're right,,, I just need to keep laser focused and cancel all negative stinkin'-thinkin' that creeps in."

"That's it, the cancelin' stinkin' - thinkin' bit, cause it makes so much positive sense to just kill it, cancel out and get rid of it."

"That's it, cancel that shit, totally."

"And I don't have to remind ya, cause I know you always keep in mind what your Dad always kept tellin' ya over the years as a kid growin' up and still even now,,, **'stay cool son, just stay cool'.**"

We both believed in my Dad's words and that other phrase 'Cancel Stinkin' Thinkin', plus we both were a big fan and believer in 'Think and Grow Rich' by Napoleon Hill, and narrated by Earl Nightingale. I bought two cassette book tapes of this great book back in Christmas time of 1974, and T and I in our own routine of life activities always played the book/tape for hours in our cars, and without question learned so much that improved our lives. And T never met my Dad but always heard me talking about how he was such a great Father and teacher, and he knew I could be a little storm of sorts and he never failed to remind me to always think first, and repeating again, always saying to me, '**stay cool son, just stay cool**'... ... And man was he always right..

Sorry for the digression but it was important. T went on.

"Fitzzy tried tellin' me last week about your trip you put em on bout' havin' the proper amount of **Iron** in the body, cause it has somethin' to do with the Hemo,,,"

"Hemoglobin,"

"Yeah, that word,"

"You and Fitz are good listeners and students, and I like teaching, so we're all a good combo on this Blood and Cancer research I'm into."

"Your work is rubbin' off on all of us, and I think we're all workin' in some sort of **Osmosis** kind of energy field whenever we're a~round each other, and I dig it."

"I dig it too man, big time, so I just gotta continue to focus, be patient and see where this research takes us... Hey man, you mind if I go a little deep with ya about my feelings regarding Gods' greatest wonderment and creation of the human body?"

"Sure... Sounds now like you're gettin' serious big time on me, and I can dig it. So yeah, go on Brother, hit me up."

"Alright, cool, , and I promise I'll keep in brief, simple as possible to get the jest of what I'm saying, and I hope somewhat fascinating too."

"Right on man, you know I dig learnin' new stuff you're always comin' up with, so I'm all ears."

"Excellent... Ok, well first of all, our vast network of human bone marrow is making new Red Blood Cells continuously, and Iron is needed in the body to form the Hemoglobin we just talked about."

"Where's the Iron come from?"

"Good question T, and the answer is from our food intake."

"Right- -Right, sure, of course... Sorry, keep goin'."

"No problem, stop me anytime... So the Hemoglobin and the Red Blood Cells are produced from our spongy bone marrow, which are located inside our bodies bigger bones. Now the tricky part that I'm still fighting myself to clearly understand, and that is how does the Hemoglobin and Iron meet up and attach to one another and then also attach in sync with the all-important Red Blood Cells."

"Alright, yeah, so how do you think it all comes together?"

"In a few words, , it's all a miracle, but that's being slick and you don't want slick, you asked me a serious question and I'm going to give it my best shot and lay it out for you."

"You doin' fine, don't worry, keep goin'."

"Ok, let me breathe and think clearly for a second."

Right at that moment I really needed to go deep into all my time and space of studying so much old and new detailed complicated research I was doing about Blood, and I needed to calm my mind and focus my thoughts to all I had been learning. I like teaching but I also know you have to be able to explain your subject matter clearly and decisively, without confusing the matter to your students, , and albeit TB was my friend and he'd give me all the latitude to screw up and get a BIG EFF on the test, I was serious about explaining to him in the most intelligent and interesting way possible the incredible world



that the Red Blood Cells deliver and play in our every waking second of life's energy functions and needs. . . I felt gathered mentally, and went on.

“T, you know back in the 70's I started out in the libraries digging for anything to give me any kind of heads-up to figure out how our bodies energy sources work, and since then I've got untold hours that have turned into weeks and months and now decades in trying my best to keep learning how our circulatory systems operate, and I really don't know where all this drive is coming from, I mean it's just so bizarre.”

“I'd bet in started when you came back from Acapulco and you were bleedin' out of both ends and sick and scared like you've never been, and when the doctors really couldn't give you any answers and much help, that's when this self-healin' and blood research fire was lit inside ya.”

“Yeah, that's about right, but that young Chinese fella in that flower and boutique plant shop was the gift that The Lord Blessed me with.”

“I remember what you said a~bout em, , that bein' he pointed you in the right direction to get your PH in your body balanced, and get better control of all the Acid coursin' thru your body, and, ,”

“That's it, that's it in a nutshell, , and man oh man do I appreciate how The Lord put me in that store and giving me that chance life changing lucky conversation with a complete total stranger.”

“Who'da'thunk, , HUH David, who!”

“Well, I'll just say never underestimate God's Help and gifts to man when one never expects it, so, , so here I am trying to explain how our bodies Blood systems work.”

“Alright, I'm still waitin'.”

“Yeah, right, sorry. Ok, so I'm going to break it all down in the simplest way I can, and hopefully it will make sense.” I paused, took a few deep breathes and I was good to go.

“So, keeping it simple and down to the basics, Hemoglobin and Iron somehow parallel themselves and that begins their process of binding together and somehow during all that internal action an absorption process with Oxygen is taking place from the lungs, and that miraculously binds also up and into the Red Blood Cells, and then the magic of transferring Oxygen, which is truly the life sustaining force of our entire beings, is taking place throughout our bodies.”

“Ok, yeah, more or less I get it, you know, but!”

“I see the look on your face, so permit me to clean it up a bit more, and hang tight Bro.”

“Yeah-Yeah, no problem, I got all night.”

As soon as TB said that we both cracked up and it was loud which instantly caused us to have to SHUSH each other up with our childlike Index Finger action, because like I said, we each had a rather loud outburst, but it really was a funny spontaneous moment. . . We composed our laughter and I went on.

“Ok, so getting serious with ya here now again, follow my clean up act, because this will be a start to finish better explanation for both of us to get our heads wrapped around.”

I don't know what it was that night, but we both were feeling loose as ever and just started laughing again, but not as loud, and then T did some very familiar hand motion action, and I immediately knew he's telling me to bring it on, keep going and I did.

“Ok, so the air we breathe holds the vital Oxygen and this gift of life travels thru our mouths and or noses into our lungs and a miracle binding mechanism takes place. . And what I mean is, the Oxygen molecule and the Hemoglobin and Iron combo do some kind of other binding action, and from there this Oxygen Rich Red Blood Cell travels throughout the body to deliver the life-giving energy source needed to sustain our lives.”

"David, I know you know you just laid a brain-challengin' mouthful on me, but I get the more or less basics of what you're sayin', but I'd need to be sittin' still and hashin' over it a few times to soak it all in, and then it'll come out bein' a clearer picture for me.”

"I hear ya T, and believe me, I'm still soaking it all in myself, and I'm just scratching the top layer of dozens of layers of knowledge still waiting for me to dig into."

"And you'll succeed dude, , I know ya will."

T was my closest friend and my biggest cheerleader, and I appreciated that, , but we never blew SMOKE up each other's you know what, **never**. I went on.

"Thanks buddy, and back at ya in every positive input way possible. . . So back to the Blood, there are by some estimates over 200 Trillion Cells in the human body, or maybe 300 Trillion because actually nobody really knows, but the fact the researchers do know is, is that many parts of the body have their own 'DIFFERENTIATED CELL NAMES' for that specific body part, like our hearts, but the constant amazing action is the Red Blood Cells job is to deliver fresh Oxygen to the other Cells, and then they create the energy supply needed to sustain the human body by a process called 'OXIDATIVE PHOSPHORILATION' . . ."

"Holy crap, you're killin' me man, but it's cool."

We both laughed out loud again and we couldn't help it, , *again*.

"Alright my favorite student, , or really just my only student besides Fitz, but seriously I'm done with this little chat about Blood but for sure when we're driving home later tonight I'm going to talk your ear's off about that big ass word 'OXIDATIVE PHOSPHORILATION', because I really seriously want you to realize what an amazing gift God gave us with his creation of Man. . . OH, and let's say a big Amen to his much more unique and beautiful handywork of Women."

"Yes sir, absolutely Brotha', I mean a big AMEN for sure to the beautiful craf~ting and ever so fine sha~ping handywork of Women by our Man Above. . *Yep, for sure, Right On!*"

I gotta say TB was just spot on tonight with his humor, wit, timing, and sarcasm and just feeling good about life, and these escapes into these cornfields once a year did wonders for me, and beyond wonders for my usually stressed out and living on the edge dear friend. . . I was feeling happy for him and somewhere along the night I remember thanking God for giving us this night together. I broke our short silence with a new idea.

“T, I vote its time for a change of subject moment and I think you’ll like this one.”

“For sure, I’m not goin’ anywhere, , unless a UFO drops down and takes us with em’.”

“Oh man, you’re loose as a goose & really a comedian tonight Bro, do you realize that?”

“Mr. Stone, I’m so relaxed and feelin’ just so smooth buzzin’ on this groovy weed Cowboy grew and laid on me, so yeah, its great out here and life’s good, , real good . . . Alright Brother, change of subject time like you said, so hit me up.”

"You got it, but first, do you realize that you just sounded like some long-ago Hippie with that entire language and jibe you just laid on me? I mean I dug it big time, and it was a little trippy on me too.”

“Yeah, I can dig what you’re sayin’, and I definitely miss those old-time days.”

“Me too T, no doubt, for sure... So Bro, moving on with our usual change of subject time, here’s a memory from the past about a subject near and dear to me, and I’m talking about Mother Nature's Oceans Are The Womb Of The Planet,"

"Yes, of course, I recall vividly the first time you told me that thought which was so long ago, , and it blew my mind, and I totally believed in your feelins' right out of the gate.”

"I know, I remember vividly your positive reaction you gave me when it hit you...”

“Yo-Yo Stealth, I’m havin’ a flash back here moment of that time, , seriously.”

“Excellent, and Amen to that, meaning our memories Thank God are still intact...”

We chilled for a few seconds on all this Hippie and flashback chatting, then I went on.

“Okay, so, here's the amazing connection of Gods ever present Handiwork, and what I mean is, through some amazing interconnected Eco-System He Created, of which that being the vast entire Ocean Floors of the Planet and everything nutritionally green that

grows reaching upward to the Ocean's surface, is where a great portion of the Oxygen we breath and need for survival on Earth comes from."

"WOW Brother, just *frik`kin' wow..* I swear I never heard that research from ya before."

"Yeah-No, it's a bit shocking & some heavy reality to take in, & I felt the same way when I first learned pieces of that puzzle & put it all together myself... ***It is truly amazing.***"

Right there we both went silent with our thoughts about what I just spoke of. We just flat out loved Mother Nature and all of Her splendor, and TB with all his years of flying like a bird up above the land, saw more of the beauty of Mother Nature and I know with his bird's eye view of so many sights, really had a greater appreciation that most land-based humans... Hmm, sorry, just went wandering with my thoughts. Back to earth now.

"Ok T, so now just for a point of fact, at this present time there is no scientific accurate measurement of how much Oxygen is produced from the Ocean, but if mankind keeps polluting the World's Oceans and doesn't do anything to stop this insanity and even begin a comprehensive plan to clean up the pollution and all the bullshit dumped & pumped into it, then I don't see The Lord taking kindly to this utter stupidity. . . The vast Oceans provide the Oxygen and also absorb like a sponge the 'CARBON DIOXIDE' in the atmosphere, so a big Amen and THANK YOU again to Mother Nature, and I'll say that over and over, because it's good Karma to spread and hopefully a strong leader will feel the same way."

"YO, now you're really gettin' Spiritually heavy on me Brotha Stealth,, which you know me and the Boys are right there with ya, and always got your back to spread the word."

"I deeply appreciate it, and please tell the Boys I say Hi and I'm looking forward to our next time we're all training and working together again..."

"Will do bro, *Roger That.*"

"Mother Nature provides everything mankind basically needs, but reckless commercialism in so many degrees is ruining our farmland and so many of the other Blessed Natural gifts all around us, with all the excess fertilizers and pesticides."

"Well dude, I know you're the heavy thinker here between us, so what's your answer?"

"SEAWEED, just plain old healthy seaweed by the Tonnage, and I mean TONNAGE... The day will come when the right leadership will make the case for using what God has Graciously given us to wisely use, , and I mean that emphatically, no Bull Shit about it."

"I believe what you say my friend, cause I know you do your best to always speak from a logical point of view, and can back it up with a clear and precise explanation of how."

After TB's words we went calm and into the night again. You see, that's the best part T and I have always shared, being that there never ever has been any quiet uncomfortable silences between us, and when were especially out there in those cornfields, it was so easy to just break away from conversation and just sit and enjoy the vast beauty of Mother Nature's Gifts completely surrounding us, being that from all the different animals and cool living creatures, plus the Earth dirt and the abundant corn crops for miles and miles all around, and last but not at all least, we give a big shout out to the amazing forever and ever Star filled Heavens above us.

What more can I say, other than it was just an unusual cool vibe in cornfields we shared together for one night a year, over and over, starting in 1975.



Please Scroll Down

## **‘SHAMPOO’**

*I named the title of this chapter with total respect and admiration for Warren Beatty who starred in a movie called Shampoo, which was released ‘after the time of my life’s greatest past Hippie filled romantic adventure’, that this chapter is all about. This dude for any of the hopeful younger folks who read our Trilogy someday, was a STUD of a cat for many decades in the movies, and his political endeavor one night in Miami Florida changed the ebbs and flow of life for myself and some young ladies with me, so now all I have to say is, enjoy the three chapters and permit me to say a big heartfelt shout out, and kick-ass Thank You Warren Beatty*

~ ~ ~

There is a period of time in mid September in Michigan that when the summer air meets and collides with the new fall air, the crispness of the two season’s is very distinguishable and very pleasant to be in. There is a slight window of time when the sun is just below the horizon and sometimes brilliantly positioned for capturing photos of some amazing sky colors that take shape. When the clean late afternoon fresh air days turn into early evenings, the temperature drops and the skies have a certain clarity and somewhat endless depth to them. The colleges are all in session and the big University Stadiums are packed on Saturday afternoons with roaring crowd’s watching football into the nights.

It was on just such an early evening that Mason was in town with his London girlfriend and I, David, was making a welcoming back to the USA dinner time bar-b-que party to celebrate the rare occasion of seeing and being with my lifelong childhood buddy.

Whenever Mase and I had the chance to be face to face, our talks covered a wide variety of subjects with no secrets between us, but tonight with Mason’s lady friend we had to keep a tight rein on what was spoken. My longtime friend with years of secretive multi-government liaison international experience starting in the early 707’s, had become very skilled at his deep entrenched Interpol position in London England. He was often on the run throughout Europe and other world locals, but his present girlfriend never had a clue like many others close to him what he truly did throughout his clandestine existence.

That was the life of my friend and that's the way it had to be, so that was that! But on the other hand, his lovely companion was a grade school teacher but deep down was an aspiring hopeful political writer and her first book she told us was going to be a juicy novel about sex and political espionage. Mase and I told her that sounded like a very interesting combination to write about, and encouraged her not to give up on her dream.

My buddy and I knew we had a lot of good adventures and tips to give her except most of them were off limits, but I had one particular sort of a political juicy experience and Mason knew of it, but never heard the entire escapade. Now my good friend thought this would be the perfect time to tell him and his companion that story, especially because Mase knew the general background of it and his curiosity was for real.

You see it had a theme running through it of political activism intrigue, along with some good old sex which was right up her first books alley that she told us she had in mind.

So the decision was made to go back into my past and tell them both of a wild tale that to this day whenever I think about it, I without hesitation repeat multiple times to myself, Thank You, Thank You, Thank You Ward Beatty. So without any problems slipping my mind back into those old hippie days now long gone, I began telling my guests the story;

“It was early in 1972 and the times in Miami Beach and all over Miami were really rocking with make peace and love and not war, and that was because the same political upheaval was going on across the country regarding the senseless Viet Nam war. But something else that was very personal to me, was everybody in Miami Beach was giddy about the upcoming Presidential Democratic July convention.

Now I'm telling you that because I was hired by a couple of strange but trustable dudes who gave me a pretty good size fat deposit of hundred-dollar bills to do work for them photographing and filming the entire upcoming political Democratic convention.

At the time I didn't think I was the only one they hired because this was going to involve working over fifteen hours a day, but one guy slipped and told me that I was actually the only person that they were going to shell out whatever money was needed to build my own custom darkroom in one of their future private offices.



Hey, back then I was naïve and it was all neat and kind of a big deal from my standpoint, so life was good.

Okay, definitely, cool biz, but now moving on, I was working continually with my cameras doing family portraits plus all kinds of photography work with peoples loving animals, because I wanted to get as much experience as I could as a camera man. And all the while I was as usual trying my best to convince the Miami Herald paper to bite onto one of my free-lance photojournalism ideas.

The Herald was located just over the Fifth Street bridge, not far at all from my 3<sup>rd</sup> Street and Ocean Drive hotel room I lived in. Over several months I kept driving over there and trying to get their News Desk to bite onto one of my ideas, but nothing ever worked out with the day crew, so I had another thought, come back and try the night desk editors. And luck finally struck when this one guy running the night desk got me press passes to go shoot and write a story I pitched to him about a presidential primary candidate coming to town for a rally.

That was really a big break for me and really cool too, but truth be told I got it all mixed up because the candidate wasn't coming, but instead a famous actor was flying in to do some kind of Miami University rally for him, along with other local politicians and such who were going to be on hand. So wow, not wanting to be a party pooper for my first possible journalistic gig, I just sat tight and never said a word back to him, thinking positive that everything will be alright. And actually, once I realized my mistake and found out it was Warren Beatty who was coming to speak, well I thought the possibility of the story might of even gotten better.

He was there on behalf to speak for George McGovern, who was running for president but wasn't really well known other than he was totally against the Viet Nam war, but on the other hand Ward Beatty was a famous double big-time actor, so I dreamed inwardly things were shaping up and maybe a journalistic break was heading my way.”

“This is sounding interesting. Oh pardon me for breaking in but I had to tell you that.”

That was Mason's lady friend in a soft voice speaking to me, but I told her *'It's a wild one so sit tight, and feel free to speak your mind anytime'*. I went on.

"So I had this cute but somewhat off the wall new girlfriend who worked at the Collins Avenue Playboy Club and I told her about the free pass and the big idea I had, and asked her if she wanted to go with me to the pep rally. To my shock she practically went wild about the whole idea, and kept saying to me, *'Are you kidding me?'*. Well, *'NO'* I told her, and then she went on telling me she's wild and crazy for Warren Beatty because to her and millions of young girls like her in America, he was the hottest male hunk there was."

"He was like you said a famous actor, and I loved him in Bonnie and Clyde, and wow, this really is getting exciting from my perspective."

Mason's girlfriend talking with me again. She was definitely getting into the story, but Mase was his usual Cool Hand Luke self. I went on.

"Well I'm glad you're liking the story so far, but I just have to say I was living a normal guys kind of life and not paying much attention to what girls were so wrapped up and into, especially the movie star fan magazine stuff, so."

"Yeah, no, I hear ya my friend,"

"I thought you'd understand Mase, but it was pretty cool, even being out of the loop like I was. So anyway back at the ranch, she said yes and then asked me if she could tell a couple of her girlfriend's at the club and see if they wanted to come along with us."

"Wow, things were heating up buddy."

"Oh you have no idea."

"Don't stop now." Mason's lady friend shoots in with a cute tone in her spirit.

"I won't, I won't, I promise."

After her and my quip we all had a quick laugh, and then I continued.

“So I told my friend I didn’t mind and before I knew it, she spoke with a couple of her girlfriends. They both told her they had to work but one of them said she was gonna call in sick because she didn’t want to miss the chance to see Warren Beatty up close. She told my friend that she would have gone with a Gorilla if it could of helped get her onto that backstage and close to the guy. Gee, what a way to make a fella feel good!”

Mase and his lady friend started laughing after I said that, and that Gorilla comment kind of was a humbling slap in my face back then, but I didn’t mind.

“So guys, things were rolling and a bit out of control because one of the other girls had another young lady friend who had a mad crush on Beatty and by the time the night arrived, there were five young ladies and me piling into my Grandparent’s four door Chevrolet Impala to go to the big night. It’s kind of odd how clearly I remember all of these details, you know, , so, well anyway, I asked my grandparents if I could use their car for the night once I knew there were all these girls coming, and they said sure, and have a good time.”

“I remember that car, I really do.” Mase says.

“Yeah, it was very roomy and kind of the typical car Grandparents were driving around in back in those days, but you know what, it really was a hip car.”

“Well there’s an old word from our past, HIP. I love it man, , sorry, go on with the story, but we’re tripping down memory lane big time now my friend,”

“Roger that Mase, I’m feelin’ the same way too.”

“Well like cars for you boys, its movie star hotties like Warren Beatty for us girls.”  
Again we all started an easy laugh, and after I went on.

“So there’s five young ladies and me and we’re all piled into the car, and the only girl I knew was my little chicky. So after our *‘Hello’s and Hi’s’* and other odd sort of introductions to all the new girls, the talk in the car was all girl talk about young men but mostly it centered around Ward Beatty and sex.”

“Wow buddy, this is good stuff. I’m liking what I’m hearing.”

“Oh yeah, wild is on the menu Mase, but not quite yet though. So driving along I don’t think I got in one word the whole time but I didn’t mind because I heard and learned things coming out of these girls mouths that were hilarious and also quite sexual. And I got to be honest, some of the conversation was a bit embarrassing, but they carried on like I wasn’t even in the car.”

“This is getting fun to hear about because this brings back memories from when I was a very talkative young girl, back in the day.”

Mason’s girlfriend was being up front with us, plus now I really picked up her neat British accent and I liked it. Mase had told me about her tone and speech before I met her and he loved it too, but he was happy that she was into the story and wondering himself where it’s going. He told me to go on and I did.

“When we got to the University where the rally was, I told the girls to let me take care of the security business with my press pass and to please stick with me, but take it easy.”

“That sounds just like you David. Okay, sorry again, keep going.”

“Yeah, I guess its my nature but I had to take some control because I’m telling ya, these girls were slightly going out of their freaking minds in the car and I began worrying about they might blow it, and then none of us would get onto the backstage area.”

“No-no, you’re a smooth operator, so I follow your thoughts.”

“You know boys, I can just about put myself in the shoes of how those girls all felt.”

“You know, even from a man’s point of view, that is if we’re changing Beatty to some hot young starlet getting ready to give that speech and David and I were there in a much younger role, we’d be excited too, , just sayin’. Okay, we’ll shut ourselves up now, I promise, so you can just keep rolling on.”

“No-no, don’t worry about it. You know me Mase, please, both of you, keep firing away anytime.”

“Alright, we will and my sweetheart and I thank you.”

“Cool. Okay, so things were happening really fast once we got out of the car, and the girls did follow my one request to stay calm, so that was good. When it came time to do my thing with the one-person pass, I was feeling relaxed and confident.

Okay so now as we all were walking towards the back area of the stage, I saw what I thought was the area we needed to go. It was showtime now and I was locked and loaded and ready. I walked up with my young ladies, looked the two official backstage security guys in the eyes and handed them the pass, and they both checked it out and were shaking their heads up and down, like in a pure positive way.

Then one guy says to me, *‘Are all five of these lovely young ladies with you?’*, and I said *‘Yes, they’re my assistants’*, and then both dudes cracked up and said I’m one lucky guy, and then they told us to go- -on- -in.”

“OH YEAH, NICE, you made it through. Good going.” Mason’s lady friend says to me.

“Roger That, all systems go. So after clearing that hurdle, I got all five of the girl’s positioned standing right on the stage behind a large hanging curtain and we had a direct clear view of the speaker’s podium where Warren Beatty was going to be speaking to the crowd. The audience was packed with all sorts of very excited young ladies ranging in age from 16 to 35 and probably older too. I mean we’re talking about farm girls to beach babes, and secretaries, and oh man, you just name it, they were there waiting for em.

Then it happened, BAM WHAM THANK YOU MAM! Without any warning or notice, Warren Beatty comes walking right out of nowhere, , I mean I never saw an inkling of him coming, *and as cool and hot as a new excited girlfriend in the morning saying to her guy, **baby spoon with me***, well the dude stops, checks out every single cute girl standing around me, smiles and then continues over to the podium.

All the girls later in the car talked about that moment, saying they all felt like their minds and bodies were having some sort of sexual internal happening, and an outer body experience at the same time.”

“Oh my gosh, this is sounding like things are heating up and getting to be a real fun loving girley time now.” Mases lady’s accent just really kicked in and she was smiling ear to ear. “Yes, I guess it was, but hang on.”

“Oh don’t worry about that, we’re hangin’ with ya buddy.”

“You guys are cracking me up now, but that’s what’s making this fun. Okay, so here’s the deal, I remember the girls after Beatty walked away and over to the podium, they all were acting so young, I mean like teenage giggley kids, but I had to keep my focus and just start trying to carefully move around the stage and get busy taking pictures and hear what he had to say so I could try and write some kind of story later.”

“That sounds just like you David, all business till it’s all taken care of.”

“Well to me it sounds like you and the five girls were having the time of your lives.”

“Oh you have no idea, but you’re thoughts are getting warmer, I’ll say that much.”



*Yes, the Warren Beatty pep rally was on, but little did I have a clue about all the excitement coming down the road that night. Really, not a clue!*

***TO BE CONTINUED***

# **‘The Grandee Ballroom – Kick Out the Jams MF’**

## **{Groove with me back in Time}**

**Detroit Michigan, Mid July 1969**

*We all have memories of experiences that can leave life-long impressions. Here’s one that connects Detroit Michigan and goes all the way down to Florida and then very intricately travels down with the clandestine affiliated CIA specialty spook operators, set up to work in Cuba.*

*David has a lot of secrets he’s been steadily for many years opening up about and recording them down with Katie. These recordings along with years of scribbled notes were for a future unusual book he and his close good buddy TB had in mind to one day maybe publish. She presses the record button and David starts opening up again;*

‘Katie, I only went there once, but it was an experience like nothing I can compare it too, and I’m talking about the Grandee Ballroom down in Detroit. The night I went was beyond a unique event, no, it was more like a Twilight Zone episode and I was right in the middle of it all, but so were a thousand other young Hippie like folks just like me.

This place was a psychedelic musical hang out filled with wild live music and enough weed being puffed on, that was easily leaving everyone just breathing to end up with a pretty good contact high, and back in those days no one gave a hoot, but actually wanted more. Yeah, I tell you no lie, because it was an unreal Hippie like night spot and it had the best Rockin’ N’ Rollin’ bands around that came in there to play one-night stands.

It was like back in the day Detroit had its own variety of different kinds of real cool and hip San Francisco type Haight Ashbury style hang outs, and for all of us young Michiganders, this wild place called the Grandee Ballroom was equally bombastic as any of that West coast action going on, and maybe even better.

However you slice it though, the lifestyle I was living back then was a full speed young fun filled wild and free good time, and all done in a Hippie style Yippie Kai Yeh Cowboy way. Yeah Katie, it was nice and what made that night even better was this sweet good lookin' young lady out of nowhere said hello to me, then flirted a little & then just started making out with me, and after that we never left each other's side. I was just lucky I guess, I mean I was at the right spot and her too, and that's all there was to it for the both of us.

Okay, so this sweetheart all ties into the history lesson I want to talk about today, because she lived in Romeo Michigan and the best Latin American history teacher I ever had was this bizarre but really good gay guy, named Romeo. I've talked about him on other recordings and he's back again today because he was an amazing character and teacher.

Well anyway, she and I became close for a while but it required me to drive a long way to be with her down in Romeo Michigan, but it was well worth the time because her natural way was very sweet, smoothly romantic, super playful and always kind to me, and I naturally reciprocated big time back to her.

So from going from her great times, let's flip over to my friend Romeo in Miami Beach. You see one night before one of my history lessons he gave me at the hotel where we each had a small room we were living in, I told him the story about my young lady friend and that the name Romeo conjures up in my mind the thought of her and romance.

Like I said, she was very romantically inclined, but I was young and not so sure of myself back then and I was kind of in a major sexual learning curve of life with her, but still always trying, & so was my gay buddy Romeo sitting on the hotel steps right next to me.

The dude never stopped hitting on me and the minute I said his name was about romance, but referring to her, well he thought this was some kind of change of signal from me and his opening to make a sexual move. It was always awkward and beyond strange when I had to stand up and practically shield and physically repel him away and once I did that, that took care of things.

I remember saying to him, '*NICE TRY ROMEO*' and very directly told him like all the other times '*TO KEEP HIS DAMN HANDS-OFF ME*', and then I asked him in a fairly



stern way to continue on and tell me about this education he had for me about Miami Beach, the CIA, FBI and Cuba.

When I first arrived in Miami Beach back in late November of 1969, I had heard from the older folks who stayed in the hotel like me, that Romeo knew and had a lot of interesting firsthand experiences regarding Castro, the Bay of Pigs and the Cuban missile crisis. Not soon after arriving, he and I just started late at night our student-teacher union, and he really was an amazing fact filled history teacher. The deal was, he was my friend, we got along great and he had so much knowledge and he wanted to teach, and I wanted to learn. So I have to mention that aside from him being a great storyteller, I had to dig in and pay close attention because he had this thick heavy accent along with a broken English way of speaking, but I got it and it all made our lessons even more interesting.

And I got to tell ya, he had these very expressive thick and long eyebrows and his facial skin seemed to be very elastic and these brows of his were flying all over his forehead and putting the final touch to any important point he would make. So like I said, right out of the gate when we first sat down, he came out firing heavy world history and putting me on the seat of my shorts from the moment he began.

So check this out, first thing I know, he's telling me the history of the deceased President, John F. Kennedy. He explained to me his own personal connection to the United States during and after the Bay of Pigs invasion fiasco. He was one of the lucky land-based fighters who survived and fortunately escaped in one piece.

He gave me so much descriptive detail about the clandestine training and all the military plans that were supposed to take place but didn't happen because of Kennedy not following through with the Air Force Jet Fighter planes and their much-needed back up fire power for the invading forces on the ground. Then he totally blew my mind with his on-scene version of the hidden truths about what really happened with the bungled Bay of Pigs invasion.

He had details about corrupt politicians and men with power who were battling with the Kennedy people starting with some dude named Dulles. This guy was the head of the CIA

back then under the Eisenhower administration, and later stayed on and worked in the same position for Kennedy for a while.

Now listen to me carefully Katie, because I'm going to explain the key to the failure of the invasion plans, and I'll keep it simple. Okay, so there's that guy Dalles, who ordered his people for many months to train and prepare a fairly large select special group of Cuban exiles for the invasion and all this was taking place before Kennedy was in office.

The original plans for an operation from the pentagon were approved by president Eisenhower himself but as time went on this Dulles dude knowing that soon Eisenhower would be out of office and Kennedy would be following, well secretly he went beyond his powers to convince the brass in the pentagon to come up with a more aggressive act aimed at the Castro brothers and all of his military people.

According to Romeo, when Kennedy began his term it was not totally clear by presidential historians if he was given the entire military strategy by this Dalles fella, but what did happen, was the first wave of the exiled Cuban invaders on the Cuban shores failed because of many missteps and bad decisions made in the planning. Now all of that were contributing factors of the failure, but the biggest malfunction of it all, was that Kennedy didn't send in the all-important backup jet fighter planes that were originally promised from the Eisenhower administration.

This back up air fire power was a critical part needed for the ability of the anti-Castro fighters to move on the ground.

Romeo told me that night that there were no historical documents ever uncovered or made clear of what really president Kennedy understood about the invasion plans. But what was absolutely known was the president was beyond pissed off when the operation itself was a complete failure.

Romeo repeatedly made it clear to me that all the ideas were drawn up specifically by the Eisenhower administration but Kennedy fell on the sword as they say, taking the blame for the entire planning and failure, and leaving Eisenhower completely free of any wrongdoing or fault.

Now after the president took all the blame, he was now aiming to get rid of Dulles and that man was seething mad beyond words at the president for not sending in the fighter planes to aid the Cuban fighters like planned.

So now the real-life battle lines are drawn but at the time Kennedy obviously had the upper hand as president of The United States, and that gave him all the controls to do whatever he damn well pleased.

And so quite soon after he went and fired this Dulles dude, along with many of this guy's established people below him working in the pentagon, which involved many top-ranking generals in the different militaries, a dangerous line in the sand was drawn for all these not too happy characters.

There's lots more interesting detail I'm not going to get into about this man named Dulles and all his cronies because my memory has faded and isn't that clear about all the things Romeo years ago talked about. Katie, can you hold on, my mouth is as dry as a bone again, and I really need to wet my whistle."

"Yeah-yeah, drink away my dear but what do you mean not clear? Come on, you've got a memory second to no one on God's green earth." You can hear on the tape Katie asking rather strongly but then at the end she's lightly giggling and David caught the whole act.

"EWW, tough guy here Eh!!! Listen my love, it's a complicated whole other big story and it's been a really long time, so what do you want from me my sweet little Angel Cup Cake, with extra flavored sprinkles on top?"

You could here on the tape Katie slightly laughing because she always liked his playful nature, but she was serious and she wanted more information and she was nonstop at this point because he really got her curiosity going. She soon got her wish because she knew just how to coax her friend with her cute little words and ways.

"Only for you baby do I do this, only you."

Right there David pauses, digging into his memory because it truly had been many years since his hours of sitting together with Romeo and learning so many important history lessons. He then was good to go.

“Yes, I remember everything but when I was so young and impressionable back then, it sort of freaked me out.”

David stops talking right there and seems to be thinking about his own words. After that, he smiles over to Katie and continues.

“Well I’m sure Romeo was telling me some heavy things that were never supposed to be known to the public about Kennedy’s assassination, plus think about this Katie, he told me it was a fact that many witnesses at the shooting who came forward were threatened to keep their mouths shut or even worse, some suspiciously disappeared and a few others were just flat out killed but made to look like they died from accidents.”

“I’ve seen quite a few TV conspiracy expose shows talking about those specific horrible things you just said, so I understand what you’re saying, and it’s all fascinating. So don’t stop now baby, keep going, please.”

“Yeah, it’s been a long time and most of the world has their heads buried in the sand or dealing with their own world of just getting by in life, so for the most part these days, millions of folks have just put that day Kennedy was killed behind them.”

“Well I admit I forgot about it all until now, so you definitely got a point. Come on David, don’t stop on me now, I’m all ears.”

He hears her fun phrased words and smiles and lightly chuckles. Then gets in gear again.

“That night Romeo put the pieces together of the web of intrigue that eventually led to the beginning of the end unfortunately for Kennedy. He taught me that after the failed Bay of Pigs mess, the United States feared a joint Cuban and Russian alliance would try slipping into our US borders via the hundreds of miles of Florida beach front coastlines, small groups of well-educated English speaking Cuban spies who were also very indoctrinated

to the American ways and culture. The CIA with and through their own network of spying and other back channels plus the use of some rather crude technological methods, intercepted and knew about many recruiting efforts going on in Cuba to bring in young talent to be educated in their underground network of growing spy schools. It was becoming very clear that heavy nonstop funding was taking place by Cuba's big brother Russia and this was becoming a very worrisome situation for our government, or shall I just say the responsibility rested on the shoulders of the FBI, and the CIA too.

Romeo explained what those two agencies were doing as a nationwide and counter international move against this major action being planned by Cuba and Russia.

The task being ordered by our government was to recruit as many of the loyal Cubans who were whole heartedly very pro America and deadly serious about taking out Castro and his clan. And the strongest of these groups were all of the Bay of Pigs survivors along with their close family members, plus hundreds of other Pro American Cubans like my friend Romeo, who came from all over the United States.”

David needed to take a swig of water, and get some more wind, then continues.

“The idea of the pentagon was to bring them to Florida for our countries own specific training and to then act as spies. These men and women were placed strategically up and down the East coast from Key West up to Jupiter Florida and covered a large area up the West coast too. Their jobs were to work in the hotels to keep an eye and ear open to watch for these spy's and invaders sent over from Cuba.

The government was also using many of these loyal anti-Castro Cubans to work in small cafeterias, and all kinds of various jobs that could help search and seek and weed out the incoming Cuban spies.

He talked to me about the several attempts to assassinate Castro had gone unsuccessful by our government who used the Mafia and some other unknown operators who TB and I think of as wetbacks, or spooks, or we refer to and sometimes label these dudes as ghosts. And I'm not talking about anything bad or down on Mexicans or Black people, no not at all, because those were the descriptive names that assassins were tagged with back in the

day, and actually even now in this present time those phrases are the trade names of their craft they all go by. So moving on my dear, Castro in his own defensive way was threatening to lash out for the attempts on his life and you definitely have to include the failed Bay of Pigs invasion. In a nutshell, he was really pissed off and if you ever saw footage of Castro in his younger invasion days, well you'd have seen a fire breathing determined fighter and then after he took over Cuba, he became a screaming ridiculously long-winded never-ending speech maker.

Romeo and his men and many others used to say, Castro was so chock full of himself, he would never shut the F\*%k up, and yet the masses of the Cuban public were scared to death of him so they stood there at all his propagandizing rallies, in the sweltering heat and they all cooked to death listening to him for hours on end spewing his communistic bull crap.

So Romeo with his broken English and his flying expressive almost talking like eyebrows was giving me truly fascinating history lessons of a lifetime to think about.” Right there David takes a long-needed pause.

Katie like all Americans picked up snippets of information over the years about the invasion and Kennedy's assassination and such, but now she's learning about events on the front end that she never had a clue about. David goes on.

“So like I said, the FBI planted maids and clerks and all kinds of specially trained Cuban spies in all the hotels and motels after they all were specially trained. This had been going on ever since and some small ways even before the Bay of Pigs and Cuban missile crisis. These people's jobs were very important, for as I remember Romeo putting it, they were the serious eyes and ears of our coastlines, keeping a heavy watch for anything unusual and suspicious, like from Cuban spies or, and any men or women looking Russian and especially speaking Russian. I mean that was an obvious and serious *TELL*.

You see all these Cuban-American folks working for the USA as spies themselves, were given serious professional lessons on many fronts, from how to recognize the Russian spoken language, to simple details of certain kinds of Russian physical characteristics to

look for. And at the end of the day of their duo work, they reported anything and everything that was suspicious to their secondary bosses, which were guys like Romeo.

Our government made deals with all the businesses to hire these folks and some sorts of arrangements were made for their co-operation. He personally was in charge of handling ten mid-size hotels on Ocean Drive and a few cafeterias located in Little Havana. He told me the total number of people he was in charge of was about thirty-five men and women, and his responsibilities kept him pretty busy. The fact was, Romeo and all the Cuban workers I just described worked for the United States and received extra money along with their regular job cleaning pay.

Everything back in those days was carefully coordinated by FBI agents walking and driving around and trying to act like tourists.

It became very apparent to me soon after my education from Romeo, who was who walking and driving around in the very narrow Miami Beach streets and sidewalks. It was actually funny and easy for me to spot these FBI guys now who were posing as innocent tourists but I learned to hide my new knowledge of what was truly going on right in front of everyone's noses, and that made life interesting for me. Hold on baby, I need some more water."

Katie is waving her arms as usual to him to hurry up, take his drink and get back to his history lessons because she's digging David's storytelling. Now he's back, refreshed and knows right where to pick up.

"These agents always wore these obvious non-tourist clothes, which was to me a ridiculous tactical mistake. I always used to think you can't blend in as a tourist when you stood out looking so over dressed in such hot weather. I mean come on, they should have been ordered to loosen up and just dress totally tourist minded and get with the program, I mean at the least lighten up the dress code. Well anyway, during that night he explained to me in great detail many hidden facts that the American public had no idea about, and it was all just fascinating and scary too. And let me tell you something Katie, there's dozen of investigations that have been done in the past and there will be plenty in the future in the investigative journalism world of TV, and they will all talk about the so called conspiracy theories they will dig up and write about and still come to the conclusion that

Oswalt's shots killed Kennedy, , but they're not even close, because they don't have a dog gone clue, ya hear me, zero, , zip, nada. Absolutely nothing."

"What are you saying David?"

"Well, I am saying I can tell you for sure who didn't kill Kennedy."

"What?" There was a pause for a few seconds, then she asked with some punch in her voice,

"Wait! What, HA, hold on. Are you saying Oswald didn't shoot and kill the president?"

"Well yeah! What do you think I just meant?"

After those words, there was about six seconds of a complete stoppage of words spoken between each, and no waving of Katie's arms like she liked to do, then David went on.

"Sorry for being a little gruff there baby cakes, but. Listen, none of the investigative journalists are on the right path to even come close to the answer of who shot Kennedy, but it all goes deeper than who shot him, the real important question is why was he shot!" David's voice was slightly raised up from his normal tone but he sounded very sure of himself. He grabbed a quick drink of water again and then went confidently on with his knowledge.

"I'll bet none of those researchers or conspiracy nut jobs can honestly say Oswald was the only shooter. And I'll go even a step further, and say most likely none of them have ever held a long rifle and let alone even shot one. And I mean a bolt action rifle that was the type he used, because those are like the worst contraptions to be able to accurately shoot repeatedly unless you are like a machine yourself with skills and trained to the max, and Oswald was no such skilled machine."

"Well then who shot Kennedy, and yeah, why since you mentioned it?"

"Hold on Katie, I want to explain something to you."



“What do you want to explain my dearest, and don’t you dare go doing one of your patent smooth changing the subject numbers on me. No-no baby, don’t you dare do that.”

“Okay smarty pants, slow down your little horse’s. What I want to tell you is there’s a real possibility that Oswald truly didn’t even shoot at Kennedy, and, , and, oh Katie, it’s the best cover-up ever and it still continues on.”

“Wait, what? Hold on again. No fair!”

“Katie, listen to me, another time would be better for me.”

“No-no-no buster. Don’t you dare leave me hanging like this. COME ON!”

“I just need a break, but I promise after a good night’s rest, we’ll pick right back up, really, I will, I swear.”

Katie did a little bitching and pouting but he was firm about his decision.

“So expect me to make you keep your promise tomorrow, okay??? Or maybe later on in bed I can coax you to go on, you little devil David Stone.”

“Well look who’s talking a little devilish now, huh! Listen my little sweet pudding cup, don’t take this the wrong way, but you always were one good little hound dog, digging and then digging for some more. You know what I mean? Seriously though, the fact is you’re just one ever relenting detective.”

“It’s you who’s the one that’s ever so relenting, so don’t go trying to fool me with your blowing smoke up my you know where, you wise guy. So take that smarty pants.”

“Oh baby, I love it when you get tough like that. Hey, come to poppa, , *plee~ease.*”



## SHAMPOO - Early 1972

continued

*We last left off where David is telling Bond and his London girlfriend how excited the five girls were when Warren Beatty walked just a few feet away from all of the girls, and afterwards what a stir that caused for each one. We'll go on from there;*

“So as the dude got back into his walking groove and headed to the podium, the cheers of the crowd rang out and I swear I could feel the electricity happening all around me. My girls surrounding me added to all the excitement and it was really cool to see their reactions. As his speaking went on, I did my best to take pictures and listen to what he had to say, but honestly, I don't think any of the girl's at that event heard or gave a damn about one political word he spoke. They were all just enamored with his unbelievable good looks, the charm and smile and total thrill of it all. I remember he wore this checkered red-black and white bandana around his neck and it was so fine, and I remember one of the girls with me said she was going to try and go up to him after he finished and ask for it, but she never did. Another one of the girls was talking about his hair that night was styled just like in the movie Shampoo, plus they all were going on and on about his facial features, and they were talking out loud and I had to shush all of them a couple of times. My girl was going crazy about how his pants seemed to fit like a glove and then she was talking about how she was imagining what was underneath them. I heard her loud and clear and I thought to myself, I wish she was that hot about my pants when we were together.”

After I said that, Mase and his girl cracked up, and then so did I. But it was the truth.

“After the speech, again he walked right by us and gave them a nice smile but none of the five girls reacted fast enough to say something to him, and that kind of surprised me. But to be honest, I was a bit star struck myself and forgot to get busy with my camera, but you live and learn, so.”

“Wow, what a night all of you were having.” Mason's girl says to me.

“Oh no, its just warming up my dear, just warming up.” After those words Mason and his lady friend looked at each other, wondering what’s next. They didn’t have to wait long.

I remember thinking to myself once back in the car, I can’t wait to write a little story about the speech he made and also turn in the prints and negatives to my guy. When I told the girls in the car what my plans were, they were practically screaming at me to make sure I make extra prints for them too, and I told them sure, no problem.

So during the ride back every single one of them really got wild with girl talk, and I mean to tell you it was nutso koo-koo wild. They all got so explicit about what they would do to him if they had the chance to be with him, and they were serious. They just let loose about all their fantasies and while that was happening, I kept my eyes on the road but my ears wide open because they were blowing my mind and cracking me up.”

“Yes, no doubt these girls were out of control, being that it was Warren Beatty.”

Mason’s lady was right on the money, and I told her so.

“So while the girls are all carrying on, I got the feeling of being totally ignored and even by my cute little companion, because actually she was the most vocal with her out loud fantasies and such. And making matters worse, she wasn’t ever really so hot with me no matter what kind of hippie free-loving mood I’d try to set, so.

Well anyway, we finally reached the first girl’s apartment who was extremely sexy, and was a kept young lady by a rich older sugar daddy. She was really cool because she invited us all up to be social like and continue to just all hang out together.

All the girls were friends in one way or another and she actually very politely in the car invited me too, and that kind of turned me on. So of course I said sure and thanks, , I mean why not. So moving along, when I first walked into her apartment, or should I say her sugar daddy’s pad, I was so impressed with the view and how high up we were.

This place had exquisite comfortable furniture and paintings on the walls with these perfect little accent lights attached over them. She lived on the Penthouse floor and the

views were to me really cool. I remember there was a full wine rack that was unreal with its unique wooden carvings, holding all these bottles in a horizontal position.

Well so anyway, she told us all to get comfortable and then she goes into a room and a minute later comes back out with a plastic bag of weed and then tosses it to me, and as I opened it up the aroma hit me because it was just that sweet. So the next thing I know my little honey is more or less paying a little attention to me, as she breaks out some rolling papers and asks me to help her roll enough joints for everyone.

Within less than twenty minutes the wine was flowing and the joints were burning. I guess you could say the party was really rolling and more talk about Ward Beatty was happening, but for me, well I just somehow began really grooving on our tall beautiful long blond hair hostess, and as my wine and weed buzz got better, I couldn't take my eyes off of her, and she knew it and I could tell she didn't mind one bit. No, not even a tinsy-insky bit.

So all the while, the fantasy talk compared to their craziness in the car was getting even more worked up. It just seemed like all of these girl's were talking themselves into this naked sexual fantasy trip with him, and I mean for real, because if you were there with me, then you'd have heard and felt the vibe just like I did from it all.

And then somewhere along the line something happened with my little cold girlfriend, saying something to one of the other girl's about sharing men. And after that, well, , ,

*To Be Continued*

## **‘Pirates, Not on T’s Watch,’ - April 10, 2005**

“Katie, remember that a story has to flow with a reasonable amount of continuity and hopefully be written with page turning desire for the reader.” Joanna talking to her sister.

“I get it, even though we’re suggesting the boys do some skipping around from year to year and even decades at times, but for the most part I believe the basic feeling of a nice flow is there and people will follow along and the book won’t come off as out of sync.”

“I think so too. It’s coming together and your portrayal of their true to life personas don’t appear to be over or understated. I think that’s important and the more I learn about David and TB, I appreciate their friendship even better.” Joanna’s voice was sincere.

“The thing is though, when they get together, they both have long winded moments.”

“But that’s normal, I mean it’s just like any of us holding court with a good friend.”

“You’re right, that’s true, but the boys will come right out and say that TB has always been more the teacher and David’s the patient listening student.”

“Well if that’s their natural way, then write it in that way. Anyway, it’s time to hear some more of his private notes David gave you.” Joanna nudging her sister.

Katie reaches into her little special document safe and pulls out a very organized file of notes and searches for a specific grouping of pages. Finding what she’s looking for, she wants to share something she already finished writing for the book.

“Okay Joanna, let me read to you a life harrowing event from back in 1977 that David told me all about. This situation happened to some people he indirectly knew through friends of his down in Florida, and this story involves TB. These notes are a combination of some of the action I had to kick and drag out of him, and when I did, he was very humble and low key about the whole experience as to what happened, so David filled in the action and intensity of the situation. Cousin Fitz relayed info also to David, so he was a big help too.”

“I guess you’re saying TB totally opened up about whatever this was with his cousin,”

“Yep, like he always does. Okay sis, get ready because this is gonna be very real and raw.”

“Hey, I’m all ears.” After Joanna’s words, Katie begins reading.

“This incident happened in the end of the winter in March of 1977. Jimmy Carter had just recently taken over as president and many of the changes he was initiating had to do with the pentagon and some of its what Carter and his people thought were overzealous counter-intelligence operations going on around the world. TB was indirectly working for the government on special projects with other specialists in the area of anti-terrorism and neutralizing the enemy. Basically though, all I could get clear from both of them was he worked for the good and safety for America deep down in Central America.

At times while talking to him, you could feel his protective nature for the United States. The activities and missions he was involved in and doing before the Carter administration, were gradually phased out. TB himself told me this was a mistake for national security to let its guard down like that, but his orders were final. He expressed that it was good timing for his own sake though, because his previous years of assignments were taking a real mental and physical toll on him and his money-making other enterprises were missing his hands-on attention. He was burned out and so exhausted that he felt this canceling of his Latin American clandestine activities probably saved his life. David and TB had both given me very important input about exhaustion and how it can create mistakes and paranoia and then serious slow reflexes could cause any type of misstep leading to death. Both friends were always checking on each other regarding exhaustion, because it was a big deal to them to stay on top of it. David long ago told me he once in his own mind privately thanked Carter for pulling the plug on the area of TB’s work, because he thinks it really might have saved the big guy’s life. So if so, I thank you too Mr. Carter!

When he came back to the states, he told me how he needed a lot of rest and relaxation. He bunkered down in Miami Beach and after a month of pure rest he was feeling much better. His air cargo business was rolling along with David’s occasional input, and he had solid trustworthy employees, plus his main three men were always on top of any and all details. He was always about profit sharing with those directly involved, except David,

who wouldn't accept a dime. TB used to say his sensitivity to taking money from him was the quirkiest thing he ever experienced from a fellow human, but he respected David's wishes. Oh, but he did say though that D was a stone cold closet freakin' adrenaline junkie, and the high and wild adventures they and the boys went on at least once a year were the best times David had in his life, with no regrets. It was about the extreme intense camaraderie and the clandestine action he shared with TB, Howie, Jacob and Cowboy. David never chased money but it always worked out for him, because he always focused on the task, used his brain, pushed himself with his blood research and his enjoyment from designing mirror and glass objects. He was a true hound dog and if he latched onto something that intrigued him, he would not let go until he was satisfied and got to the bottom of whatever it was. He had a calm easy confidence that he called a blessing from The Lord, and he felt and talked about his strong faith that The Lord would guide, protect, and provide for him, and from it all would be a good life.

TB and David were always in sync, never any secrets or miscommunications, and he told TB straight out to his face after he came back to Florida, he needs to slow down his life and take a good healthy recharging break, and he did just that. So during his rest and relaxation time, he was talking to one of his flying and off the grid business buddies who was also a sea fairing boat owner, if he could maybe help find someone who needed a deck-mate for a sailing voyage. TB in his own words loved the ocean like David, and all the unknown challenges that came from it, and as soon as the word went out, his buddy within a month found a very wealthy middle-aged man and wife who were taking their seventy-foot giant sailing boat out for a tropical island hopping twenty-five day get-away cruise. Arrangements were set up quickly to meet and soon after this couple found common ground that worked for everyone's benefit, so they made a compact and a good deal was struck.

TB was always true to his nature, that being a basic nice guy but very guarded and careful with becoming too friendly with almost everyone he encounters.

David explained to me that TB hardly needed this job money wise by a long shot, but told me why he was taking this unusual detour of his loner type personality. This was a time that he needed or felt like reaching out to ordinary good folks, so to have human bonding that he felt he really needed at that time in his life. The other reason was he wanted to be

surrounded by the vast sea and fresh ocean and salty air. T told David it was a perfect match for all involved.

He would have important responsibilities on this trip, but for the most part he did his tasks and then just floated around the sailing vessel doing little things he thought the ship needed for routine maintenance. The couple appreciated his volunteering spirited hand and the way he showed care and respect for their ship.

They had a dog with them, a friendly nice smaller than usual long eared beagle. TB liked this dog and the dog liked him back and followed him around everywhere. Some nights the dog left the main bunking quarters of his owners and ventured to the sleeping cabin of T. The little guy would scratch on his cabin door so he'd be heard and then he'd jump out of his bunk and let the rascal in. For a tough bad ass dude, this dog knew how to put a genuine happy smile and nice feeling inside the big guy.

Traveling from island to island was just what his mind and soul needed. David often talked about how his friend always found his way to a body of water or running streams to relax himself and calm down. Every day he felt healthier and stronger and was very grateful to have landed this off-beat gig for himself. The boat was providing just what he needed, a break from all the bloody insanity he was living in before, plus clean fresh air and the sun's rays to help recharge his whole being. Besides those things, below the top deck in the big storage room he used to lift one of the reserve back up three-hundred-pound plus water barrels to get in his weight lifting workouts. David said, it was more of a tune up, if even that.

Helping me put the story together, David relayed these parts of which were told to him by friends of the couple. Like I said, these folks noticed all the things TB was doing around the ship and truly appreciated his work ethic. At the very beginning of the voyage though, the man told his friends he wasn't really sure about TB, because he was intimidated by his obvious awesome physical size and presence, and not knowing really anything about this man other than what their friends told him.

Aside from the fact he really needed an extra strong set of hands for their sailing trip, he could only trust in their friend's judgment to take TB on as a helper for the voyage.



It didn't take long though after the start of the venture that the couple recognized him to be no threat and proved to them to be one heck of a good guy."

Joanna breaks in to say,

"Like one of our other chapters, you can't always judge a book by its cover."

"I hear you sis, and you are completely right. The fact is, anybody in their right mind would have a moment of pause from his physical presence, but peel away the layers as David would say, and everything will take care of itself, so."

"Right – Right, I get it. . . Sorry for the interruption Katie, so keep going."

"No problem, jump in when you want or feels it's needed... Ok, so, TB is very guarded and doesn't talk about himself very much and when David first told me about this voyage and then he helped me contact TB so I could ask him questions, he would only talk about the beauty of sailing on the ocean and the sunsets. He also talked about the dog, plus his fun and adventurous swinging antics above the ocean from the lines he rigged up from the top of the strong secured sailing mast.

David has said to me often, that sometimes when his friend loosens up he can really tell a good story about some of his wild flying experiences and other adventures, and then when it feels like he's getting too personal and such, he becomes somewhat introverted and protective and you can also feel his humbleness come over him."

"I get the picture about his nature, and that makes it clearer why David and TB are such good trusting friends." Joanna speaking with a nice smile.

"That's it, and I couldn't have put it better."

"Your words are coming from your heart, and it's easy to pick up the tight vibe those two guys have, and I say that even without ever meeting David's close friend. You know what sis, you're a good writer and the boys are lucky they have you helping them."

"Well you're helping me too, and they know that and appreciate it."

“That’s nice to hear, and thanks, but you know what the boys would say, we’ve changed the subject, so get back on course and keep reading to me, please.”

“Okay, you’re right. Just let me find my place and, , okay, got it. I’m ready but just let me take a drink of water and clear my throat.”

Katie takes her drink, then clears her throat like she needed and then gets right back on track where she left off.

“So, one night while everyone was sleeping with the boat anchored off of some Island inlet cove, five very swarthy pirate type bad guys quietly boarded the long narrow sailboat. That night the dog was in TB’s cabin and was quick to set the alarm off for him because the pooch rarely barked, so he knew something was wrong.

This part after practically begging TB to the max, was what I was able to get out of him. He told me he had to quickly lock the dog in the small clothes closet and tie a handkerchief around its mouth to keep it from continuously barking. He hated to do that but he told me it was absolutely one hundred percent necessary at that moment. Hidden inside the same closet were his knives, so he first quickly took out his most trusted throwing knife, the one I had heard so much about from David.

He practiced throwing this knife with accuracy every day since before he entered Viet Nam, but to back that one up, he then took out his other very large and lethal hunting knife.

As soon as those knives were in his hands, he went into some sort of automatic killer instinctive mentality. He said to me he was ready for whatever because all his previous experiences and training were going to guide his every move now for a real deadly battle his gut and instincts told him was coming. He wasn’t about to make any mistakes, were his exact words.

He could hear the light footsteps on the main deck and all the while trying to count how many intruders there were. The man and wife were sleeping about thirty-five feet down the hall, and the stairs that everyone had to use were about half way between the cabins. He quickly knew he had to ambush the first bad guys coming down, so he decided to set up his attack once he secured the whole area and double-checked his plans in his focused

state of combat mind. He told me he never took his eyes off the main stairway hatch door as he walked quietly passed those stairs and then backwards towards the couple's cabin.

He mentioned that was a weird moment because here he is standing in their cabin doorway holding two knives in the middle of the night, and how strange that might look to these people.

Staying in total command and focus, he carefully tossed the man's bathing trunks that were hanging on the door onto the shoulder and back area of the man. This woke the husband and TB quickly used hand signals by putting his index finger to his mouth so as to be silent, and then pointing upward. The man quickly & thankfully got TB's important hand gestures, and then put his shorts on very quietly so he wouldn't wake up his wife.

All while that's happening, TB's eyes were fiercely focused on the hatch floor board door, and at the same time communicating with the boat owner with more hand gestures.

The first gesture was come closer and then very quietly asked the man if he had a gun on board the ship. He shook his head no! Keeping in his combat rhythmic flow, TB sensed these bad guys might be nearing the moment of their attack, so he motioned the man to follow right behind him.

As it was told by the sailboat owner to his friend's and relayed to David, it was said that the big guy was so non-human like and having this fearless almost grisly dangerous aura about him, it was other than that, hard to describe TB at that moment in time.

Before they knew it, but not really a surprise to T, everything broke loose. The first intruder opened the above hatch and TB pushed his employer in a sweeping motion far behind him. In practically the same motion, which was described by his employer, TB flung his Bowie knife right into the center of the attacker's throat and after that he came flailing down from the top deck and hitting the floor in a thud. T then quickly lunged the knife in deeper and then back and forth, then pulled it out of the pirate's throat and then took the now dead guy's gun that was still gripped tightly in his hand from all the seconds ago adrenaline driven action. TB was breathing hard and fast, but still in total control. The guy also had a large knife sheathed in leather on his hip, so he took that too.

Not surprising to the big guy, a gunshot rang out from above directed down towards them. He quickly assessed the direction the shot came from and shot back upward at the area, and then in an instant pushed his employer back into the cabin with the man's wife shockingly now awakened and frantically wondering what was happening.

He told me he realized that the woman was totally unaware of what was going on and obviously the gunfire would incredibly put her in a very confused state.

He said his main concern was about their physical safety and not their emotional state at that moment. This was pure deadly combat now and he said staying alive was what only mattered, period.

He checked the gun to see how many bullets were left and he counted five rounds. He told me having a gun and five bullets was a lot better than three knives and nothing else.

The next version of what happened was explained to me by David who was told by his mutual friend of TB, who got it from the sailboat owner. For the next hour, all T and the man and wife could do was wait but during that time they heard footsteps all over the top deck. There was no other entry point down to the cabin other than a little portal window that only a very small child could fit through. He asked the man to go quickly double check and tightly seal and thoroughly cover it up so these intruders couldn't see through it if they lowered one of the guys down in an upside-down maneuvering way.

He also knew they could shoot downward at them and maybe get a lucky shot off, so he moved everybody to the kitchen and everyone ended up wearing a cooking pan and hard cast-iron pot on top of their heads. As funny as it may have looked and even sounds, it made excellent sense to take that precautionary action.

While they were in the kitchen, they made a quick decision to go all together and check on the dog quickly but leave him right where he was for his own good. TB told me if it weren't for the dog alerting him, the invaders might have gotten the all-important upper handed first and fatal jump-start on the situation.

When they safely got to the dog, TB quickly took the handkerchief off so he could breathe better, and then almost in a whisper apologized to the people about the treatment he had to do of their little buddy, but they knew it was the right move he made at that moment in time. These were logical good people who immediately knew he meant no harm to their sweet animal, so that was that.

It was said that TB constantly showed incredible calm and strength and that he told the people on several occasions not to be scared. He said to them in the most matter of fact way, there's nothing to be afraid of and someday you'll have a real-life adventure you can tell your friends. The people said they drew strength and confidence from his utter sheer cool and calm way he was handling every second they were all together. They trusted him completely and both Thanked God because they said TB was there to save their lives.

The next move of the intruders finally came and TB was totally ready. The leader of the group sent two more of his thugs down at the same time. The galley ladder was really not wide enough for both, but the idea was that maybe one of them would succeed in starting the killing process.

BAD idea completely. They came down with their guns firing wildly but nothing but the ship was hit. One was dead before he hit the ships cabin floor, and the other one was soon after to meet the same death fate.. TB was well aware of their noisy attack coming, and perfectly positioned himself to shoot one of them right above his left eye and the other pirate came down awkwardly and the big guy zeroed in quickly and lunged his Bowie into his heart.

But not taking any of his skills for granted, he quickly checked to make sure of their fates, and then he was sure.

Now he had two more guns and a buckle belt of bullets. He asked his employer if he knew how to shoot a gun and he answered back he didn't, so TB gave him a quick basic lesson and the man was now ready, willing and able to do anything to help.

TB always cool under fire from the years of experience in Viet Nam, was now working on a plan for the remaining pirates. First though he wanted to absolutely make sure how

many more bad guys he was going to be dealing with. He and the couple would agree after listening to footsteps and voices from above that it sounded like there were only two guys walking around upstairs.

The plan he came up with was a diversionary type move, but to pull this off he needed to ask his boss if he wouldn't mind shooting up his boat a little more and he was quick to tell TB, '*Absolutely*', and then said, '*We can replace the boat but not our lives*'.

With that said, TB cracked a slight smile and nod of thanks, then laid out the plan. First, they were going to listen very carefully to where the footsteps were coming from, and then it would be up to the owner of the ship to set up the shooting diversion directed at those sounds. The next move would be TB making his way up the steps but first the big guy would grab one of the dead bodies and carry it up with him and use it as some sort of shield if necessary.

The couple voiced their concerns they didn't want him to put his life in such open visible danger, and suggested maybe it would be best to just wait it out and hope the two guys would just go away, but they were just now learning about the real heart of David's close dear friend.

TB was a pure deep down fearless true warrior and he was feeling very bloodthirsty, something that these boat owners were more than aware of by now, stemming from their shared life and death gripping present situation.

He convinced the couple that these guys were after their sailboat for probably drug smuggling purposes or they would have already burned the boat with all of us in it and then left, because of the unexpected resistance they were met with.

This unintentional but realistic reality check scared the couple, but they were right from the get-go wholeheartedly with whatever TB thought was best to do, period.

So first, hand signals were worked out between T and the man as to when to start firing. The plan was from his way of thinking, a very simple but tactical diversionary type set up.

The idea was, as the gunshots from below being shot further down from the stairway, they hopefully would allow TB to catch the two pirates off guard with his surprise out of sight attack.

The plan was now in motion by TB first lifting up and carrying one of the dead guys over his shoulder, and then he gave the hand signal and nod to the husband to start firing.

His wife was given a quick lesson beforehand in reloading the gun and all three were in lockstep now for the battle of their lives.

TB's enormous strength combined with his adrenaline really pumping made it very easy to lift the dead body and carry it on his powerful shoulders and still hold the new acquired gun in one hand and his favorite throwing knife in his well-practiced other.

The plan of attack was on, with no letting up by the good guys.

The first instant TB slowly popped his head above the hatchway to see the top deck, he saw his opening. The distraction of the gunfire left the invaders vulnerable. In almost a split second he dropped the dead body on the edge where the deck and ladder connect, cocked his arm, and flung his knife into the upper center portion of the back of the closest intruder to him.

He collapsed down on the deck trying to grab around to his back to pull the knife out but to no avail. The other one who was the leader whirled around and fired away, but TB was far more on point and fleet footed prepared for anything coming at him.

The big guy got off a quick shot while he was flying in the air to get hidden behind more or less a safe area on the deck of the boat. His shot hit its target in the upper shoulder area but it wasn't the head kill shot he hoped for.

The leader of the pirates was wildly firing at TB now but just luckily hitting wooden parts of the ship and sending splinters everywhere. He yelled now for his employer to keep firing upward in the direction of the shots he heard that were a safe distance from his voice, and just as quick he heard TB commands, he was firing away like a wild man.

One of those shots caught the pirate boss in the lower calf area and he yelled out and reacted with a quick screeching sound of pain. TB was now in a position to get a clear shot off and the bad guy was totally distracted with two bullets in him and more coming fast at him. And then it was all over and finished for this pirate the split second after TB's index finger smoothly pulled his guns trigger, after he carefully aimed for the middle of the man's face, albeit it was a slightly moving target.

The years and experience of TB with a gun in his hand ended this pirate's life, hitting the mark dead on, and quickly after T yelled for his employer to stop firing and just stay where they were, and they both yelled back 'OK'. Then he crawled around low to see the status of the one with the knife in his back and he could see he was slowly bleeding to death and pretty much unconscious.

Without much reservation or concern, TB still checked around for any other pirates but the situation felt like everything was under control, so he then got up and went over and took his knife out of the one living pirates back. He then stood over the man and put his big barefoot onto his throat and with a fluid motion, he lifted up off the ground with his other leg and used that extra heavy body mass leveraged weight to come down hard and crush the man's entire exposed windpipe inward.

He was animalistically blood thirsty crazed at these intruders and in his own way wanted to show his disdain and end this episode with a final killing statement of his own, with no mercy or hesitation. It was said by the boat owners who were below deck, that they heard what sounded like a loud animal growl, which took place at the combined instant of the crushing stomp.

After that move the big guy wasn't totally ready to let his guard down, so now with more weapons he collected up, he thoroughly this time searched out the entire deck for more possible pirates laying low for another attack, but the coast was clear like his first instincts told him.

It was said to me by David that after the couple and TB had a chance to gather themselves and talk about what to do next, he strongly advised them that he had to get rid of all the



bodies, and after he laid out all his other tactical thoughts, there was no resistance whatsoever spoken from the folks.

His plan was to take these dead guys and first put them onto the motor driven boat they came on and then thoroughly using a long three-quarter inch thick boat line, securely tying them altogether with a double-hitch grip slip knot. Then after that, use any of the loose found heavy items from the pirate's boat and connect and tie those things into the bodies that were set up semi-floating on the side of the boat. After that, unhinge the attached motor from the rear and use this heavy weight to be the absolute final answer for the extra pounds needed to be tied into this mass so it will securely sink the corpses all at once. None of this was an issue for TB, absolutely none of it!

This was a real serious crucial move that had to be done, and done with absolutely no human dead body traces left ever to be visible and floating behind.

T was more than ready to take care of this last necessary matter, for all of their sakes.

He made the husband and wife realize that these robbing pirates might have friends who may come after their sailing ship if in any way they found out what they did to them, and that's why TB insisted that they can't go to the authorities on the nearest island and make a report about this mess. He explained to them that nothing good would come of such a report and that they'd have to trust his judgment and experience.

This was jungle warfare to him and he expressed he just wanted to get rid of the bodies, come back onto the sailboat after cracking as many holes as possibly needed into the pirate's fair size wooden boat, and get the damn thing sunk and out of sight for good. And after that crucial task was done and all three persons eyeballs making sure nothing was floating or visibly left behind, then TB wanted to get them all sailing as far away from the area as quick as possible.

When it was asked of him about what he was thinking when this pirate raid all happened, he said he was just glad he was there to protect these people."

"God Katie, what kind of guy is TB?"

“I told you Joanna, he’s a good guy with a good heart but he’s a trained experienced killer and become as David told me, very good at it... Meeting him though, you wouldn’t have really a clue about that side of him, other than his huge physical characteristics might set you back on your toes.”

“I can imagine so.”

“David told me that he was told by the mutual friends of the couple that hired TB, after the incident and on the way back home they got him to be more talkative and approachable and totally enjoyed their remaining time together. TB credits David with opening up his mind and trying to be more personable and outgoing to everyday good, kind, and likeable people.”

“Katie, it really sounds like your boys easy-going nature must have over the years rubbed quite a bit off on his friend.”

“No question about it, and TB would be the first one to say so.”

“That’s nice, really, , its sweet... Okay Katie, it’s time to hear more, so I’m going to shut up and ask you to keep going.”

“You got it sis.”

After Katie’s reply back, she picks up right where she left off.

“On the trip back home they carefully avoided any port stops loaded with other sail boats, so as not to get too close enough for anyone to possibly see the shot up and blood-stained boat. They always stayed their distance from everyone and used their outboard dingy to travel into these ports to pick up any needed supplies.

They began cleaning up the blood the next morning after the attack. There was a lot of top deck blood stain smears from where TB and the man dragged the dead bodies over to the pirate’s boat. TB rigged up a system so he could hang over the edge and thoroughly wash down all areas of the side of the sail boat, because it also was heavily drenched with lots of blood.

Before their trip ended, they all worked diligently day after day in the middle of the ocean to clean up all the blood-stained areas so as not to open any chances of someone accidentally seeing any of it before coming back and docking in Miami. If needed, they all agreed the excuse for the bullet holes would be they bought it that way and got a good size discount for the damages.

For the thorough blood cleaning process, they first used the abundance of salt ocean water and then used all the brine, vinegar, soap and bleach they had on board to give the stains a good wash down of any and all remaining slight traces of the red stuff. It smelled funny the first day or two but all their hard teamwork did the job and that's all that mattered."

"I just have to interrupt and tell you how great this sounds how well they all worked and stuck together. Yeah really, I like it... Sorry, go on Katie."

"It's okay, and your right, it is and it was great, and David was really proud of TB in every aspect of how he took command of it all to protect these people, and he was really pleased to hear how he opened up so well with these folks afterwards."

After Katies words, she calmly pauses to think about all she's just read to her sister. She likes the way the story unfolds and she's proud to be of help to the boys. She goes on.

"After the trip, on top of the contracted work pay agreed upon, they gave TB a fifty-thousand-dollar bonus for saving their lives, but he didn't want to except it but they insisted, and they even wanted to give him more. The big guy being more than financially well off himself, eventually with outside help found needy charities he gladly spread the money around to.

Before the couple and TB went their own ways, they all agreed that they would not report the incident to the American authorities either. It was just a logical down deep-strongly felt idea that had to happen, and that was that.

The man had his boat completely repaired of the bullet holes after TB had his secret worldly contacts find him one reliable trustworthy carpenter down in South Miami.

He was an older gentleman who was quite thorough and asked no questions and finished within a couple of weeks' time and afterwards received a nice large wad of cash at a designated meeting spot.

With the money in his left hand, he then used his free hand to shake the hand of the husband and then went over and shook TB's big hand also, and then walked away to quietly go on with his life as if his helping carpenters handywork never happened.

And after all the carpentry work and other details they shared together before parting ways, he told me that this couple and himself have a lifelong friendship and each has their own way of staying in touch with each other. He is a very private guy but he can be the best kind of friend to have for life."

Katie finishes reading her notes and then just sits still as her sister is shaking her head up and down, easily nicely smiling, and then she has to speak her mind.

"Nice job Katie, seriously, and I tell ya what, the big guys a book in and of himself, , really my dear, he really is."

"I agree with you, but it will probably never happen outside of this one the boys are doing together. They often mention to me it has this cathartic healing feeling for them."

"I get it Katie, I do, but I gotta tell ya, you're doing a good job of character building and hopefully it will help the reader to get a feel and better understanding of the guys."

"Thanks sis, because that's what I'm trying my best to do."

"You're doing fine and since this story is basically about the good guys, David and TB, against the evil doers and manipulators of the world, I sense the readers will relate entirely with these good guys."

"See Joanna, you're really starting to get my point of view about them, especially the scope and depth of TB."

“Well, I’m totally on his side and with him, and I do feel that people will like him and understand how the boys developed in Acapulco such a unique tight friendship. But you know what else, I wouldn’t want in the slightest way to be an enemy of his.”

“Hey Joanna, *what’s there not to like, , huh!* I mean, come on.”

Katie says with a fun wry little smile on her face and a perfect pitched sarcastic tone.



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## **‘SHAMPOO’ - Early 1972**

Conclusion

“David, I see you wryly smiling again, because you just mentioning about your cold little lady friend talking about sharing men, just lit you up man.”

“Mason’s right, you do seem to be blushing a bit. Mmm, are you a bad boy.”

“I can’t help it because I’m having a real mental flash back to it all.”

“Buddy, you were definitely in your element back then, in that pure free love era of time.”

“Oh Mase, I was tripping and so were all of them. So moving on here, the next thing I know is my little cutie asks if I would rub her neck and shoulders and do that scalp massage she liked that I did for her. I thought sure of course, so I moved much closer to her and then she asked if anybody would like a massage also. When she said that, at first I was shocked but before I knew it, she’s asking everybody to get off the couches and get comfortable on top of the thick white shaggy plush carpet, so everybody did. Now that innocent move put all of us in tight quarters of each other and before I knew it, one of the girl’s went for my little cuties offer of a backrub and in a split second kind of reaction, I went over towards the hostess and she was all in for my move. When I first put my hands on her shoulders, she turned her head around and her eyes were sparkling and alive and so was her smile. Our eye contact got more intense and it drew us tighter and the next thing I know is her smile came at mine and we were suddenly purring with passion.”

“Wow. Sorry, go on.”

“Yeah buddy, wow is right but don’t stop on us now.”

“Sure, , so I mean you can imagine what a wild sexual surge was happening between us and I always stayed away from taller young ladies, but this was a breakthrough to say the least.

Okay, so while she and I just started grooving, my little chickadee was gathering a crowd over by her, and what I mean by that is, the two girls that seemed to be attracted to each

other started making out but practically in the middle of her and the other girl she started getting a massage from. For a flashing few seconds the long legged beauty with me caught what was happening with those four girls and that just seemed to ignite her fires.”

“Oh brother, you’re killing me.”

“I know Mase, I’m killing myself.”

Right then after that comeback, we all just naturally broke out laughing and during that Mase laughingly says to me,

“You must have thought you were on some LSD trip or something, you know!”

“Yeah actually it crossed my mind, because the wild Santana music playing, along with the weed and the wine and with all the sexual excitement happening all around me, the smile on my face actually hurt my jaws, if you know what I mean.”

“Are you kidding, my jaws are hurting right now,”

“Me too sweetie, seriously.”

“Well good, because I’m sure this story is going to light both your fires later on.”

Again, more laughter broke out. I guess I was turning into a regular funny guy that night, but there was more to the long-ago night I had to tell them.

“So during all this making out and massaging and touchy feely stuff, along with the blaring music and drinking and smoking, the off the wall back and forth chit chat is still going on with all the girls about Warren Beatty. Then out of maybe jealousy or something, my little honey says to me in the middle of nowhere, would I mind coming over and help her take her shirt and bra off and get down to just her tiny cute panties, , and I’m like shocked and practically speechless.

So as soon as my mind registered her words, my long legged creature I’m with takes my hand and she moves us ever so smoothly right next to that group of four girls. Then this fine hot hostess says to me, let her play out her Warren Beatty fantasies on you, and if she wouldn’t mind, I’ll join in and pretend you’re him also.”

“Oh buddy, you for sure must have been feeling like you’re on some kind of LSD trip,”

“I did, , I swear.”

“Okay boys, you both need to settle down because I know David’s not done.”

“Yes of course, I’m digging my own flashbacks, but even wilder than that, I wish there was a real time machine so I could go back to that night. Anyway, your sweet friend is right.”

“She is, so keep going, and I’ll keep my mouth shut.”

Right then Mason’s lady friend gets in closer to her man and gives him a nice kiss, then they lock eyes and smile and that’s my que to get back into that wild night.

“So now the fantasizing was just beginning. So before I knew it, my cutie is taking my shirt, shoes and pants off and without any words spoken other than great eye contact, I undress my beautiful long legged companion with no hesitation.

And while that was going on, the three other young ladies were helping each other get naked and now my uninhibited *little vixen* moved over to be with them. We were all just loosing ourselves in the sexual ecstasy we were experiencing and this was causing all of everyone’s passions to explode.”

“Way to go tiger.” Mase shoots in smiling ear to hear.

“We were all experiencing this overwhelming feeling of sexual freedom and speaking for myself, I’d say before that night I’ve never thought possible or dreamed of such a thing happening.

The feeling of being so free and loose just like the other girl’s just unexplainably came over me and with all the fantasy and hot talk, I ate up all the action.”

“And I’m feeling it too, and I think my lady’s the same.”

“Oh I am, for sure Mason.”



“In all actuality, I was the recipient of all the girl’s desires and fantasies of their lusting out so sexually to be with Ward Beatty, even the two girls who shocked all of us, came over several times during the late night to play with me, and I remember pouring out some extra wild fantasies of my own with those two at the same time. It was wild and fantastic, and it felt like I found myself in some kind of zone and just had the best time during it all with eventually all the girls, and between my body recharging, if you follow my drift, I was good to go for hours. I don’t think any of us were really drunk or too stoned, but just feeling this complete openness to be touching and kissing and sexually letting go and getting free of all worrying thoughts about what we were doing together.”

“It’s amazing buddy, here you were before entering your so-called hostess’s apartment, being practically ignored the whole night, and then this magical event just kind of spontaneously erupted and you were right in the perfect sweet spot of it all.”

“I know, and it all had this pure natural rhythm once the spark was started.”

“You did a nice classy job in the way you described everything about your wild night with all those young ladies, and I personally think from back to when I was a young girl back in those wild hippy fun filled days, I could have easily been one of those girls.”

“Do you see why I love this lady David, I mean she always surprises me and keeps me on my toes.”

As my long-time childhood friend finishes his words, he leans over and gives his companion a nice soft lip kiss and then both reach out to hold each other’s hands.

“You guys, I am going to sum that night up this way, and that is all six of us had some sort of amazing free-spirited vibe of life come over us and we just let it happen. Now I’m not trying to be a philosopher, but that’s the way I view it from all those years ago.”

“Brother David, you can view it any way you wish, because like my lady friend said you told us a nice story and we both enjoyed it, so thank you, and thank you for this tasty great bar-b-que dinner you made us.”

“Well I’m glad my cooking worked out, and you also liked my Miami Beach one in a life time lucky night flash back.”

“Oh for sure David, because Mason and I are totally enjoying this perfect night with you, really, just perfect, but let me add a Universal shout out thank you to Mr. Warren Beatty, for his then and now energy and nice vibes coming so neatly into play.”



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## **‘I was so young, what did I know? Watergate!’**

*Mid-summer of 1999, Katie and David were continuing together to make tape cassettes to be used for entries into a possible book that TB and David started writing in early 1998. We pick up in the time period of David living in Miami Beach back in the very early 70’s. She presses the record button, then signals him to begin, and he does;*

“So here I am Katie, hearing and getting a sort of mini detailed briefing about the Watergate Hotel office break-in activity before it even happens. That conspiracy could have almost cost me my life before any of it went down, and I’m specifically talking about the guy putting that gun to my temple after he slid it through the shower curtain in Romeo’s bathroom. To say my life flashed before me really didn’t happen because it all went down so fast, and I was totally focused on every second of the time.

And you know, for me it’s interesting because to this day the media really doesn’t know the whole truth about the break-in and that thought boggles my mind, but I’m getting ahead of myself. Romeo later on had more informative meetings with the guy with the gun and eventually knew everything about what was going to take place regarding the Watergate break-in. My inquisitive mind was in overdrive all the time back then because of so much Romeo had been teaching me about the Kennedy assassination, and after those amazing stories it became normal for me to push my friend to tell me more interesting history lessons he hadn’t spoken about before. Katie, between Watergate and Kennedy’s sad event, plus really intriguing stories about the FBI and CIA regarding all their conflicts and bickering over Cuba and other deals, well Romeo really was an amazing teacher of historical events.”

David stopped talking and did some breathing exercises, then returned to the wild past.

“I want to tell you about the real oddity regarding Watergate and then the upcoming Democratic Convention, and what a tight nit circle of players were in on and involved with both deals. I was set up to be on the future cash payroll because I was going to be the darkroom specialist for whatever was going to be handed to me from the Watergate deal, plus the chief photographer for the big summertime convention in Miami Beach.”

“Wow David, that’s some bizarre and scary stuff you were getting into, and you’re in the thick of some really bad people.” Katie’s voice was raised on the tape.

“You’re right, it really was some crazy and amazing times I was getting in, but I still was up for the task and really getting in the mood to learn first-hand how the game of cut throat vicious politics was played.”

“But sweetheart, weren’t you thinking about making sure you were safe?”

“Of course, but my curiosity was so deep I just kind of put my fears to the side and went for it, and I couldn’t wait to learn more information.”

“That sounds like you back then, and even now too.”

“Yes, well wha`da`ya` gonna do! So anyway, eventually in a few other key late-night meetings set up by Romeo with some guys that sort of freaked me out but I still mentally managed to handle, I learned my work for the upcoming convention was going to be getting me a rare but legit free pass to have the freedom to roam in and out and all around the entire convention center and film and photograph like crazy everything in sight, and I’d be using their expensive equipment.”

Right there David’s mind jumps back in time to think about all that happened to him during that wild period in his youth. He goes on.

“Also in the deal, they were going to pay me a lot of money to do some specific darkroom developing of these very unusual small rolls of film that I’d never seen before. Somewhere around a few weeks after that meeting, they gave me some test rolls and told me to process them but explicitly said don’t print anything. I agreed but I told them I’d need to use the darkroom at the Fontainebleau Hotel where I worked late at night during the week, to develop these special small rolls of film, and they said fine but telling me again, just don’t print anything.

I have to admit their tone was causing me to have some personal red flags go up, but I guess the greed of the big money they were offering me canceled out thinking totally clear

about the entire situation. So I did as they asked and everything worked out fine and on top of everything, I learned a new skill developing these small negatives.”

David pauses again to just relax and throw a smile over to Katie. After that, he was ready to go on, so he signals her he’s good to go, so she presses the record button.

“Like I said, this very small negative type of film was all new to me but developing it was still the same process but with a little more extra care needed. Now here’s where it gets a little dark and somewhat tricky. They explained to me that all the work I’d be doing at the convention I’d have a partner of theirs working alongside of me, and his job would be to assist me in any way, but let’s be real here and strip away that fallacy. They told me that after each roll of film I shot, that I would need to hand them to him for safe keeping, and the same for the color 8-MM film work I also would be doing.”

“Obviously my dear, we’re talking about some heavy security measures these guys are taking with you.” Katie says with a little wry smile on her face.

“No doubt about that, my precious little Chickadee.”

Katie cracks a big smile because she loves the names he makes up to call her.

“So I’m not done baby cakes, so check this out.”

“I’m all ears you crazy man, because sometimes you really are!”

He’s smiling now and reaches over and rubs her arm and she catches his hand and clasp it. She let’s go and motions him to continue on. He does.

“One of the dudes explained two more heavy things about my future working situation. First, he told me that their renting an office for their people and a sectioned off area of that office was going to be mine, for the darkroom work.”

“Wow, that’s cool.”

“Yeah it was, but this part got even wilder.” He pauses but she was impatient.

“What, tell me!”

“Okay, okay. So he says to me after that, they’re going to give me whatever amount of money I need to set up the make shift darkroom, so that thought really got me pumped up. And in the same sentence he told me to figure out and make a list of all the darkroom equipment I needed and then to give him a ball park but high figure of how much cash I needed and wanted, so I could go out and buy all the stuff.”

“They had it all going on, and for sure money wasn’t an issue, right David?”

“Yep, you’re hearing me loud and clear on that part my dear. I mean this dude was a serious guy and definitely all business, but being generous with me and that was really cool at the time, but about a month later it became a much clearer picture for me.”

“Like how?”

“Because one night in another drunken way, Romeo opened up to me again and that’s when I started connecting the dots of what I really was getting involved in.”

“You always say loose lips sink ships.”

“That’s a fact baby, it’s the real deal. Okay, so all these photos and the film work were going to be used to capture individual delegates and whatever politicians were floating around the arena, with my future employer’s goals of getting all the film work possible of them doing some rather interesting and not very well thought out moves with hired prostitutes. I’m telling ya, this was setting up to be an operation that’s well thought out, and I say that because dozens of hookers and all kinds of players were being specifically brought in to be floating around like dandelion flower petals on a windy day, so they’d all be caught pollinating in every which compromising way possible.”

“What are you some kind of poet now?” Katie speaking with a big smile.

“No-no sweetheart, I’m no poet, but it’s just all flowing out of me.”

“No doubt, and I hear you loud and clear myself, and its wild, so don’t stop now.”

“You got it and it’s my pleasure. So even more to add to that part on the flip side of things, many gay and lesbian prostitutes were also going to be shipped in and, well you get the idea by now, but back then, come on, seriously speaking, I was basically clueless.”

“Hey, who could blame you? You got hooked on the big money and all the action.”

“Katie, you just nailed all the reasons for me wanting in on the thrill of it all.”

They’re both smiling now, with a little back and forth banter. Then he goes on.

“My job was to photograph and film with other hired men and women photographers, everything that moved in that hall and outside of it, period, and it was shaping up in my mind like we were going to be involved in a giant surveillance operation of the entire Democratic party. But to me it was more like a huge one-of-a-kind special party, filled with gays, straights, tons of hookers and everything and anything in between, and the fact was, it was designed to be that way. And you know now looking back, it was an easy task and a no brainer because any time a camera was in my hands, it was an extension of my own eyes.”

After his last thoughts, he pauses to catch more wind, then goes on.

“This entire film and photographing operation was being set up to be a very dirty game Katie, and I say that just from the perspective of the side that hired me, because they had plans to embarrass the Democrats through various media leaks then and for the future, but without any traces from where they all came from.”

“Listen to you! It’s amazing you were just about getting right in the middle of all that.”

“Yes, but obviously back then I was so young and naïve, I didn’t know any better.”

“Of course, we all were back in those days.”

“Exactly. So anyway, it was all part of a giant conspiracy to set up everyone that was of any importance in that time period and keep files on everyone else for the future if they ever rose up through the ranks and became a politician in some sort of influential way.”

“David, you were getting involved in setting up one massive organized political black mail file by some bad ruthless people, simple as that.”

“That’s it, and well put sweetie pie.”

“But again, it must have been an exciting time,”

“Oh it was, and you know the kicker of it all, was all those evil twisted people with all those black mailing intensions for the future, were also in some manner connected in different ways to the Watergate Democratic party office break-in boondoggle. Just unbelievable times, and it’s still going even today, with millions of good American people not having a clue about what’s going on right under their noses.”

Right there after David’s last word, both friends went silent, doing some personal reflection on all that had been talked about today. Then David had a little more to say.

“Listen Katie, it’s fair to say that politics is boiling down to one dirty rotten dog eat dog world, and really a matter of the survival of the fittest, but I know T wouldn’t be putting it that mildly, no, not at all. So guess what,”

“I don’t know, what?”

BUYER BEWARE, entering the doors of hell, or should I say “The World of Politics!”

### *A Snippet of Amazing Times*



## **‘The Delmonti File, August 2008, one year Later’**

“Listen David, I can’t believe how riled up, no angry actually Delmonti is acting sometimes when he comes to work in the mornings.”

“Why, what’s the problem?”

“It’s all about the democrat guy running for president and accusing him of being a liar.”

“What’s Delmonti saying he’s lying about?”

“I really don’t know because he just shuts down after his outbursts. He does that clamming up deal like you and TB always noticed he did.” Fitz pauses for a short breath to slow himself down because he feels his mind is just flying with worry, then goes on.

“Then after he fades out of one rant, he gets heavily on the guy’s case about setting up private back door communications with Iran, and that one really puts him over the edge.”

“That’s sounds crazy, because ask yourself why would this dude running for president have any kind of reason to be dealing with that country on the sly? I mean if he was doing anything illegal, then the FBI would sniff it out and be all over it, wouldn’t they?”

After his questions, David paused a long second, then fired again his next thought.

“Seriously, what does Delmonti know about this guy that the Feds aren’t onto?”

“I’m not sure D, but I’m beginning to have some deep worrisome suspicions.”

“Meaning, , , PEEK-A-BOO?”

“Maybe.” Fitzzy shoots back.

“Are you kidding me! I can’t believe the balls and nerve Delmonti has if that’s true.”

“Well he can’t stand the guy for many personal reasons, that much we know, but we also know it has nothing to do with the man’s skin color, so.”

Fitzy paused right there to gather his thoughts, then, “He just keeps repeating loudly *‘The guy can’t be trusted, ya hear me, can’t be trusted!’*”

“What was it Fitz, maybe about a year ago when I asked you to do a little back door checkup and see if he’s going on the PEEK after your own work was signed off?”

“That sounds about right, and the times I checked there were some digital stamp markers on our hidden indicators that showed short periods of usage, but they weren’t mine.”

After Fitz’s words there was a comfortable few seconds of silence, then David spoke.

“Well obviously he hasn’t stopped playing, & even worse he’s jammed you out of the back door catch all system we set up, just for this kind of needed recordings to see what he’s spying on. I tell ya what, it is time for you to really dig down & figure out a blocking type program to permanently freeze him out of opening up PEEK-A-BOO on his own.”

“You’re right, I’ll do it, and after that he’ll get the hint we’re onto him.”

“Well yes and no.”

“What do you mean David?”

“I mean that when I come home next week from //// //// and then vote in November, I’m coming down for a quick trip to hang with you, but also to confront Delmonti and put the question straight up in his face, what are you doing F\*#ki\*g around snooping on this guy running for president?”

“Okay, I understand, but I feel bad.”

“Why Fitzy?”

“Because you and TB were always making the tough decisions and then taking care of the face-to-face business that I could never handle. . . I mean,”

“I love you Fitz, I love you with all my heart, so please my friend, don’t think or talk like that. We all have our strengths and everything will work out because Delmonti will

understand the big picture and the danger he's bringing to your lab if he's tagging this dude. We'll get this deal worked out, so stay calm with me and keep up all the amazing research you're doing, and that's it!"

"Okay, thanks David for having my back like always, and I can't say it enough times over and over how much I love you too. . ."

*Delmonti, What's Eating at You Man?*

**Please Scroll Down**

## **‘Stone Cold Killer Mentality’ - Dec. 15, 1973**

The one in particular air freight shipping agent I had to do business with, was the cause of what truly set me into a mental downward flow for over a week after my sweet father’s caring visit to see me and check out what was going on in my life in Acapulco. After he left, every emotion I didn’t want yet couldn’t let go of plus nightmares I couldn’t shake, were coming back regularly and it all caused me to have great mental pain, along with anxiety, sorrow and serious growing anger against the bastard I had to do business with to ship out my Styrofoam fish boxes. And all that stomach churning angst stemmed from my Mexican partners fathers murder many years earlier by the crooks that owned the air freight shipping company I had to deal with, because they were the only game in town to get my tropical fish boxes sent back to the USA.

From the very first night when Juan explained to me what these criminals did to his dad, was when his pain became my pain and often I thought about how I would feel if a horrible tragedy like that happened to my father. But the fact was, this did happen to Juan and I couldn’t cancel out or shake loose the pain and anger I felt and couldn’t conceive of the depth of his pain he held inside himself.

It was bad enough he saw that these guys were robbing me blind every time I wanted to send a box of fish out, and then he witnessed the day my dad was so rudely treated and verbally insulted by the main guy’s disgusting foul mouth. I’m just glad my dad and I didn’t know how bad it was what was being said at the time, but once Juan opened up about his dad and what this prick was saying to my dad, well, now I seemed to be way over loaded mentally with a growing evil vibe I’ll describe as some serious bad stinkin’ thinkin’. So yeah, this kind of angry mean thinking was an area of life that had never been crossed in my mind before, but being straight up, it was creeping in and becoming a part of me.

Starting with my dad’s visit and my other trips after to this freight office, I kept TB in the loop how bad the situation of getting ripped off was becoming. I could see by reading his entire being how pissed off he was about what was happening to me, and he was really over the top about how this guy treated my dad, but he chilled out and gave me his pep

talk about keep working hard and staying cool, just exactly like my dad did. TB asked me about my dad weeks earlier, and I told him what a great father he truly was, and he smiled. After his question about my dad and then my down to earth words of how much I loved and appreciated him, he opened up to me about his rough life beginning with an abusive good for nothing man known to him as his father. After his shocking explanation of his bad memories of his childhood, he told me how lucky I was and then asked if we could change the subject, and I could easily now see my new friend's pain, so of course I said *'Sure, let's talk about anything you want.'*

We had grown tight in a short span of time, and I contribute a lot of that happening because we were always having life teaching kind of sessions between us, plus we were just two wild Childs full of piss and vinegar, ready to Rock N' Roll on a dime's notice.

So yeah, we became a team and it happened fast, and some kind of unstoppable nature of our spirits had put us recently in a life changing do or die reality check high above in the Sierra Madre Mountains. But now this deal with this low life greedy bastard in the air freight office was far different with no urgent decision needed by me, but it still felt important enough that something had to be done about this absurd routine corruption.

As wildly angry and over the top I felt in my ongoing thoughts, one day out of nowhere my close friend TB and Juan started regularly but totally separately from each other, talking to me about a revenge killing for Juan's father.

This apparently had been on Juan's mind for many years, and as far as T and his same feelings, well it truly boiled down to the raw truth that TB hated evil acts done upon innocent descent people. My good friend was a natural raw force of immense strength and he lashed out carefully over the years on his own terms, and his persona all came from his etched in hard and tested life experiences, and from it all grew and came a stone-cold killer mentality.

I know I was just getting heavy seconds ago and it sounds really terrible and IT IS, but my close friend all his life looked at going after evil with strong decisive canceling out action, because that's how he viewed and reacted to those life situations!

Over the years after Mexico when this very subject came up of taking out and ridding the world of such vicious and immoral cruel people, my buddy would talk about that fact alone was justification for his over-the-top entry into what he and his band of well-trained men were contracted to lethally do without any hesitation. Yes, again I know it sound insane but over the many years when he returned from his personal little army business dealings, he would emerge somewhat mentally withdrawn with quite an edge to him, but within more or less a quick turnaround of time, he'd be back to his much as normal as possible good hearted and caring human self.

Right from the first time we made a campfire in the mountains, he was again like the first day we met and talked, brutally honest with me about all this fire in him, and I realized down deep he was truly a good person and right from the beginning, I never judged him. Us meeting in Acapulco like we did and being so young and wild, well this was a real life wake up call for me like I never experienced before, but I was all in. The fact was, I had his back and he had mine and we drew raw strength from that giving and caring energy. So that being said and being straight up about it, there's nothing more I really can say.

Back to the issue of this disrespectful air cargo thief, because of T's wishes from day one and on other occasions of him asking me to keep our friendship a secret, I did, so now I'm explaining to Juan and TB separately how I was mad as hell but no matter what, this idea of killing this air freight ass-hole wasn't in my thinking. I rationalized to each one separately I needed to get on with my normal life and keep working on trying my best to succeed in this tropical fish exporting business. Unfortunately, my two close friends were thinking down the same path of taking care of this low life and their individual plans of going after and killing this guy were just too damn much for me at that time, but that thought was growing in their minds daily.

Well so a little time had passed and I was preparing to ship another couple of boxes out, but I ran into another problem with the same thieving freight guy. He's telling me I have to go to another office and get an extra stamped shipping document. Oh the nerve of this bastard, because this was just another punk ass buddy of his I had to go out of my way for and hand him some free money, , really, that was the deal. But there was no stamp this time or anything official, no, just his piggish scratchy initials and an absolutely pure as

day insulting smirk on his face, aimed at me. And to top it off, I noticed in the glass reflection on the door as I was walking out, he was giving me the middle finger. Seeing that almost caused me to double back and go around his desk and go for his throat with a full-throttle precision take out attack, just exactly like TB drilled into me with his lessons. When I left that office, I slammed that glass door with fury, hoping with the intention of breaking it into pieces, but and maybe luckily it didn't. Juan was outside and could see I was really seething with anger as I walked towards him. This was the last straw, the last insult and now my seething fed up mind had finally crossed the line to join my two friends in and with their payback thoughts.

Few words were spoken after I left that office, other than I said to Juan, *'I'll buy a gun now'*, so he nodded his head and we went together after that to a rough section of town teaming with people, to search for a trusted friend of his to help us find a working dependable gun. I admit that was the key focus on my mind, working and dependable.

Everything was happening so fast that day I didn't even think to consult first with TB about asking for the use of one of his standby weapons. Eventually we did find one good revolver hand gun and we went back to my fish storage apartment and just had this constant passing the unloaded gun back and forth to each other, talking about it, opening it up, closing it and aiming it at something in the room and pulling the trigger repeatedly. I remember how by the end of the night we both had under our index trigger fingers, open bubble blisters which were raw tender second or third layers of exposed skin, causing us to eventually have trigger pulling nagging constant pain.

We didn't have a clue whatsoever of what we were doing but that new painful experience never left the back of my mind going years forward.

Just constantly pulling that mechanism taught us a lesson we had absolutely no idea about, which was it was more than a simple gun, no, it was more like a little but very durable machine, and it needed our fullest attention and respect.

So while we both discovered something new and painful, another new uncomfortable reality was taking place, and that was we were trying to come up with a safe plan to getting away with shooting him, but I didn't like anything we talked about.

And this needs to be said up front, and that is there was more mental confusion going on in that room than I honestly care to recall. For one, my Spanish sucked and Juan's English was not the best and it was crucial that we understood what the plan of attack was going to be.

The real truth though was we were both mad as hell but our hearts weren't in it as much as our disgust for this guy was. It was all getting to be too much that night and I couldn't sleep worth a damn on my shitty army cot, and the next morning I put out the word that we weren't going to be diving that day and instead I headed out hoping to find TB. After luckily catching him at his hideout, he cancelled all his afternoon plans and we began a full day of hanging out, for just going over this new entire subject of payback.

My friend was adamant, no, he was in my face about me and Juan staying out of this affair and letting him and an unknown buddy of his take care of this '*Problem*', as I remember him phrasing it. His point was clear, there's no need for me to get my hands dirty and that he truly believed that Juan and I would botch it up from inexperience and then it would all go downhill from there and things could get really ugly for my life.

He explained to me that this sort of attack requires a certain kind of mental craziness that he didn't want to see me scratching the surface of and going down that path. He had hours, days, weeks, and months of his own horrible experiences in Viet Nam and he laid it all out there for me, that a handgun for this type of situation could only be successful with a surprise attack coming from a swift and stealth approach from behind the victim with one if not two quick blasts into his head.

He really cared about me, and that's why he made his point quite vividly and pressed the same issue the next day by getting in my face politely again, to back off and forget whatever I was thinking about doing. Simply put, my big bad ass buddy wanted to get his message across that this was something beyond heavy, and way out of my league, period!



Believe me, when a trusting good friend like TB gets in your face, you just shut up and listen because starting early on and forever after in our friendship, he always ended his points with an *'I love you man, but follow my wishes, please'*.

Bottom line, TB was right and his point was clear!

He also spoke about another detail and that was he liked my partner because he knew and saw firsthand after watching us several different times from the mountain ridge above where we dove, how well we worked together as a unit. He told me how he noticed we used team work and had each other's backs in the dangerous ocean and he liked that, and truly trusted Juan and now made it his mission to be both our protectors and handle this situation if we really wanted it done.

So the other interesting thing that happened that day after I left TB, was when I was with Juan later on, he was telling me that he didn't want me to get involved also, because he said he would take care of the situation with one of his Mexican friends he grew up with. He explained this friend knew everything about who the suspects were who killed his dad and knew about the snake in the air freight office who was ripping me off.

WOW, was all that was going through my mind and believe me, I was totally conflicted and feeling like I was standing on some shaky undecided ground. The idea of hunting down this greedy bastard at the air freight company just wasn't adding up to what I wanted my life to be coming too, especially after TB changed my thoughts because of the strong and wise points he made to me. The thing was, I wasn't cool with my two friends at the same time putting themselves in the thick of it without me.

Let me be clear about one thing though, if that tragedy had befallen my dad and not Juan's, well then yes, I would have been at that stage of anger ready for a deadly payback and easily have gone through with it with no hesitation, whatsoever.

A few weeks had gone by and I started seeing some pretty rough characters in Juan's presence after our diving. I never really asked questions and he and I never talked about the situation anymore, so that was healthy and wise for both our sakes.

Now as far as TB, well whenever we were together, he was his normal cool self and he never brought up the subject matter anymore also, and either did I. But being real about all this, I might be thinking and saying to myself those very pertinent well-known phrases, of *'Out of sight, out of mind'*, but sometimes the pain and deep frustration doesn't end, for it always seems to just creep back in and start that *'Stinkin' Thinkin'* all over again. So life went on as normal as normal can be. I never stopped working hard in the ocean and it wasn't until about a month later when I had a new shipment to send out, that there were two new guys working the air freight counter desk.

Bluntly speaking, I was totally shocked.

My primary overriding racing curiosity was where is that insulting low life prick and the other guy who works closely with him. I mean did something really go down and which one of my friend's took action? As wild as my mind was flying, I was able to slow it down and search and try to come up with other logical possible answers to what's going on.

One serious possible point of clearing my friends of any payback action, was there were so many other businesses shipping all sorts of things all the time, and I'd seen some serious disputes this guy was in with other descent good guys fighting back with him, but all done in pure Spanish combative tones.

I'm sure they were getting ripped off every day also and maybe one of them just finally had had enough, and snapped too. And then I was thinking maybe the greedy one finally got busted by his bosses because someone had complained or maybe many complained, so action was finally taken. But the fact was, I didn't have a clue, no, none whatsoever.

I had to give all kinds of scenarios and possibilities a real chance to settle in my mind, but the main situation now was I had to calm myself down and act normal as possible around these two new guys in that air freight office.

So time passes bye and the truth is I never got the answer to something I was so close to, and when I questioned Juan and TB separately, they were cool calm customers, not giving me any clue to what they knew might have happened to those guys.

Looking deep into their eyes and watching their body language told me nothing, and listening to their voices also gave me no clues whatsoever, other than they both kept up with the mantra of they didn't do anything. The fact was, they both told me zip, zero, nada and I bugged and grilled the heck out of them like a detective questioning murder suspects in an interrogation room. I was separately relentless at one point with each and they both reacted after I was done with smiles and talked about it's a good thing because I won't have to deal with that greedy pig anymore.

So like I said, their coolness left me confused and totally lost for any answers for me finding out the truth. I wondered if TB searched out Juan and introduced himself and they took care of a plan in some way together, but then my mind would switch over to inwardly say, 'NO WAY', that's crazy, that could never have happened.

I have to admit, for a couple of days it was all just too much and even though I consider myself a good detective, they each never gave it up, never!

But I will say though, if I was a betting man, I'd have to go with TB bringing in Howie, Jacob and Cowboy, and just doing something that for them would be a righteous thing to do for the world, simple as that.

And the more time I had to think about it and observe Juan, I really began to feel he had nothing to do with it, because for him, just like before he met me, that idea of out of sight and out of mind was his saving grace to a better healthier life. . . So Amen to that.

And one last caveat to those tough air freight office experiences in Acapulco, the new shipping clerks dealt with me honorably, albeit it was only one time before my own personal earthquake hit, and life really changed dramatically for me again in Mexico.

It just seemed to always be like another long-time expression of life experiences, that being, *'If it's not one thing, it's another!'*

We all face that kind of adversity, but it is just how we handle each of our life situations that counts.

My advice, , stay cool, fight hard, think positive and be in **ONE** with the **Holy Spirit**



## **‘Hello Mrs. Bornstein’ - April 8, 1996**

*A friendly happy voice comes loud and clear over the telephone’s loudspeaker at Stone’s home from his close friend Basil Stein, but known and affectionately called the Butcher.*

“Hey man, I made a couple of nickels today in the stock market, so maybe at this rate I can think about retiring from my meat shop in a couple of years.”

“Butcher, you kill me man with your beautiful sense of humor. I got to be more like you.”

“Yeah man, it’s a piece of cake.” Some light laughter breaks out from each friend.

“Well my best meat man, don’t forget what they say, *Don’t quite your day job!*”

“Oh yes, my lovely day job. But let me expand for you on the horizons of my secret plan.”

“Sure, , I think. I mean, , wha’da’ya talkin’ bout Willis? What secret plan?”

“Well now listen up my Tasmanian friend. The minute my psychic powers pick out the big winning lottery numbers, I’m going to go out and buy me the biggest freezers and put them into my new mansion and fill them with all this beef hanging around here and never open my doors or deliver to another customer for the rest of my life. You feeling me?”

“You’re crackin’ me up today Basil, seriously. But I think nothing has changed with you for the last twenty-two years, you know, so. I mean forever you and the lotto have a thing going on, but I hope you do win it, just so you can get even from all you’ve put in it.”

“HA HA HA, you a funny guy Stoney.”

“Well thank you, , but anyway, are you still coming over tonight?”

“I sure damn am and looking forward to it.”

“Okay perfect because I haven’t seen you in a long time, and Benji too. He loves seeing you when we get to your place, because he can smell what you’re cooking a mile away.”

“I bet he does. So speaking of cooking, I’ve got the finest steaks already wrapped up in the fridge and I put a note taped to my steering wheel just in case I walk out and forget them. I’m really looking forward to hanging out with you and Ben, and chowing down.”

“Those steaks sound great, and Ben just heard his name over the speaker and he perked right up. He’s ready for ya brother. But seriously, we really appreciate your generosity.”

“My pleasure man. You know me, I got like that CNBC TV commercial, but instead of money, I’ve got steaks comin’ out my WAZZOO.”

Stone really loves that commercial and just starts cracking up. He also just loves his friend’s totally off the wall sense of humor, and can’t get enough.

“OK, I got to go, Mrs. Borstein just walked in and I’ve got to get her Borsht and Liver order wrapped up. Plus, she’s going to pull out her grandchildren’s pictures and bore me to death and make me want to drive a butcher knife into my chest from making me crazy listening to her grandchildren’s stories. So you see now why I want to win the lottery so bad, , ya dig man?”

Laughter was fully coming now from Stone’s side of the phone and his long-time friend was his old charming self, keeping a totally straight face as Mrs. Bornstein came walking slowly closer and closer towards his meat counter.

Stone heard the whole thing loud and clear and was really cracking up. Butcher intentionally put the phone down on the top of the meat counter so his buddy could hear the entire frolicking routine that was playing out.

It was just too much fun to miss and he really appreciated his friend’s humor he always injected into his life. Never enough laughter was his way of thinking, and Basil always delivered.

<> <> <>

# **‘In A Blink of an Eye’**

## **This is The Most Important 2050 Soundings**

### **These Next Future Edicts Must Not Be Taken Lightly**

*It will all come forth and be laid to bare*, that the so-called special council was illegally put in place to be an acting wall of protection to shield the thought to be forever holier than thou transition gift, but now in my time and space of the year 2050, known to all as the dastardly treasonous X-president 44.

*And not to be forgotten*, the deceitful head special council and his handpicked total conflicted group of WITCH hunters, was also there to deflect the crimes & treasonous acts of the so-called anointed fat farting queen bitch, but true KARMA payback turned her forever into the grand foolish spiteful failed one. And this over indulged & highly secretive biased head special council, was the perfect choice to be the front man to cover-up all the criminal acts done by the X-man and his leaders of the FBI, CIA, DNI, NSA and other top security alphabet named agencies.

You all must ask, how and why over time did such obvious corruption of the most important intel agencies in our country ever be allowed to begin and then take the evil direction and corrupt deep two-standards of law foothold? The nation will see, watch, and grapple with that question as it turned into one of the most carefully studied shameful disgraces, that almost never was uncovered,  
**BUT IT WAS!**

*When the full truth* finally came out in the last weeks of February of 2026 how each powerful agency was led by evil acting, double crossing slick lying players, shock and disbelief was the reaction of the millions of Americans who never could open their minds and see clear the unbiased truth, because of the deep hateful media brainwashing going on after the 2016 election. These immoral people ended up having to scurry around like cockroaches like they were to save their own necks after their corrupt pathetic eventually heavily hated queen pig bee lost her totally expected to be magnanimous victory.

The sick evil warped one's loss turned into the absolute necessary shining light that was able to expose all the perversity that was so close to continuing on for our nation. Just realize this, BRAINWASHING IS REAL, WORKING AND PURE EVIL!

*There will be no denying* the truth once the rotten onion began to be peeled in late 2025 by a totally cleaned out Department of Justice and legitimate special appointed council. That much needed action will bring forth for all to see that the once vaunted ringleader of this so-called first special council was himself not at all such a lily-white clean glove actor, for you will all learn that he was right in the middle of the grandest reprehensible cover-up in American modern history.

*You will discover the wrongful activities* done by this overly bias and complete bogus special council, which was set up by another very deceitful wimpish sniffing delusional character who thought himself to be high and mighty and above everyone, even the president. And sniffing is too kind a word to give this loser. The things he did and got away with, well, that's for another time to divulge, and it shall be done, but his whimpering path to HELL with the rest of them will be a one-way *rough* ticket. His full of himself fake authority voice pattern along with his big rim glasses and soft pussy face only a mother would maybe at best like, peel his persona away and find that this man was a true coward in every sense of the word. He lied regularly to 45, and got away with it, but he's finished.

But the exposure of the many covered up wrong doings will take place when the darkness of depravity finally has massive sunshine blasted upon it all. And it even goes deeper than that, for years earlier the angry girth size tree bitch queen bee loser, and this special council boss too, will be seen as a group of who made a very corrupt Uranium personal money-making deal with Russia that grossly enriched the greedy pathetic pig queen in her fraud filled money laundering Gobbie Initiative Gook Crap Scam Fund farcical, she ran.

*She was clever till she wasn't* with her attempts to play the American public for fools, with her brainwashing lying tweets and news media propagandizing coverup outgoing lies. They kissed her fat ass farting Ug face till her last legal moment in 2026, for shame came upon them all, and may they *all rot* in their own mental despicable ills!

*The truth will lay bare starting in the end of the second quarter of 2025 and really come out clear to the world in the second quarter of 2026 from truth and honesty brought forth by unrecognized details from the Durham investigation, that the miserable spiteful Ugg loser was the true criminal ongoing colluder with Russia, but be patient for this TRUTH to finally be exposed and seen and heard around the world.*

Also, to be learned is these illegal activities were well covered up for years by the use of that so-called special council, but what was equal if not more disturbing were the acts of the flat-out brainwashing that was pumped out day after day, month after month and year after year by the immoral unbelievable continual lying and deceitful main stream media.

*The ruthless callous way this special council leader attacked totally innocent victims of his directed Russian colluding Witch hunt, was a crime in and of itself. The country will learn in time that prosecutors like this group but all over the nation, have destroyed many a person's lives, by entrapping them in minor confused moments of trying to speak truths.*

*It will all in time come out & be open for all of America to see by the late part of 2025, what malicious & cruel inhumane behavior was put upon many innocent people by the so-called highly praised special council leader. And the word EVIL does not even begin to cover the sick acts going on by the Clintons and joined in by the perverted, disgusting and eventually completely humiliated and scorned entire treasonous joe biden family.*

*Don't anyone be fooled or brainwashed, but millions were, for this over glorified man was a mean slick, arrogant finger wagging maneuvering master manipulator for decades, DECADES, and he and some of his so-called special council participants and especially the FBI needed to be investigated and then without pause, prosecuted for their obvious colluding to continue the coverup of the madam big loser and the clever word-smith but shameful X president 44.*

*Now moving on and speaking of the devils above that ruined innocent lives, the snarling ugly tight lip drawn sour puss mean faces of this special prosecuting group were evident on all, especially the one named Pit Bull.*



It's shameful what really lay in their arrogant angry heartless hearts, mirrored openly on their bitter disgraceful bias hating pathetic fake humble faces.

*And it needs to be said*, that being the illegal LEAKING going on by top people in the security agencies to their favorite flunky liberal pithy main stream media journalists, all done to harm the innocent & elected president, and others in his administration, and they got away with it, **until they didn't!**

*Oh how this one in particular* corrupt deep ass licking so-called journalists who did the deeds of the CIA with skillful appearances of CNB`SHIT will be fully found out and his seat in HELL is already sown, and waiting. Are you proud Dickdavid Ick'nauseum'asius? You ass face USEFUL IDIOT, *you will see justice turned on you* by Lt. Col. Michael Flynn, for the mental stress and horrific financial destruction you co-opted and smugly did to this innocent man in your planted news articles and cable news appearances, and for what, told to you by whom? The answers are obvious, and you'll pay in your present form and one day in HELL...

*The FISA Courts* were being regularly deceived by these very same sick criminal minded people and this was all part of their plot of taking down the sitting president of the United States in a brazen attempted Coup d'état. This was all an absolute crime!

*The country was being divided* by a blatant two tier ILLEGAL DOUBLE STANDARD system, for two sets of laws and corrupt justice was being wrongfully doled out, and then backed up by the two-faced lying congress and senators of the demon'rat~crats slowly now dying political party.

*The nerve of some of these* seriously corrupted twisted lying eye-popping rat bastards to go on all of the major cable and network news programs on Sunday morning and ALL other days too, was truly stunning, and all done just so they could lie their ass faces off and then preen into the camera lenses, and try to come off as holier than thou.

Be sure to know, their judgment day will come in time with swift deserved punishment.

*An unbelievable blind eye* of the true Russian collusion going on became the norm for the special council, and strongly backed up by the pathetic goose-stepping cowards in most of the media.

Again, TWO SETS of laws were going on, and nothing could be done about it for years, until it was all uncovered and then it all *fell apart* for all that were involved. ‘*Gods Help*’ You will learn that federal law was not applied equally by the so-called special council, and it worked for them and the criminals they were covering up for, UNTIL IT DIDN’T!

*And you will see* in your time and space after the publishing of our book, the arrogant disgraced prosecutors above and more of the same corrupt ilk, will come after the novel/Novel last living writer and try and destroy what truths have been written from the once ring side seats, and now Quantum Leap portal position *I speak from alone*.

Our points will be made how they again used their out of bounds power to even accuse our once tech savvy group of hacking and colluding with Russia to manipulate the election for the victor, and even going forward into the 2024 and 2028 elections. And they also will try to use their powers to plant in our computers vile disgusting filth that will be used to try and destroy all our past lives in the public’s eye, and then attempt but fail mightily to come after our good caring souls. I will be accused of everything horribly imaginable, but WWGWJWGF will help the *Cause* fight & absolutely FLUSH EM OUT!

*These no-good human beings* in time will cast a bad light unto themselves, and then be trapped in their wicked attempts to destroy (us) and ALL OTHERS who tried and brought light onto their evil tactics and out of control dictatorship tyrannical like ways.

*But truly most important* and totally deeply more needed about any thoughts of colluding going on with Russia, is there is still time to STOP the EMP and nuclear suitcase bomb attacks I see coming to Russia, Israel, and the United States.

I repeatedly wrote again to Putin starting in 2016 and on for years , that he must consider my ideas to fully blanket Iran’s nuclear program with inspectors from all nations. And I also respectfully warned him about the Global World Orders intentions, especially this Soros ass face evil prick old man and his pussy faced spoiled rotten POS son, even though

I was well aware thru long ago acquired trusting back channels that Putin was thinking on the same page as myself.

They eventually in slow motion will try to make *me* and my close buddies out to be traitors and worse, but without pause my Angels above and The Lord will intervene and guide and protect us.

{Pay heed Dickdavid Ick'nauseum'assius, paybacks a bitch, & it's coming for you, prick}

~ ~ ~

You may live in times that will see all the above Happen,  
For you are reading from my Past,  
What's going to come in your Future!

~ ~ ~

***I know the light will Shine  
And the balance of Goodness and Righteousness  
Will turn Mightily Against all the evil That Has Been Going On,  
And so with those words now sincerely Spoken,***

*More*

**‘Blink of An Eye’**

*Will Surely Follow*

## **‘The Boston/Mexican Connection’**

Driving to Mexico was definitely a two-man job, so the injured younger brother took his turn in the driver’s seat but he wasn’t at all strong enough to last more than a couple hours at a time. His entire leg would eventually get weak and he just became too tired to maintain such a simple task of pressing the gas pedal and switching to the brake when needed. His problem was he had been put in two different casts over a six-month long period and each was set from his ankle all the way up to five inches from his crotch and all his leg muscles had gradually shrunk and this development is known as atrophy. He made it a mission to not complain, get the job done and keep pushing himself to have an open mind to getting better and being happy and drug free of pain pills forever.

He went through some sort of withdrawal but he found the mental strength to overcome it and this was what he needed to do. He couldn’t explain to his brother what was happening to him but they did have plenty of things to talk about, plus lots of new and interesting sights to see, so that was therapeutic in its own way.

It took a lot of patience but they successfully made the drive in his brother’s 1972 Maroon Chevy Monte Carlo, starting from Detroit Michigan all the way down to and through the Brownsville Texas border and then at times going long straight stretches of road into Mexico, that seemed to never end. The straight driving was easy compared to when they hit the very winding and somewhat dangerous mountainous driving action, but they eventually after seven full days made it to sunny beautiful Acapulco.

This was the beginning stages of getting mentally healthier, with all new sights like homes and hotels built into the amazing mountainsides and then the new sounds of Mexican music and best of all, he began grooving on the pretty Mexican young women that seemed to be everywhere he turned.

Little by little thinking about the pain medication left his mind, and a new young lady from Boston became a fast-platonic friend of his and this lucky meeting helped him very much so too. She was a few years younger than him but they just naturally hit it off and liked hanging out together. The fact was, her elderly grandmother who was on an

extended vacation with her, asked him to watch out for her but in his own way he had already before that request, become very protective of her.

They talked together a lot and she made him smile inward and outward and that was something he hadn't done in a long time and he really needed and appreciated that.

He had always had luck in life and separate from his close friend's recent death and lopsided losing fight with two Cubans in Florida, his optimism and luck felt like it was returning, and in his heart, she was a big part of that.

A very key life changing moment happened for him when he was down at the Mexican hotel's wading pool with his new Boston young lady friend. Together they saw all these magnificent small tropical fish swimming around the carved out rocky mountain pool that was part of the hotels structural design. He always had a love for fish and all through his childhood he had a fresh water aquarium he was responsible for in his bedroom and when he was in the sixth grade he did his first ever science project, and he chose to do a complete photo and filming collage of the breeding of Siamese fighting fish.

He really had a fascination with this type fish, so he easily got into focus to execute this science project from start to finish, as was required of his task for the class.

He got some basic fish books on the subject and learned from them about how to do the correct set up for the mating process, and through it all his goal was to capture and document everything from start to finish. He borrowed from his Uncle a very technical camera and got quickly skilled with its use, plus he used his dad's 8MM film movie maker and documented with as best he could super tight close-ups the entire project, and wrote about it all step by step. To his surprise he received his first and only A+ grade in his life but that really didn't matter at all to him. His mind was just focused on being able to do something really good from start to finish and he also came away realizing how much he liked working with cameras and learning nature's way about these fish.

After the science project was complete, it then turned into a small little business, because hundreds of babies were produced and eventually after he did the proper steps to aid in

the fish's growth, he then began selling the male Siamese fish to friends in school and pet shops his mom would drive him around to.

So now the tie in from childhood to now in Mexico is causing the bells and whistles to go off big time in his head as he sat together with his new sweet friend on the rocks above the natural wading pool. His business mind was waking up and his entire being was mentally getting a boost from just smiling and looking at these amazing fish below them. As they both stared down into the natural rock pool and watched the beautiful spectacle of all these colored fish, he truly became excited and enthusiastic about the future and he just totally opened up to his new friend about how he was feeling and his idea he had.

His mind was moving fast and somewhere along all this thinking he realized how his own human spirit was coming alive again, lifting his life energy forces up and bringing back the long-standing self-motivating spiritual strength and confidence he always felt inside himself. He was feeling alive again, and most importantly, drug free!

His American name was David Stone but sometimes some of the elder Mexican men he came to know in the mountains above Acapulco plus the night time security guards at his hotel, would greet him by saying hello '*Little Z*' in Spanish. He had no idea at first why they called him that, but he asked questions and learned more about their Mexican history and over time understood this one letter name they called him. He was very honored, humbled, and respected his elders and thanked them but still knowingly had a lot to learn.

He was totally excited about the future but he was sadly going to be saying goodbye to his special young lady friend from Boston, because her families vacation time was coming to an end. He felt she was a big part of his coming back to good mental health and overall good luck and now she was going to be leaving, and this truly hurt him.

They spent a nice last night together, enjoying a Hollywood cast party for some film that was being shot in Acapulco.

They weren't invited but he worked their way in, and had a good time until he had to rescue her from some overzealous actors that were making a move on his innocent sweet friend. What these actors did was an immediate NO-NO he caught onto before his eyes,

so he quickly put himself protectively between them and his sweetheart and then took her hand and guided her calmly out of that nest of fanged viper losers. The rest of their night was pleasantly spent talking away on lounge chairs, with soft and tender interludes of their friendship romantically happening for the very first time.

He would never forget her, no matter how many years went by, because what she did for his inner spirits and feelings of bringing him back from the dark despair he was in, was that special something that one never forgets.

### **The Boston/Mexican Connection, a Total Beautiful Time**



Please Scroll Down

## **‘Marty’s Brain Dead, What Don’t You Understand?’**

**Acapulco, back in time, March 29, 1974**

*We had only known each other a little over a year but quickly grew tight cause we had built a strong trustin’ friendship on a foundation of havin’ a total openness bout’ our lives. And I gotta say, we had a lot of some wild sharin’ bizarre heavy experiences that were way beyond normal for any two new friends. So the bottom line of all that said, we had a strong kick ass wild and free bond!*

*Yeah, we definitely shot the breeze with each other, and today David was ready to open up and talk to me bout’ a subject that caused him a lot of personal inward pain. A month ago he tried but stopped, so I was hopin’ this time he’d go all the way and this would work out and be a healin’ sort of event, so I was ready to hear em out. Here’s our talk;*

“T, I’ll never forget the day I was freshly drugged up on some powerful pain meds and the whole world around me seemed to be happening in slow motion, and I couldn’t help change or stop that sensation.”

David stopped talkin’ after that and then began shakin’ his head left to right. The deep painful memories were less than two years ago and now in his own way was tryin’ to open up again and let it all out. The thing was though, I remember he said to me that time is just flyin’ by in our lives, and the way he said it really struck me, and ya know, it’s so true.

“I, I still can feel vividly Marty’s mother grabbing my shirt collar with an amazing amount of force, then shoving me against the hospital wall and then screaming at me, I mean she really got in my face and screamed, *‘Marty’s brain dead, what don’t you understand?’*. Oh man, I don’t think I’ll ever forget her words, and the sound of her voice and the look of such sadness and deep pain in her eyes. No, I’ll never forget any of it!”

This was it, my friend was finally openin’ up bout’ this matter that caused him so much mental anguish. He was always a good listener for me, ya know, a good soundin’ board but now it was my time and I was really glad to be there for em. Let’s go on.



*“After Marty’s mom said that brain dead horror to me, she then said, ‘I want you to go into his room and pull the main line connecting all those machines keeping him alive’, and then she said to me, , ‘I’m going out of my mind because I can’t stand to walk in there and see my sweet son like that anymore, I just can’t.’”*

At that moment I didn’t know what to say to my friend, but I really wanted to. For me, he had proven to be a strong minded and determined guy but he was in pain and I wish I could have been more helpful, beyond just listenin’. Let’s keep goin’.

“I couldn’t do what she wanted me to do that day because it was just way beyond anything I could imagine doing, but now I could. I, I, , could pull the plugs.”

Now I had to break in and get involved and say somethin’ cause he was really feelin’ somethin’ deeply emotional.

“Why, what took place and changed in your life since then?”

That was a deep question for my friend and he stopped and gave it some thought, then,

“Well Marty died a few days after his mom’s understandable breakdown, and that event changed my life’s thinking, but adding to that change even more powerfully was days after my experience with her, I was at my local library looking for information about the brain and it was then when I finally realized what the term brain dead truly meant.”

David stopped again, started that head shakin’ thing all us humans do when our emotions are deep and our brains and body are speakin’ together, you know, like bein’ in sync. Then he began bitin’ his left lower lip and his eyes welled up. I actually could feel his pain now and some~thing between us months earlier proved to both of us that we were connected, almost telepathic like, but I’m not that smart to understand all that, but I do know our lives were in sync like nothin’ each of us ever experienced before.

And besides all that, my friend freaked me at times with signs of a memory like no one I ever met, and Marty life endin’ was all painfully comin’ back to em. He went on.

“Back then I was weak minded, uneducated and like I said, heavily drugged up because of my busted-up knee and leg, but most of all, I admit being too afraid to do such a thing as she asked me to do.” He was talkin’ to me very slowly now but steadily.

“Whenever I was in that intensive care special room standing next to his bed and saw my good sweet friend with all those medical tubes hooked from head to toe in different areas all over his body, I, I was naïve and honestly so out of touch with reality, thinking that he was going to wake up and be okay someday. Oh man, I’m embarrassed to tell you this stuff, but that’s how it happened.”

As David spoke the entire time his eyes stayed filled with tears, and his voice was wellin’ up and he couldn’t help himself, and believe me he tried. In my own way I wanted em to stop right there so he wouldn’t have to continue to bring up and feel all this old mental pain and sadness, but he had more to let out and it was best for me not to get in his way.

“I learned a lot in that one full day at the library about the human brain, especially when it’s been diagnosed as brain dead. The brain is more complex than anyone has any idea, but researchers are doing all they can to discover the inner workings inside it, but they are a long way from even scratching the surface.”

My friend stopped talkin’ but I could see his mind was workin’, and then,

“T, from the little I have learned about the brain and all these recent life hardening shared experiences with you, well, all of it has toughened me up to now being totally capable if it ever should be needed for anyone in my close family and friends circle, to do like Marty’s mother screamed at me to do. I know that’s pretty damn blunt and maybe passed being crazy, but what else can I say and feel about the matter.”

Believe me, hearin’ my good friend open up like that with such a heavy and gut wrenching truthful admission took a lot of strength, but he had been tellin’ me weeks before that he had this eerie feelin’ of sorts, like a kind of emotional personality change comin’ over em. Fact is we’re growin’, learnin’ and maturin’ all the time and life can be cruel and not easy, and we all go through good and bad times, but maybe sadness is the toughest road we individually have to suffer and bear. Now I had to engage and do something’ to help em.

“David, tell me what you learned at the libraries bout’ how they were figurin’ out the inner work~ings of the brain?”

“Good question, and the answer is I was picking up so much new knowledge from reading all kinds of articles that were explaining how these scientific neurological pathologist’s doctors were doing brain mapping examinations, but the research was all in it’s infancy.”

“Well that’s good to know bout’ the research bein’ done, cause I saw a lot of brain trauma in soldiers in Viet Nam, and believe me, that was tough to see. Hey, I have another question for you, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course.”

“I remember from many months ago on our first day we talked up by the hotel El Mirador poolside, you mentioned how you feel the brain has so many areas that are just asleep, but then you said some people have the power and ability to tap into those, , those,”

“Those dormant brain functions, is what I was talking about that day.”

“Yes, but how did you come up with that?”

“Well during my time at the libraries trying to learn as much as possible about the brain and its inner workings, I found myself being curious about the fact that people who figured out how to launch a rocket and land it on the moon, had to be using so much more of the brains capabilities than the average guy like me.”

“Well don’t forget to put me in that average group with you too, you know, so, ,”

“No T, you’re above average in my honest opinion.”

“Wow, really! Well I appreciate your thoughts, but *why* do you even think that?”

“Simple, because you have such mechanical talents with your abilities to tear apart any kind of engine and then put it back together, plus get in and fly all the different kinds of aircraft that you can get your hands on.”

“Yeah but millions of people can do that, so ,”

“Yes, but maybe you don’t quite understand my point.”

“I guess I don’t, so help me out.”

David always was a good teacher for me cause he never bored me. I digress, he continues.

“Okay, no problem. You see those mechanical skills and flying abilities demonstrate your brain is using functions that any average person hasn’t opened up and tapped into and thus, not allowed themselves to evolve to the intense mechanical artistry levels you have. I could try to learn the crafts you’ve acquired, but your multi-dimensional daredevil flying abilities, plus all your talents of tearing apart and putting back together engines, motors and whatever mechanical, well your aptitude show me that you personally are opening up areas of your brain that are giving you the ability to function at a higher level.”

“Wow, that’s some heavy shit Bro. I mean thank you, but sometimes you are one deep thinkin’ guy David, and what you just laid on me is one perfect example of just that.”

“But what I say is true,”

“Yeah, well maybe so, but dude you have other talent’s that I can’t even begin to see how you figure out and along with that, you’re motivated to research different subjects and dig down deep to grasp into areas you have no idea of what you’re I’ into.”

“That all happened for me after Marty’s passing. I just seem to want to push myself.”

“Speakin’ bout’ men who definitely pushed themselves with some serious higher brain functions that put me to shame, how bout’ your V-2 German Rocket Man,”

“Yes, Wernher Von Braun, a very complex person.”

“I had no idea about this guy until you just started talkin’ bout’ em one day. I had to pull the jeep over to just listen better, cause it was that cool and important for me to learn.”

“Well go deep in your thinking about his accomplishments, and then try to understand how I believe Devine Intervention took place after WW II for the good guys, that being us, the United States.”

“I hear ya, cause after you educated me, I agreed with your spiritual Divine Intervention sentiments bout’ Von Braun, but your other feelings, you know, the ones dealing with those ‘*We’re not alone in the Universe*’ ideas of yours,”

“And his. The fact was, the man was beyond a big believer in all that.”

“Yes, I remember, especially what you taught me bout’ all his deep personal motivations to get one of his rockets with men in it and on the moon, but again, the subject bout’ that Devine Intervention happenin’ of Von Braun, well that’s heavy-duty stuff for me.”

“Think about it T, this is a man under Hitler’s command that was designin’ all those deadly rockets and givin’ Germany the missile power bomb~ing and terror edge that could have helped this evil German dictator’s dreams of world dominance come true.”

“Yeah-no I get it, I do.”

“You know my Devine Intervention feelings are deep and sincere, but for all the non-believers and those having no spiritual beliefs, they still should just be thankful he was able to put his brain power to good use for humanity under America’s embracing arms.”

“In your own teaching way, you made me a believer it was a miracle we got em,”

“*Operation Paper Clip*, that’s my say out loud Thank God moment for that, because if we didn’t get him and all those other rocket men with him, then the Russians would have and I can’t even imagine what the world would be like today.”

“Only cause of your own research did I get the clear picture of what a crucial development for our National Security he really was. The fact is, you brought the big picture and the whole secret operation Paper Clip episode all into clear focus for me.”

After my words David humbly thanked me, then we took a few seconds to let this little chat sink in more for us, then I continued.

“From everything I learned from you, he truly was the brains behind putting a man on the moon, and you know who else I’ll never forget you talked about?”

“I think you’re going to say Edgar Cayce,”

“Right, and he was quite the interestin’ fella too, to say the least. The little you told me bout’ the guy, stills kind of baffles me with his ama~zing talents, so that’s how he fits in so well with the idea of some folks openin’ up dormant areas of their brain.”

“Exactly, and I’d have to say in his case super large areas were being opened. And whenever I think about Edgar Cayce, I go back in time and remember I learned about the man from maybe the smartest guy in my High School, and it wasn’t really that long ago in the scheme of things.”

“Your friend named La Shief, that dude, right?”

As soon as I said his friends name, I could see a smile come over him and his mind open.

“Yep, that’s him, smart as a whip, and your memory is sharp as a tack.”

“Well thank you my friend, I try bein’ your best student here in Mexico.”

“You are man, but what the heck, you’re my only student.”

With that one liner David shot at me we both had an easy quick laugh cause we each appreciated each other’s humor. After we settled down, my buddy went on.

“When I first saw and then read the insert about Edgar Cayce, I asked my high school buddy if I could borrow it, and he said sure, and after reading the book I can say that that man opened up my mind like you wouldn’t believe.”

“I gotta say man, I’m a big believer in all the amazin’ wise and good people you bring up to me, that’s for sure.”

“Well we both know it’s really cool the valuable lessons we can learn from history.”

“Oh no doubt, and I have to tell ya something Mr. David Stone my favorite history teacher, and that is one day when I’m back in the states I’m going to take the time to go to the library just like you do when you’re in country and check out in more detail Cayce and Von Braun, cause I have to admit I want to learn more bout’ em.”

“That’s good to hear because I think you’ll then appreciate their life achievements, way beyond what I’ve talked about.”

“I swear I’ll do it D, but I gotta ask, have you ever realized how often your mind works in a military battle field plannin’ logistical way? I mean you seem to have a constant way of seein’ and feelin’ somethin’ strategical needs to be set up, by havin’ every~thing mentally positioned in a mapped-out organized set up.”

“Well sort of. It’s all a natural occurrence T, and I just always seem to flow with it.”

“Okay, but do you realize how often you’re usin’ the word GRID, like for example you tell me how you map out your fish divin’ plans for sectionin’ areas off of the ocean, and then out of the blue you’ve mentioned usin’ the grid idea for whatever back in the States.”

“Sure, I remember. Like I said big guy, it’s just how my mind sets things up.”

“But where did that word and use of it come from?”

“Oh that’s easy because that cool memory comes back like clockwork.”

“Well I’m curious, so tell me.”

“Okay, sure. It all happened in the seventh grade and it was after school in my dad’s lumber yard watching some of his lumbermen pouring new cement in the back area off to the side of the saw mill room. But first they put down these big wire mesh welded strips, you know, the one’s that the cement flows all around for the structural strengthening integrity forming purpose.”

“Well yeah, I can see all that, but how did you get this military type thinking from those strips of wire? I mean I’m sittin’ here tryin’ to picture exactly what you must of saw that now is this life-long way of lookin’ at so many subject matters.”

“It’s strange how some simple innocent event can make a forever difference in a person’s way of futuristic thinking, but that’s what happened to me that afternoon. If something is complicated, I turn my mind loose to see if I can sort it out in a wire mesh grid type setting, and I actually used that idea as I tried figuring out what Marty’s brain damage was all about. Fact is T, brain specialists must be doing something along those lines too.”

“That’s pretty darn cool, but please buddy, don’t tell anybody that cause they’ll think you lost your mind.”

After I said that, we both just burst out laughing. After we settled down, I went on.

“But seriously, don’t stop doin’ whatever works best in that brain of yours and maybe you’ll figure out a better way to understand the inner workins’ of it and you’ll turn out doin’ us all some good someday.”

“I hope so, but I wasn’t a good student because I just never applied myself, but that’s not meant to be an excuse.”

“I get it, I know, but from what I can tell what you’ve been up to after your schoolin’ days, just keep on truckin’ on all your ideas when you’re back in the States. And not to change the subject but also one day when you’re back there, I want you to learn all you can bout’ Genghis Kahn, cause I know a little bit bout’ that guy and you and that dude have something’ goin’ on with that unique military mappin’ mind of yours.”

“I will T, you can count on it, for sure. I do remember hearing his name before, but I know nothing about him. Again, it all goes back to me not being a good student in school, but I’m more than ready now.”

*I came away that day in Acapulco with the feelin’ my good friend finally got something’ heavy off his chest that he seriously needed to.*



*I realized while listenin' and talkin' with my buddy, how deep down his good friend Marty's pass~ing affected and changed his life in so many ways. David later on would tell me it was a very heal~ing helpful day, and he appreciated me bein' a good listener.*

*But the beauty I guess you could say of that day was after he opened up and let out all his emotions, he felt better and then gave me that wild eyed but good guy look of his, and then we got back into life on a happier upbeat note. He wasn't a knuckle draggin' downbeat kind of guy, but like all of us, we have our moments but it's how we bounce back that matters.*

*And I want to tell ya, he wasn't all wrapped up and focused on himself, matter of fact he was constantly dwellin' on my life in Acapulco, cause you see he cared bout' my future and always was thinkin' of legit business ideas that would work for me back in the states one day.*

*He didn't like one bit my Mexican business world I worked in, and I couldn't blame em by any stretch of the imagination, but I'm a stubborn guy at times and makin' big money is hard to give up.*

*But the bottom line was, David was my true deep close friend and a good teacher at times for me bout' men and women I knew nothin' of, but their lives were right there in libraries one day for me to learn a~bout. And I'll tell ya this too, the dude was never a borin' guy cause he was always gung ho to kick out the jams with me whenever I fired one of my wild adrenaline filled ideas at em, that is after he finished all his tropical fish collectin' days' work in the ocean.*

*Mr. David Stone was always focused and he absolutely was not go~ing to allow me to sidetrack em, but once free from his own personal goals, well at times we were carryin' on in Acapulco with a free flowin' but down to earth mindset, cause that was his natural way and I admit I really needed a lot of that rubbin' off on me.*

*But the deal was though, maybe directly cause of me, we shared a tinge of some very wild and explosive times happenin' for both us. Oh yeah, that we sure damn did!*

*So, if I may I have one last Thought,  
And that Is  
Thanks for Listenin'*

Please Scroll Down

## **‘The Pleasure is all Mine’ - April, 1988**

*This was a taping session Katie and I had and after we finished it we listened to it together and were critiquing it and thinking about how to possibly present it in the book. Katie told me she and her sister had other tapes they listened to, and she suggested we mix up our story telling by putting in how we interacted after listening to what I just spoke about on tape. They thought having a little bit of back and forth natural reactions might be fun. So we experimented and here it is, in the rawest form. Let's press PLAY;*

“I was lucky because my camera portrait day time work was really rolling plus I stayed with my normal bar boy schedule at the Carriage House on the weekend nights. Money was coming in and adding to that, I kept busy at the Fontainebleau Hotel doing the business convention photography dark room work during the weeknights.

I was hustling seven nights a week and after I finished wherever I was on any night, I would groove over to the Playboy Plaza and hang out till my eyes were just screaming out to me to give them a break and go to my little room and crash for some real needed sleep.”

You could hear on the tape Katie telling me she remembers back then what a wild child I was, and she was amazed how I was constantly pushing for work with my cameras. But you could also hear her telling me she remembers how I burned the candle at both ends and was warning me I'd pay for it later, and she was right. The tape rolls on;

“So my little Katie Poo-Poo, it was around early February when this new girl was hired to take pictures in the convention room at the Fontainebleau. I met her in the darkroom and it was hard to see her in the dark but my first glance impression was she was petite, cute and had nice lips. She was about my age, quick witted and she was a definite charmer when she wanted to be, especially after her first night. That happened when one of the other girls brought her in, introduced us and then was explaining to her the routine of her new job. I was kind of busy developing and printing at that moment so I didn't pay and give her much attention. I always worked in the dark except with just this wild darkroom red light by design that all photography rooms use. I had a locked door that I used to

guard against outside light coming in and the girls were constantly coming and going through an area that was well lit right before you entered my tightly cramped work area. It was by no means a perfect set up for a darkroom, so all the girls working with me had to just make do as best as possible with the situation. If I was printing, I couldn't let anybody in through the door at that moment or it would ruin the work from the outside light. The one rule was simple, no one could enter in if I didn't unlatch the hook and eye that I had for security, and all the girls knew the technical aspects of printing so they understood the lockout at times, so all was well on the Western Front."

You could hear on the tape Katie talking to me about not knowing much about darkroom work, but she was asking me one day if I'd teach her and I told her of course. The tape rolled on with me telling her the story about the new girl.

"On her first night of work she came down with her undeveloped negatives and buzzed me to let her in, so I opened the door and she handed me her camera. She started making small talk while I went to work taking out the negative holder plates and then quickly started using the wet developing negative technique on each. Then her small talk got direct because out of the blue she wanted to know why I didn't give her much attention the first time we met the day before, and her question sort of caught me off guard."

You could hear on the tape Katie asking me something about this girl. After a little back and forth, I go on.

"Again Katie, you have to remember I just met this girl and it felt a little awkward and I didn't have much of an answer to give to her about her question, plus during the time she was talking I was finishing developing her wet negatives and then putting them in the enlarger and setting things up to print her 8 by 10's. The point being, I was focusing on my job and especially needed my eyes trained on the entire process, not her cute little sassy lips that now I am seeing right smack dab in front of me.

And that instant close-up flash happened while there was barely a long second of soft low light coming from the enlarger making the flash start of a print. Oh yeah, let me tell ya, I caught a glimpse of her really eyeing me as she stood very close with her chin practically

resting on my shoulder, and I picked up a sweet-smelling scent about her that started turning me on.”

“Ooh David you’re a bad boy, , yep, and a lucky one too.”

Leave it to Katie to throw in a wise crack, but that’s what I like about her.

“Believe me sweetheart, it was all happening so fast but now I was now doing two things at once, , or should I say two heads were doing two things at once.”

Katie right there reaches over and smacks my arm, but with a big smile. So back to the ranch as the tape is rolling.

“I then took the photo paper and put it in the soup, but because she was standing practically right on top of me now, I bumped into her. I’m trying to work and talk with her at the same time but she’s carrying the conversation and continuously staying very physically close. The prints were in the final wash and rinse cycle and she knew that those pieces of print paper could stay in there for as long as I wanted, and that’s when she took over. She put her body square with mine and placed both her hands on my upper arms and came into my space and said to me out of thin air, *‘Do you want to kiss me?’*

WOW, was all I could think and YES was my reaction with not even two seconds gone by. Next thing I knew our lips were meeting perfectly in a deep wet slow kiss. She had great kissing lips with wild slow roaming hands and a free spirit to match mine. After our first lip lock she told me that was a very nice warm up but she better get upstairs and back to work, but to expect her back down here in the customary forty-five-minute roll after working the convention floors.

This girl was smooth and really cool, I’ll absolutely definitely say that.

I recall her saying, *‘Since I don’t have a watch on’* as she leaned over my body and rubbed up against me so perfectly to fan my already burning fires, *‘That you’ll use this photography room wind up timer and set it for forty-five minutes, so set it now and get ready for my return.’*

OH MY GOSH, I couldn't believe what I was hearing. She almost was too much but something inside of me said this is real and don't screw it up, , and, ,oh man. Okay, so I'm keeping myself composed as best as I can and feeling pretty darn good. She moved her body up tightly against mine and whispered in my ear, *'Remember, forty-five minutes'* and then kissed me very softly again for about three delicious seconds. She then pulled away and slapped my chest flush with her open right hand, picked up her developed prints off the hanging line, grabbed her camera and then was out the door, just like that.

I was so turned on and out of my mind, that I thought I was in a dream, but heck no man, this was for real and totally cool. So now my mind is springing into action, big time.

I quickly locked the door and was looking all around for a place where we could get comfortable if she wasn't pulling my leg about this whole thing. If she was serious, I was ready and up to the task, albeit hard and horny right then and there.”

You can hear Katie giggling on the tape and I was vividly thinking back to that freaking night. This girls' story was making me want to playfully attack Katie at that very moment, but I was a good boy, well for that moment at least. The tape is heating up and rolling.

“I mean she put me on another planet and I was in need of some grounding effects. This was all a big time first for me, and never in my wildest fantasies did this dream situation come into my mind. I had to sit down to catch my breath and collect myself. I thought I was regrouping and then all of a sudden, the door buzzer rings and I quickly in a reflex action type move looked instantly at the timer as if to see if forty-five minutes had just instantly been erased in my dream and she was back. My heart started really racing again and I actually started getting sexually excited from the buzzer going off. Well it was only less than three minutes since she left and it was just one of the other girls with the normal round of negatives to process and print, and reload her negative holders.

My concentration for my job was completely out of whack now and my primal animal instincts had totally taken over my mind. The young lady who was in the room dropping off her negatives was a good eight years older than me and very nice looking. We both never really checked each other out but rather were more professional about our working sometimes in such close proximities.

She must have sensed and seen my more than normal looks I was giving her now, even after doing my best to hide them. She was polite and made small talk with me and it was crossing my mind that the other young lady started the same way. Katie, I was freaking out!

She didn't though make the first move like the other one and I'm sure didn't have any of those intentions at all anyway. Like I said, I was totally freaking out and it almost felt like I was off and running on a groovy SUNSHINE ACID TRIP, and now this beauty was adding new zest to the hot sexy sweetie who just left.

Well okay, so I grabbed the timer because the room was too dark, and it said there were thirty-nine minutes left before she would be walking through that door. I thought to myself that before I knew it, the timer would be buzzing off and she'd be high step prancing in and who knows what surprises were going to take place after her entry.

As I finished the work and handed the dry 8 by 10 prints over to the young lady, I told her that I thought she was very nice and enjoyable to work with. She gave me a nice smile and then she did this very cute high heel turn around on her shoe toes and I watched her dress whirl around in that semi-darkened room. That action exposed her great legs and her thighs and a very cute butt which was barely covered by these unusual looking tiny ladies white cotton underwear. They were like the kind of bikini type things I was starting to see at the beach, but, ,well, , oh wow Katie, it was wild.

Then she swiveled around her head and deliciously smiled and winked at me and then walked out the door. Unbelievable, was all I could think about from what was happening in that darkroom that night, and on top of that and keeping it all real now, was I could hear that timer doing its little thing, ticking away the minutes before my dream girl returns.

I swear I started wondering again if I was tripping on some spiked weed I smoked before work and now I'm on an LSD packed cruise ship with women and I'm the only guy around. One more girl who worked upstairs also came through that door during the next thirty-remaining minutes. This girl was cute too but I put a leash on my total horny almost out of control self and tried to act as normal and professional as possible like I always had

before with them. I pulled it off but they had no idea what my wild eager and sexually charged hungry body and mind was overwhelmed with, while they were in the room with me. Oh man, thank goodness for some self-control when you really need it, but my deepest longing desires were out of the cage and almost out of control.

The clock was ticking and in less than ten minutes the timer would go off and she'd walk in and I'd be more than ready for whatever was next on that young lady's mind.

Yep, I was ready alright, you can bank on that!

*TO BE CONTINUED*



## **‘Pardon My Polite Explanation’**

Just know this, that for all of you who are taking the time to read what I am wrongfully publishing now, I believe you will come away with a new awareness and beginning education on a lot of new subjects matters you never gave much of any kind of thought to and about. Also, as you’ve already learned there’s no doubt these guys are putting forth some very possible dire warnings into the future, but I came away with it as being some serious wakeup calls for all of us.

Repeating myself from the first book, I’m sure you’re picking up already the pacing of the book is not typical, such as the way the chronological years are not always in order, but none of that made it difficult to follow and understand, and I’ve got a hunch it was all done intentionally. And then their worthwhile history lessons that they put in were to make points of relevance that history can and has shown to repeat itself. So, I’m sure as strategic thinkers as they were, they designed their book for valuable past lessons in life to be applied to the present and hoped it would have benefits for mankind.

As you make your way into their writings more, you will get into their minds ideas as they grew up and older over the years and see their ways of behaving weren’t really all that wrong, yes different but I’m more than willing to cut them some slack. These two guys were lucky they found each other and formed a bond because each made a big difference to one another’s lives, from drawing strength and lifting each other up.

My definite take away was they were all about honoring righteous principles and their patriotism to the USA and finding ways to level the playing field and make life better for all of us. They cared about everyone, from blacks to whites, Latinos and Asians, Muslims and Chaldeans, Jews and Gentiles and just throw in every religion spread out all over the world, it didn’t matter to them. They just wanted fairness and balance for all, peace thru out the world, but again, they never took their eyes off their real true concern, that being their love and appreciation of America and protecting the good people of the USA.

They had no prejudices except for any and all the bad guys and it seemed the big guy himself had an absolute flat out take no prisoners clear thinking attitude, but they always

were on the side of the hard-working small business owning middle-class men and women of the country, who they constantly talked about being over taxed. Here, check out this one interesting conversational thought the old man had with his buddy in early 2005;

*“T, it just seems like all the world powers are aiming for a future where the people’s freedoms are slowly being eroded and the masses are all being set up to be put under a one world gigantic collective controlling system. Almost like a Communistic state!*

*I feel like the entire middle class are being set up for the future to move in a much less prosperous way of feeling than they are now, and this is bothering me and I deeply sense this needs to be stopped so this can never be allowed to happen. Their becoming over taxed slaves, and it must be stopped.”*

I agree totally about the over taxing of the middle class, but I hope he’s way off base and nothing like losing our freedoms and being in an almost communistic like state ever happens, but the direction of where we’re heading sure feels like it and he wrote that in early 2005, and now you’re reading about this in mid-2020.

Their American Revolutionary history lessons intertwined throughout the book were cool for me, but wait, let me state my opinion, these guys weren’t writing a civics or history lesson style book, no, I mean that’s not even close.

Their book was meant to open up peoples thinking to many unknown and very alarming areas that humans are facing, one being the Old Man over a span of decades became dedicated to doing research to learn all he could to unravel the mysteries and causes of Alzheimer’s. For him, it seemed he pushed himself at times to find any kind of possible cures to stop this dreadful diseases’ progression and ways of reversing it.

But along with his desires to find cures for other horrible diseases such as cancer, he had other deep issues on his mind that were facing society that he truly saw were coming. Just read this one paragraph the old man wrote and try and feel what he’s saying;

*“Our goal, our purpose of this book entails many things, and if we ever publish it we hope to open up the readers mind to the chances of an actual successful down to earth Second American Revolution, but of a total peaceful kind and nature as the goal, and from that the timing will be right for the outgrowth of an electable Righteous Spiritual Independent Political Party.”*

So the Old Man sees an Independent Political Party happening, but check this out.

*“In no way are our intentions to scare anyone, but we feel there is a great need for all of you to be ready to adapt to the possibility of having to live in an unthinkable world, practically torn apart and destroyed by the ultimate extreme technological savaging and most destructive kind of modern-day weapons ever created for mass destruction.*

*Don’t doubt our words, because it’s all setting up that way with the advent of the Internet making the world a much smaller and more dangerous place for evil activities to go unchecked, no matter how well and good our government spy agencies are working to safe guard our lives. But the big unchecked and not bridled computing technology creating faster and much more next generation advanced technology could be dangerous in the face of itself, for this man-made creation could over-ride its creators and somehow slip in and take over all of mankind’s creations.”*

Now that last part was way the fuck far out (sorry-bad language) and damn scary at the same time if you ask me, and here’s something else I found peculiar and strange if you will, that the Old Man stated in extra-large letters on one solo page in one of his notebooks. It read;

*I have to believe that my Brain has many Functions  
That are Simply Lying Dormant  
And are Just Waiting to be Awakened*

When my friends and I read that, we all talked about those words and what could he possibly be thinking and meaning. I can’t speak for any of my past associates who did this set up and robbery on the old guy, but for me he must be living in a zone that has opened

up for him parts of those other so-called dormant brain functions that he was personally at a young age trying to unleash. And again, maybe it goes to his perceived other Quantum Leap Dimension of Life he talks about in their fourth book.

He talked about feeling and picking up all the surrounding earths vibrations, and to get in tune with them all. He wrote it all made him feel more clairvoyant and being able to work and feel his sixth sense kicking in, even during duress and stressful times.

I truly believe in his thoughts and ideas and now I wish I could elevate my mind and find and tap into those same forces of nature all around me that he's talking about.

It just kind of hit me, in that sitting here adding these personal polite explanations to their book, I'm really wondering to myself how do I find those energy forces to help me tap into and unleash those dormant areas of my brain, so I can better myself and my life.

The fact is for me I have nowhere to go in my life but up, and maybe I'll be missing a key ingredient for my own survival if I don't heed the warnings and learn some unusual but positive lessons from their book.

We all need to look at the goings on of the big world all around us and consider the possibilities of their projected revolutionary platform of ideas, to one day come true and as they want and say, be carried out to righteously help millions of Americans.

Here's one last thing, so check out this interesting and strange thought the old guy wrote; *"As I got older, while being in the present time, I could phenomenally remember all my long-gone past nights and days and my mind would search for anything I chose to put myself back into, and then make it really happen and almost have the sensation of feeling, touching, smelling, seeing and being right there again, reliving that childhood and progressing years going by into a literal compartmentalized time and space."*

Pretty crazy huh, but I believe this Old Man!

***Excuse my Polite Interruption***

## **A DEEP FUTURE COMETH**

Our brains are a very complicated frontier that still haven't been completely medically taken apart and thoroughly diagnosed and understood, then put back together like all the rest of our body parts, but I sincerely hope one day this vital important achievement will successfully take place. Once that magnificent breakthrough happens, many brain diseases will start being cured or hopefully just stopped in their tracks, especially Alzheimer's. But something else very incredible will be the trigger from these brain breakthroughs, and what I am talking about will start taking place in three, four or at most five decades down the road, and that is humans will be steadily blasting off into outer space and colonizing the old and many newly discovered Universes up and way out there. A new advanced direction of our so-called humanity will begin after the successful mapping of our entire brain's activities, and then the Quantum Leap will take place of turning on our brains to function at a much higher capacity. And while all that amazing progress begins to happen, the next giant step for humanity will be the start of our minds and bodies connecting to the usable but untapped energy sources surrounding all of us.

I believe we will be entering into the earth's core of energy and vast unknown vibrations all around, and one day a new era will open up where they will be using those amazing powerful resources to go to the next step of where time all began, being that of the STARS. I regularly talked to TB and Fitz over the years about these visions I would see and sense, but that would only happen after I could enter and go into what I called my calming periods of my mind. But something was still holding me back on getting my head wrapped around all the unknown hidden energy frontiers that at times I sensed were all around.

I'd had many amazing personal times when I experienced different waves and vibration sensations all around me and challenged myself to relax and try to enter into them.

The best way I can describe what was happening, was I had a greater sense and awareness of all things inside myself and all around me, and I felt relaxed, calm and content along with this sensation of feeling altogether healthier and in tune with all of nature, afterwards.

Now this is something very important and I must be straight forward about it. It was around January of 2014 when I felt a big leap of faith for all my future thoughts and experiences that made me believe that all the futuristic brain mapping was going to truly happen someday and then mankind would be able to tap into the unrealized energy in ourselves and all around us.

For all practical purposes of trying to explain myself, I simply have to say our brains are like computers and they're just waiting for the day to come when we can truly be able to unleash the many functions of them that are simply lying dormant, waiting to be fully turned on and used. It will be an awakening of a movement into 'A Deep Future Cometh'.

This big so-called leap of faith of being able to tap into greater uses of my mind, along with my deep inner core mental striving senses to better myself, all happened when four visionary billionaires named Bezos, Branson, Musk and a gentleman named Bigelow, came together but separately in some of my ongoing DARPA research. What these four guys were focusing on proved to me that my own feelings about future space colonization was their same mammoth goal and aspirations, and my senses and clarity for the future grew clearer and really could be a reality someday.

I already know with my visions into the future, near and far, that if TB and myself ever self-publish our book, there will be those who will take my personal claims plus my ideas and research, and utterly try to destroy me in many gross and despicable lying and vicious cruel ways.

We've talked deeply in and over our time about this ugliness of hate, and from which that we know this meanness of spirit will cast a shadow in our future, but so be it, for time is on our side for the strong light of truth to shine and destroy all the evil darkness that abounds.

And all the while there will be many strategic watchers with pure devoted strengths, that with or without TB's command and blessing, will honorably watch over my back with their highly professional skills, much appreciated when righteously needed.

And this truth will be coming, that of our long-range plan to have the back and financial well-being of all-American citizens, for we know a long train of abuses has been going on, and it's time to Right the Ship and let righteousness and justice openly prevail.

Our goal is to push to help hundreds of millions of Americans in the coming near future, and we will strive to achieve fully this mission!

Now excuse us for that slight digression of our own personal goals, and let's come back to those futuristic thinking and planning big life game changing four men. What is going to be most necessary for all of us, and especially your grand and great grandchildren, is being patient and waiting to see the steps these men take and combine and couple that with the all-important breakthroughs in the brain research now going on.

And once those breakthroughs in the mind happen, the real outer space future is then unlimited. So as they say, patience is a virtue!

The beauty of it all, is there are countless millions of fans out there well aware that Hollywood since the mid 60's with the beginning of Captain Kirk and his unreal adventures with his amazing Star Trek crew, began to put the thought in people's minds of deep space exploration and living in a new world one day.

But it started way before that actually, like all the way back to Buck Rogers and the day of those cheesy black and white movies of him landing on the Moon. And now the movies have stepped up the realism quality and begun to be more intense and believable, with the depiction of long deep space travels and beginning exploration of men and women on Planet Mars. The point of what I'm making, is all the TV shows and movies visions from the past have come or are going to be coming to fruition in the future.

In the scheme of things, our travels into outer space are happening in baby steps right now, but allow me to go back and focus on the brain with the point being that once that extremely complicated human body part is totally medically mapped out and conquered, then our real preparedness for other Universes out there will begin.

And beyond that will be the unknown galaxies out there and maybe a hundred years after that, we'll see mankind sending supersonic speeding rockets out to explore the star fields, which are millions of light years away.

I believe sounds and vibrations will be the big surprise discovery surrounding all the unknown planets and galaxies. And this will all eventually tie in when research will help wake up our brain's dormant functions, and then allow your grandchildren to really start to connect with our earthly energy fields and all the other unknown deep sources of energy coming from and going on in outer space.

I learned all this from many wiser people than myself, and thus I had deep faith and then expanded my thoughts from the amazing discoveries made by our brave Astronauts on their decades long-ago trips to the moon. And one of those literal moon unearthing achievements that really shocked me after digging up the startling moonscape research, was that of some sort of bell like vibration sound detected going on but coming from deep inside the inner core of the moon.

I know you may not think that sounds like a big deal, 'NO PUN INTENDED', but it's a huge deal beyond any of our imaginations at this time, but more on this much later.

The setting up of the next 13 future American Colonies but this time in outer space, is all a long way off, but those miraculous days are ahead and the expression that 'Time Flies' is no joke. And so, make no mistake, for we as human's are on the way for amazing breakthroughs and super fantastic discoveries yet to happen.

*Let's Pause a few Chapters  
And Take Time to Digest  
All that was just Spoken*



## **‘What are You Waiting For?’**

*Finishing up ‘The Pleasure is all Mine’. Let’s continue with the tape-recording Katie and myself are critiquing that we did together at my up north small cottage. We had just taken a breather but now were ready to listen and make our comments.*

*My Sweetie Angel Pie presses the play button;*

“Katie, I swear my heart was racing so fast as I couldn’t take my eyes off that timer even though I could barely see it. The anticipation of the young lady walking through that door was driving me crazy. All kinds of thoughts were whirling through my head, like one for instance was she pulling a big joke on me. It just all seemed too good to be true.” As he’s speaking, David is kind of fidgeting around with his body position, but he’s rolling on.

“As I was trying to keep my mind occupied and slow down my heart, one of my thoughts was about where in this little room could the two of us get comfortable.

Right in midstream of all these ideas I was having, she comes practically barreling through the door and in an all in one motion takes control of the entire situation, , just like that!

First, she puts down her camera on my worktable and then goes right back to the door with my work chair and firmly puts it underneath the cheap door handle, then latches shut the eye hook. Then she comes over and grabs me by the arms, pulls me into her body and starts kissing me wildly. Then our bodies were like clanging off of each other because she was wildly practically tearing my button-down shirt off me and ever so slightly humping me at the same time, and during all that she managed to pull her shirt over her head and then dove for my ear lobes and then my neck.

Her mouth being so close I could hear and feel her breathing hard and then ordering me to spin her around and take her bra off. Of course, why not, and then in that position she started gyrating dead center into you know where.

Then just as soon as I freed her of her bra, she with her back pressed against my chest, lifts up her loose-fitting skirt then braces herself against my work table in one smooth

orchestrated perfect move. She's got one hand going around now moving perfectly over my hot zone, then she turns her head fast with her hair whipping in the air and tells me she took her underwear off right outside my doorway to save time, and then says to me without pause, *'Touch me'*.

Those words she spoke hotly in my ear created an out of control quick flash, but I handled it without too much awkwardness, , okay well bullshit to that truth be told, I was awkward as hell and lovin' every second of it. Alright, so then out of nowhere she slaps down a rubber on the table, like it was just another day at the office. Oh yeah, sure it was, , NOT!

*So, so much for me worrying about where we're going  
to be getting comfortable in that little tight congested room!*

Luckily, I came to work in my shorts and not those-tight-ass clinging blue jeans, so she playfully helped me get my shorts off in a jumping jack flash second!

Well now, so, I humbly think it's best I don't hype up what went on next, but believe you me, we were hot and horny acting young twenty-year-old somethings and we got it on like wild cats, with all kinds of playfulness and fast changing positions going down. But just as we were finishing, that work place alarm went off and I remember we clanged teeth and bumped our noses then started laughing together. It was perfect and we both caught each other smiling and it was a nice light hearted and humorous for real moment.

She was a firecracker and had more ideas left in her. She's suggests that I better work on the processing and printing as fast as possible so she could get back to work upstairs. The fact was, at that moment in time my leg's felt like wet spaghetti and my mind really wasn't feeling too keen on doing my work all that much, if you know what I mean. I didn't push for a good minute or so, but then got it together while she redressed and watched me work in only my underwear that she laughingly pulled up for me plus did a little nice quick pleasurable move on me at the same time. The deal was though, in that moment in time I was so uninhibited standing there with her, I felt as free as a soaring Eagle and I almost stopped her from pulling my underwear back up.

As soon as I had all the printing done, she said to me she had a lot of fun and that she would be back in forty-five minutes to do it again. Before she walked out the door, that little wild cat opened her little purse and took out her undies and threw em at me. Then she says to me, *'Wear them around your neck as a souvenir'*.

I liked her sense of humor but liked even more how after her quick comment she comes flush into me for a quick but very nice kiss, then slaps my chest in the upper middle like she did the last time she was leaving. She was too much but I could handle all she had.

And in carrying on, the last thing she did before leaving was grab the alarm, set it for forty-five minutes again and then says to me, *'See you soon'*, and after that she moves the chair, unlatches the door and smoothly disappears.

First thing I did after she was gone was take that chair she used and put it up to my worktable and sat down and just enjoyed the moment.

Her sexy fluffy white underwear were on the table to the left of me but I never did what she wanted, although I remember clearly staring at them and smiling.”

“Oh my gosh David, what a trip all that must have been!”

“Oh I'm tellin ya, and I can almost feel right now the way I was feeling then.”

“Wow, every young man's darkroom dream.”

“Baby, this girl was so unique but hard to figure. We carried on like that for weeks whenever our schedules put us together working but when I asked her if she would like to go out to a movie or have a picnic and some fun at the beach together, she always said she was too busy. So eventually I never really tried or pressed her for hanging out because I didn't want to upset our wild pleasurable times that we were already enjoying.

I did give it some thought that maybe she's married but she swore to me she wasn't, and she said she didn't have a boyfriend either, so I played it cool as I could and just went on with life feeling like one lucky guy.

I came to the simple conclusion that if this is what she wanted, fine, I'm good and all in. I mean it made no sense for me to get flustered or think jealous thoughts and end up rocking the steady on course kick ass boat.

Truth was, I'd never had it so good in my young life anyway and I learned quickly, don't screw up an already good thing, period."



**Scroll Down 1/2 page**

## **‘So Blind and Thoughtless’**

*I want to share something very real that happened in the middle of the summer in 1984 with my good close friend TB, when we were watching a VCR movie while hanging out at the house I was renting in Michigan. Alright, so let’s just get down and dirty of how quickly something struck both of us in the wrong way at the very same moment in time;*

“Are you catchin’ this David?”

“The whole thing!”

“How can these film makers be so blind and thoughtless?”

“It’s unbelievable, it really is.”

Right then TB asks me to flip him the VCR remote control, and I did, then he hits the pause button and at the same time calls for my dog Ben to come over and jump up and onto his lap, and he’s happy to oblige. These two have been very good friends from almost the first month I rescued my little buddy as a six or seven-week-old pup and TB became like a second father to my son, my dog named Benji.

I immediately knew why and what was happening inside my big buddy’s gut and total way of thinking. Calling Ben over to sit in his lap was truly like a child’s comfort blanket for adults or however you want to describe it, but the fact was Benji always helped my very physically powerful friend calm down and feel a bit better when things were dark and upsetting to him in his mind.

And if you really think about it, your loving animals do the same exact thing for you too. From the most powerful men and women of the world, to the bad ass dudes locked up in prison, it’s our loving animals that always give us that special kind of love and comfort we all seem to truly desire, and I sense any further explanations than that, really aren’t needed.

“You feeling a little better now T?”

“Yeah, I’m chillin’ now, , thanks, and Benji, thank you too.”

T paused a few seconds and then said in a whisper but I heard him, *‘I love you Ben.’*

Ben responds quickly, flicking out his tongue and kissing his nose. We both smiled but T was in a serious mood from what he was seeing and upsetting him. He verbalized,

“How can these Hollywood directors not see how really scared that child is in that scene?”

“Without a doubt in my mind T, they could have shot that part of the movie from a complete different angle using a mock up real looking child dressed the exact part and not put that three-year-old kid through the intense agony he went through.”

“Exactly! Just look right now at the freeze frame on the tube. That poor child is with total strangers on that movie set and one asshole has a gun in his hand, aimin’ at and threatenin’ the little boy. I mean just look at that whole atmosphere, it’s gotta be beyond intense and frightening to that child, and without a doubt, the bad guys tone is that of a hostile screamin’ neurotic mad man.”

“That’s sick because there’s no way that child can figure out and then separate this movie studio set from real life. I mean he’s obviously too young and the entire ordeal is terrifying to him, and you can really see it on his face. That kid’s not acting scared, he’s without a doubt really terrorized out of his mind.”

“Totally with ya, and look at how we just watched some fake father movin’ that child around so wildly in that scene, then the bad guy grabbin’ em away. Jesus, that alone has to be scarin’ the kid half out of his friggin’ skull. WHY, no seriously, how could they do that without realizin’ what’s happenin’ inside that child’s mind?”

The big guy pauses, gently rubs his big hand down Ben’s back, then continues.

“Sorry, I’m going to back off cause I don’t want to scare or upset Ben with my tone.”

“I’m watching him, and I can see he clearly loves you man, so no sweat, you’re fine,”

“But my tone is angry and,”

“I know but Ben’s not scared because your hands and face contact always speak volumes to him, but I can tell he knows your sad about something, because I can see that in him too. Yeah-no, thanks for your concern, but Ben loves you man, don’t doubt it.”

“He’s a great dog David. No, he’s better than that, he’s a great son.”

“Yeah, he really is and I’m really lucky we found each other.”

“For sure, , absolutely.”

“But listen T, back to your point, that environment on that movie set is pure chaos for that little boy, and yes, he’s really showing serious real-life fear in his eyes.”

“Absolutely, and I really wonder if anyone took the time to explain to the parents what’s going to be happening with their child? If somebody told any normal loving parent that what we’re watching was going to go down, then no one should ever let their kid go through all that, no matter how much money is offered.”

“Totally in sync with you big guy. What we just watched definitely scared the shit out of that poor kid in those very moments, and even worse, may have etched into his memory bank something that will affect him for the rest of his life.”

“Don’t swear man, you know your own rules, , but hey, I’ll give ya a free pass today cause you were right on the money back in Mexico bout’ my foul mouth, cause words matter and by me doin’ less swearin’, I end up calmer and that was your whole point and idea in the first place.”

“Love ya brother, and thanks for the pass today, and taking us back away in time.”

“Oh no doubt, cause that was a great night in the mountains when you really made me think how bad my disgustin’ language was comin’ off to others, so when you’re right your right. We both admitted we needed work on the matter, but I was out of control till I started gettin’ my head on straight.”

“Well we all let loose too easily, but if more breathing happens first and then allowing easy minded careful thinking to phase in and be applied before opening our mouths, then I’m sure we’d all be better off.”

“Touché man, nicely put D. That’s right on Bro, right on!”



**Please Scroll Down**



## A DEEP FUTURE COMETH

Continuing on, please allow me now a meteor minute of time in my way of thinking, in that the sailing off into deep space and settling in on the next new world, will have some adventuring comparisons if I may, of what it was like for the Mayflower brave folks back in 1620.

I see exciting outer space times ahead, and even see all of your grandchildren watching all of the events on large expansive 20-K Super High-Definition paper thin roll up flexible wall TV's. The coming decades will be experiencing faster and faster technological advancements and this and many other futuristic achievements will definitely happen for your children's children, while the new deep space frontier begins to take shape.

Continue with me this meteor minute which is now something I use to label time with, and I do this so I can explain better the future of how expeditions into the vast unknown of outer space were all accelerated from the wealth of knowledge coming from crashed and thoroughly researched UFO sites from all around the world.

Our government along with the British Air Force (RAF), plus the Israeli Mossad and their scientific community and most importantly Putin's Russia, these countries will start to gradually unveil the truths about the ever present but hush-hush DENY-DENY-DENY secret incredible world of UFO's. And along with them after Putin takes the original lead with me, China and India will follow along also in letting their massive population of people know that *'We are not Alone in the Universe'*.

Real FACTS will lay bare in our clear spelled out future detailed website, and hopefully turn your skepticism around and into possible one-day believers.

Just realize this, world governments have been collecting up UFO accidents for years and taking all these amazing finds and reverse engineering all the technology to learn all they can from them.

And in time from what has already and will in the future take place from the research on UFO's, all nations will truly get a better understanding of what amazing energy sources lay deep within our planet and vastly all around us, both near and far, and very far away. Think about it, we are already receiving and creating energy from the Sun, along with piping into the earth for geo-thermal power and we're using the wind as an electrical power source since the 80's. But the big granddaddy of power, has come from over a hundred years of pumping out billions of barrels of oil from deep within the ground, and now this truth not well known, is that the scientific community already know that way high above and deep below our planet are other untapped amazing energy sources.

And imagine this, right now one of the biggest scientific energy projects in the world is taking place in the coldest frozen region of our planet, The Arctic. The nation of Russia is heavily involved in an explorations quest of the oil and natural gas reserves that have an estimated value of TRILIONS of dollars, but there is even a BIGGER SECRET PRIZE that they are in search of, and you can also include our governments involvement in that very same amazing hunt and quest.

All of that will be explained in clear and precise detail in our coming chapters in our future books, but for now I can only say this, nothing being spoken about here is at all CLASSIFIED INFORMATION anymore, period.

Our sources of Intel have come from years of slow and steady intelligence gathering from highly placed and credible individuals, and from multiple libraries with reams of data on micro-film. But how we learned everything isn't the focus for you to be concerned about, but rather get ready for some of the most mind-blowing and fascinating truths about UFO's that have been hidden by governments from all over the globe.

Again, we realize the possibility of various news and national media outlets and governments will come after our claims and attack us and try and destroy our credibility, but as the figurehead and spokesmen for our small group, we encourage others to peel away the layers of secrecy even more than we have already started, and help us find more truths in what we say. So whatever comes, so be it!

Just know this, Putin and his top-secret well-educated government elite scientists along with Xi Ji Ping and his Chinese brilliant counterparts, are all separately competing just like Israel and India are, in the race to unlock even more of the out of this world UFO super useful technology that is very well-known to exist by our top-secret American military intelligence. For these nations along with many more, are all holding onto actual recovered alien craft crashes and unrefutably proof about all the constant goings on for years of UFO's, all over the planet.

Make no mistake or have any doubt, there are thousands of documented factual sightings and encounters of super-fast silver colored flying objects dating back to World War Two. These multitude of experiences were happening separately by American pilots, the Russian pilots, The Royal Air Force flyers and by the German fighter flying young men and all their crews, and I must include other small flying units from other countries too.

There can be no denying of the claims made by these thousands of aviators but because of the secrecy demanded by each of their governments, almost all of the pilots and crews stayed silent. But without going too far into detail, it was their written reports that unlocked the next keys to open up what truly would unwind the truths to the UFO coverups across the world.

What we were unearthing happened many decades ago, and now we patiently wait for the day the entire world's population will know the truth together. This information today still falls under the category of DENY-DENY-DENY by all governments, but we will say now that when The Deep Future Cometh, the truth will entirely SET YOU FREE.

*Stay with Us,  
For More Is Coming*

## **‘The Carriage House Robbery’**

*This is the playing of one of many tapes Katie made with David that was possibly going to be used to help him and TB put together a book for them one day. She is reviewing this particular tape section with her twin sister Joanna, who’s also helping with the project. This chapter is the story about one of the biggest robberies in Miami Beach history taking place right where David worked during the winter of 1972. He was burning the candle at both ends, hustling like crazy with his cameras during the day and doing the duties of a bar boy in a really hip live music lounge four nights a week. His deal was working hard day and night and unbeknownst to him, during this one particular night of work the hotel was robbed big time and David is thrown right in the middle of the situation. His voice on the tape is calm and clear and in full memory mode as he’s always capable of;*

“At that time in my life everything seemed to be in a nice flow. My jobs were all enjoyable, plus I was spending some of my free time with a sweet young lady who was a part-time cocktail waitress over at the Playboy Club Hotel and besides her, I really enjoyed hanging out over there. A funny thing I remember about my life back then was that most young ladies confused the dickens out of me because it seemed like the girls, I was with would change their minds about any given subject, plus some of them would right out of the blue rearrange the plans we made and that used to drive me crazy.

Now though I will say this, I had the good fortune to be liked and accepted by a few really fun and full of life hippie young gals, and so I just figured, okay, don’t fight city hall, be confused whenever it happens and just go out and meet another one to see what happens next with her. I swear I used to think that if I met one that didn’t mess with my head, I’d have easily fallen for her and who knows what would have happened after that.” You could here on the tape Katie and David having a light laugh and after he goes on.

“So anyway, one day in early 1972 the Carriage House kitchen manager called me at the pay phone number I gave him to reach me at. The phone booth was located just outside the hotel front entrance where I lived, and as a normal occurrence one of the elderly guests

would answer this particular payphone and take a message, which almost ninety-nine percent of the time the calls ended up being for me.

All the guest's residents and myself got along great, and if I was there and they needed any kind of help, I was happy to do whatever I could to assist and watch over them. So I was helping them and they were in turn acting like my personal secretaries and always joking about another young lady was calling again, so that would turn into the fun gossip they all had a good time with. But this time it was my kitchen manager who had been calling and needed to talk to me. Eventually I got the full message and call back number from one of my elder kind-hearted secretaries, and soon after I called him back.

After reaching him he asked me to come in even though it was my day off, and help him out in the kitchen because they were really shorthanded. I said sure, no problem because this guy always was good to me right from the get go when I first started working there. He was the dude that went out of his way to put me in the coolest position in the hotel's night-time bar lounge disco and that job was like a dream come true for me at the time. So when I arrived there that day to help him out, he told me to report to his new assistant and work with him. No problem I said and off I went to find this guy. He was in the kitchen and the first thing he asked me to do was take seven empty cups and utensils and other odds and ends plus carry a pitcher of hot coffee down to a room in the wine cellar. As I was loading up everything, I remember him trying to put a big plate of cookies, donuts and some other crap on the perfectly balanced tray I was just literally picking up. It was secure in my one hand and then as I was about to grab the handle of the heavy pitcher of coffee with my free hand, is when he made his move with his stuff. I've never met or seen this guy before but without a doubt he was a klutz or just plain stupid, because he almost caused a complete disaster before I even got started. I told him with a little edge in my voice to back off and I'll take the tray I loaded up plus his big bag of crap he practically dumped on me, and then I'd come back to safely handle the hot coffee. I didn't even wait for his response because if I followed this guy's lead, I'd for sure of had a disaster.

I had never been in the wine room so I yelled back and asked him where it was but he didn't know, and his response caused me to have a brain flash of wondering how this guy

ever got hired for this job that came with so many important responsibilities. I sort of felt a little guilty for being so abrupt but sometimes you gotta take the bull by the horns, like I just did seconds before because of his clumsy actions.

Well anyway, it ended up being a fairly midsize hidden room around and down a winding staircase off the main floor level. I never had a clue such a room existed but it really was a gated wine cellar with lots of horizontal roundish bottle shaped holding racks.

Now I'm down there amongst all these racks but there's nobody in sight so I just called out '*Is anybody here?*' There was no reply so I kept walking, and then finally off in a distance around the corner was this room I walked into, with a bunch of guys mulling around in it. The room was about eighteen feet by twenty-four feet with two long folding tables, plus six or seven chairs around them and a blackboard with writing on it, that at first I didn't make anything of. On the tables were all kinds of folders and photos and other papers strewn messily all about. Now Katie, here's where events for me started getting strange in ways I've never experienced before or since in my life.

It all started when this one guy was sitting down and staring at me in a real odd sort of way, and the room went kind of from a lively chatter to almost a quiet strange hush. But then this one guy standing realized that he needed to clear the table a little bit to help me have a place to put the tray and bag of goodies. Now here's the deal, as he was moving all these strewn around papers and 8 by 10 photos off to the side, I saw he couldn't take his eyes off of me, and now I'm feeling a strange vibe hit me and then the entire rooms energy seemed to have gone haywire from all the other guys I saw heavily eye balling me now.

Call me crazy but I learned a lot as a kid working in my dad's hardware and lumber yard, such as I could tell when a thief was walking around in the store and getting ready to make a move to stash something down their pants or put whatever they were after in their purse or tucked away inside their jacket. And include in my learning curve, raked card games that I had started as a thirteen-year-old kid, and that world of wildness lasted until I graduated high school. From all that action I really woke up areas of my brain that began analyzing how the mind of humans playing a competitive game involving money, really affected and drove their different kinds of rational and irrational behavior. But now I'm

in another part of life where my brain was acting like an antenna like never before, and picking up the energy shift happening in that room amongst these middle age men.

It didn't take long for me to notice you could hear a pin drop, and then I couldn't shake my instincts of the vibe coming over me. I didn't have one scintilla of a clue of what was going on before I arrived in that room, but all I sure as hell know now is I'm sensing something is gone askew big time within the first seconds I'm down there.

As I looked in the direction of this one guy who was standing in front of the blackboard, I could see a lot of scribble in bright white chalk and it appeared to be of different names, but at first because it was all happening so fast and unsuspecting, I didn't really pay much attention and pick up anything. Then it suddenly hit me, I could swear I saw my last name scribbled down and I know I definitely saw other names that I could put faces to, and better, or worse actually, two very close friends of mine. Those friends were Frenchie and Johnny Mayer who jumped right out at me and then there was Murf the Surf and another name I remembered Frenchie had mentioned once in a conversation in regards to a friend of this Murf dude. As I now didn't quite know what to do with my eyes let alone the rest of my winding up hyper feeling mind and body, I remembered some valuable words my dad always used to say to me. He knew me more than quite well, meaning he knew I could go from cold to hot with a slick verbal or physical unloading onto someone, and he would say as I was growing up, '*Stay cool son, just stay cool.*' His words were vital at that moment and I used them, behaving as cool and normal as I possibly could.

I remember breathing in and out to gather myself and then I began looking around the room and then I glanced down at the table and now another kind of shock hit me, meaning I saw pictures of my two friends but I didn't see one of me. Still not freaking out with any physical or facial giveaway gestures, I admit though my stomach was sure gyrating and tensing up at that time, but throughout it all, I kept my dad's words of wisdom in my upper most thought's. I stayed cool and held tight, and now tried to focus and do my best to think about what's possibly going on here.

My mind was working in pure overdrive and I was trying my best to collect whatever information was in front of me to help start figuring things out. And one such aspect of

that thinking was I could tell from my experience as a photographer, all the photos on the table were definitely shot with telephoto lenses and damn good ones at that. I tried again my best to see if by chance one of those pictures was of me, but everything was all jumbled around and one on top of another.

For some reason I figured it was hidden under those other photos, because my last name was on the chalk board and these guys were acting like, , like nothing I can describe other than maybe very recently while reviewing all the photos on the table, they saw me and now I'm standing right smack dab in front of them.

I couldn't shake my obvious thought, what is going on here? I didn't have a clue but my instincts were trying to figure things out, and at the same time searching for some way for me to get out of that room and do it as quick as possible without making a fuss."

You can hear on the tape Katie trying to figure out some kind of question to ask David but she was having a moment of confusion herself, being so caught up with everything he is talking about. Before she could spit something out, he went on.

"So Katie I was so shocked and bewildered and my body felt bizarre and almost out of control, like a real jumping out of my skin kind of wild feeling. But I have to be real here and tell you for the most part I was in control, glancing at the men, then back to the table top trying to see if I recognized some background or something to get an idea of where and when Johnny's and Frenchie's pictures could have possibly been taken. Everything was happening so fast and I couldn't put the pieces quite together, but I was trying.

All the while as I was pushing, telling myself to think man, get it together and figure all this out, , and I got to say again, my dad's words of wisdom were hangin' strong in my spirit and giving me well needed inner strength. *'Stay cool son, stay cool'*.

As the seconds passed the men still couldn't loosen up their stares and I still couldn't figure out a damn thing what was going on. It was like a non-combative Mexican standoff kind of deal, but this was freakin' real. The scene got even more bizarre now because that vibe started to make me feel like the walls were literally closing in on me, , you know, I mean I swear, that's what I felt like what was happening for a few seconds.



But thankfully now from the internal pushing, a wave of higher reflex thinking came over me and my brain really started kicking into gear and figuring out on the fly right then what to do.

Rationalizing they obviously were shocked about something the minute I walked into that room, so they wouldn't have noticed that I didn't bring the coffee, so I said kind of strong and firmly out loud, *'I have to go get the coffee pitcher and I'll be right back.'* So that became my natural moment to excuse myself and get my butt out of there."

Right there David pauses to take a drink of his cold ice water he had previously prepared for himself. Katie took a sip of her red wine but with her free hand and arm, she was waving like crazy for him to keep going. He complied.

"I amazingly had enough wit about me to ask, *'Is there anything else you guys need?'*, and it seemed like forever before one of them answered back. I think I actually caught them off guard with me opening my mouth both times. The reality was though, all of us together were in some strange cosmic way simultaneously caught off guard in the first place from the second I walked into that room, and the forces of strange were still on but I was doing my best to end it with that simple question that nobody seemed to step up to the plate to answer. But finally, after about five of the longest seconds imaginable, a voice in the group spoke up and said loud and clear, *'No, we're fine, thanks.'*

The person doing the speaking was the same guy who cleared the table for me when I first walked in. So with that being said, I did my best to calmly turn and walk towards the open door to get the heck out of there, and I have to say that that walk seemed like it took forever but when I finally reached the top of the main floor steps, that's when I felt this complete combination of fear, exhaustion and curiosity come over me all at once.

My thoughts though were to keep moving away from there and go see my boss, the kitchen manager and just go look him straight in the eyes and ask him what the heck is going on down there.

So I'm out of that room and now walking kind of in a fast paced mode, making my up the winding stairs and then standing right in the doorway of my boss's office. He was sitting in his chair working on the work schedule for the week. He said to me rather innocently, *'Hey man, I'm glad you stopped in because I was going to call for you and see if you can come in a couple of times in the afternoon shift this week.'*

Now I'm sure you understand Katie, I was still sort of numb from minutes before being down in that human mental torture chamber, but I still had my wits about me and could read my kitchen manager and tell he seemed very genuine, and having no more clue about what was happening connecting me with those guys and all those other things going on. I remember my mouth being totally dry, so I started biting the tip of my tongue really hard so I could start to get some saliva going so I could speak, sort of, I then came right out and asked him, *'Who are those guys in the wine cellar?'*

He sat back in his chair and very calmly said they were the Miami Beach Special Investigative Robbery Unit. The second he finished speaking those words, I jumped in and maybe a bit to aggressively asked him, *'But why are they here?'*

My words definitely shocked him because my tone was not quite calm and my eyes and energy in my body must have not appeared under control like my laid back normal easy looking and going self he knew me to be. But he was calm and pleasant back to me and said, *'The hotel was robbed big time last night and this is a major crime case now.'*

Okay, so now at first I'm like just inwardly freaking out but doing my best to appear as cool as possible as one could be under all the circumstances I just experienced. It was just those words *'Robbed Big Time'* that blew me away and really strangely zoned me out.

I'm telling ya, I definitely could see his mouth moving and words coming out, but I didn't hear nothing, and that's because my mind at that moment was shouting out loud inner thinking unstoppable thoughts, but I knew I had to snap out of it and get a grip.

I remembered him asking me again about working for him but I answered, *'NO, because of all my other obligations,'* and I knew he'd believe that spur of the moment excuse because he was well aware of all the photography extra work I was always hustling. Then

I said I'm sorry as calm as I could, and then awkwardly excused myself to go back to his assistant and tell him I'm leaving the building due to a moment of temporary insanity, , and then I said to him, *'But don't worry, I'll be fine, so thank you very much.'*

Well I didn't really say those exact off the wall words Katie, but believe me, I felt a bit crazy and definitely wildly spaced out, and that's the honest and damn sure truth!"

You can hear on the tape Katie softly laughing because David's humor always made her smile. After she settled herself, she sipped her wine and waved for him to keep going. He did.

"Oh, and there was one other thing I told the assistant, and that was, *'You better heat up the coffee and make the delivery yourself'* and he asked me why, and I said, *'Because the room of men down there asked specifically for you,'* and then I said something incoherent and probably stupid after that, and then just turned my back on him and walked out."

"Honey, I'm sure what you had experienced in that room with those men would have freaked out anyone if they caught on to the reality that you picked up on, and then were doing your best to deal with it all."

David heard Katie's words but his mind was literally back to that day, but then, "Baby cakes, I hear ya loud and clear but after leaving those investigators and trying to speak with my manager and his guy, well I think I left them confused with my behavior, and I felt bad but I was really out of sorts and feeling some unusual new kind of stress."

"Oh for sure but it sounds like you handled it all pretty well, all things considered."

"Well I did my best, and relied on my dad's words about staying cool, so I gotta give a shout out to my dad and thank him for one of his life lessons helping me out."

David paused and you could almost feel he was thinking back to that wild time in his life again. After less than seven seconds or so, he continued on.

"Katie, there was no way I felt like working anymore that day and I wanted or should I say needed to immediately talk to Frenchie. I found a pay phone and dialed his number but

he didn't answer. Then I went straight back to my little room in the Simone hotel and the first thing I did was take a long-needed shower to calm and refresh myself. I then changed into my shorts, a beach shirt and sandals and then walked across the street to Frenchie's apartment. This time luckily he was home.

When I walked into the living room where he was sitting, he looked very calm and he was listening to Jazz and having a glass of wine. I can't remember quite how I broke it to him but once I got everything out of me that had happened, he seemed to take it all quite calmly. Then he poured me a glass of wine and said to me, *'I know you don't like to drink kid, but you need a little bit of this right now, because believe me, it will help'*, and after rather quickly finishing that wine glass off, within fifteen minutes the wine hit me, and then I knew what he meant about helping me. Oh yeah, I needed that!

In some ways I felt like I had the weight of the world on my shoulders, but Frenchie was a good man trying to chill me out so we could talk things over to try and figure this damn crazy deal out."

"I remember you always talked highly about him."

"Yeah, Frenchie was a good friend and we just had a cool kind of older guy-younger guy great friendship. And I'll tell ya, in that very moment in that specific day of my life, it was especially good to be talking with him. Katie, he was a trusting older friend, a definite cool cat, really, no doubt, but I could tell his mind was racing a little more now than usual and what happened next proved my observation was right. After some small talk, he said to me, *'Listen, from now on don't call me unless we use a signaling system I'm going to teach you, and never go near and mention on the phone the Carriage House Robbery deal, , ever, okay kid?'*

I got his point immediately and I fired back, *'Of course, I get it'*, and so by the end of the day he taught me his basic phone signals we'd use. Soon after the signal lessons, Frenchie says to me, *'I'm here for you and we're going to figure this out, but from now on we'll do all our talking about the robbery only while walking on the beach'*.

His telephone signaling system was my first ever I learned how to do but not my last as you well know. His was a simple method and it became the norm for us right away. He said come over anytime like I always did, but just remember silence is golden on the robbery subject. He went on to tell me we had to train ourselves now to be extra cautious and use real smarts as he said, and he repeated again, not to be careless talking about this matter ever in public, or with any of my girls plus never again in his apartment.

I listened to his every word and took them all in and was thinking I was lucky I had a friend like Frenchie who I could share this situation we both were suspects in. And right from the minute after I laid out everything that went down in that wine cellar, he began teaching me some valuable lessons, so as to avoid any future traps that may be coming.

With his wise words spoken, we headed for the beach. I remember it was a bright sunny beautiful day and as we hit the oceans water edge behind my apartment heading towards the First Street Pier, Frenchie told me not to over think this crazy deal that seems to have invaded our lives, so as not to become paranoid. Those were wise words and I understood his thoughts but this was an altogether new situation in life for me, and sometimes the mind can play tricks on oneself.

On the beach I was remembering back to when I had my raked card games, and in those times I was playing a little possible dangerous game with the law, but I was very careful and low key, plus never allowed trouble makers into my action and never bragged or talked about this private world with anybody but the many players. And now Frenchie is telling me we'll work this through together and this bolstered my appreciation of him, and I thought to myself that I'd have to push myself to stay cool, low key and definitely keep all of this between the two of us, just like I came to behave back in the old card game days. But, I remember constantly thinking, or really over thinking about the big question for both of us, which was what is really going on? Why would they suspect us of all people and Frenchie's answer was right to the point. He was friend's some years back with this Murf the Surf character and his known associate whose name also was on that blackboard. He then said to me, *'Listen Kid, our friend Johnny ain't no light weight by any means in the world these special robbery cops live in, and with us both hanging out in the*

*summers at Shelter Island and he being our close friend, well, the pieces might start fitting together for these guys to suspect everybody, and that definitely includes you and me, especially because you're working there in the nights, and I used to work there also.'*

Frenchie like always wasn't sugar coating anything and that was fine with me. He made the point clear that for right now these robbery investigators will look at lots of people and until everyone can come up with an alibi that proves them to be innocent or not part of it, then nobody gets a get out of jail free card, and everybody in their book is a suspect. Now Katie, for me hearing at that instant those heavy words that we're both suspects, well it kind of really hit me. But the next thing I know, thankfully with perfect timing my buddy is wisely saying to me let's get off this subject, then he says, *'Let's get a Frisbee from our buddy Al and toss it around on the ocean's edge and forget about everything'*.

Frenchie was the mature and experienced one and all his points were well taken by me. And I really appreciated his idea of changing the subject with his Frisbee idea because we both needed to do our best to stay calm and try and relax and take our minds off of this new world that just engulfed both of us.

As we were walking towards the pier my adorable Cuban friend was there and she came prancing up towards us in this two-piece sexy black and purple striped bathing suit. I asked her if she would like to join us and she told me she was really glad to see me and yes, she would love to hang out and play. Well I'll tell you this Katie, she helped me more than I can possibly put into words, , I mean like she totally took my mind off of the insanity that was so fresh and racing through my head."

On the tape you can hear Katie breaking in and saying,

"That's what all your young hippie gal pals did for you, especially her back then. You always told me the truth about how you really cared about her and how she always totally made you feel great and completely at ease."

"She did, because we had great natural chemistry."

"Chemistry is everything, is what you always say to me, so, ,"

“It’s true. So I have to tell ya, I remember Frenchie saying to me later while walking home, that she was one of the most stunning beautiful young ladies he’s ever seen. He asked me if we were having sex and I told him the truth, *NO*. After that he glanced at me, gave me that older guy look and then shot at me, ‘*Who you kiddin kid*’ and then smacked my right shoulder with a big smile on his face.

He said you got a good thing going with her but just be careful because he knew a little about her two male cousins. She was beautiful and graceful and so sweet, and being with her always was the best thing truly going on in my life, and I swear we weren’t having sex.”

“I believe you David because I know and understand you, really, I do.”

“Thanks, but I have to be straight about this, in that we both wanted to get much closer but she wasn’t old enough and I was already skirting and flirting around enough already.”

“I remember you telling me you really liked her, and,”

“I did and I would have loved to have been able to step up our relationship after she turned eighteen and really made a go of it with her, but come on Katie, let’s not talk about that disappointing time anymore, because it’s painful and life has moved on in so many new directions.”

“You’re right, sorry David, really, sorry. So tell me whatever happened after that first day when you found out you and Frenchie were suspects in the robbery? I mean you must have felt at times like you were living on pins and needles, didn’t it?”

“Oh you have no idea, but I just kept thinking about my dad’s words of just keep calm and stay cool son. Plus during it all, day after day, Frenchie was strong, reassuring and solid and we did just like he asked, no talking about any of this situation on the phones or in his apartment, just only on the beach but away from people. Now there’s something else I have to tell you, and that was during that time in my life, I really began self-taught and mental training lessons of putting serious personal deep issues cleanly away in a compartmentalized form in my mind. I know it may sound strange, but I still do all that.”

“I remember you telling me about that mind self-control training, and I get it.”

“It was in a way a defense mechanism, and I’m sure everyone does it in some fashion or another, but in my own case it worked really well for me.”

Katie can be heard on the tape asking, “So who did the robbery and what happened to you and Frenchie?”

“AH, that’s the detective in you coming out now, and I love it.”

“Well yeah, I’m really curious.”

“I understand. So I’ll tell ya, for the next month or so Frenchie and I were followed around at times by some official type looking guys but never arrested or brought in for any questioning. And like I said, we walked and talked about this only on the beach and Frenchie said I was handling the stress pretty good, and casually would mention to me just like my dad, *‘Stay cool kid, just stay cool.’*

We had a good down to earth guy to guy friendship, and as you know by no means was he trying to be a father figure, just a darn good regular older guy, who had a young sweet chick in his life that mellowed him out and she and I were good friends too, and so we all got along great, but she never heard us talking about the robbery and she never asked.” After those long years ago thoughts, David had to pause because something seemed to flash in his brain. Katie could see his mind working and she knew best to just wait for him to open up and her wait wasn’t long.

“Katie, back in that time of life I did my best to just stay in control and calm as possible, and I did all that by keeping busy with all my photography work and being extra careful by keeping a low profile where and whenever I smoked my weed. I mean that robbery was big time headline news on local TV and in the papers for a week, and the people at the Carriage House I worked with were all treating me much different after the news broke, and in a quick period of time all kinds of gossip started spreading inside the hotel, and I could easily feel the peering eyes.”



“Yeah, that must have really been awkward.”

“You have no idea, but here’s something really wild that I’ll never forget.”

“What?”

“So about a month after the robbery an event happened to me that even to this day makes me believe that my good buddy Johnny from Shelter Island was involved in the deal.”

“Really! How so?”

“Well, less than a month after the robbery I took my sweet young Cuban friend with me to the Newport Hotel to photograph Ike and Tina Turner in action, and after that we walked over to the Castaway lounge up the road and across the street on 167<sup>th</sup> and Ocean drive. I needed that night out so bad just to escape all the strange vibes from work I felt, and to try and feel normal again. I mean I just wanted to try and forget everything going on about the robbery, and that night was our first sort of real formal date together, and she was the perfect magic touch and all I truly wanted to think about.

So our nights going along fantastic, but here’s something straight out of the real human experience of the Twilight Zone that went down. The bizarre event that happened was I saw a guy who looked just like Johnny, but with a strange looking thick goatee on his face and clothes on that Johnny would never wear unless he was trying to hide his identity, which I knew from experience he frequently did. Also, his hair, it wasn’t his hair, not even close, and this guy was wearing a large frame face covering pair of thick glasses and Johnny had good eyesight. To me, without any questions in my mind he was doing the Lon Chaney bit just like T and myself sometimes did over the years, and again, I knew back in the day Johnny had disguises too.

Okay, so now as I got closer and approached him I remember he shook his head ever so slightly in a ‘NO-NO’ like nonverbal fashion, and then he had a right-handed hand gesture of his open palm vertically reaching up and out and in a kind of pushing me back gesture, saying ‘No, stop, don’t come any further’.

You see Katie, I knew these hand signals to stop coming forward and just pass by and don't say anything. Johnny and I had used that exact same hand language before in New York City when we traveled into town, but it was all innocent stuff involving the ladies, but truthfully, strange occurrences seemed to follow us, or should I say him, so back then those hand gestures were done to protect me, and I'm sure that night too. This all happened like in a flash, and then he just vanished into the crowded smoke-filled bar.

It was all too weird because I was sure it was him, , NO, I definitely know it was and I was aching to talk with him that very minute I spotted him, and even more now in my life.

I will never forget that moment in time, especially because in all my life's young experiences and interesting teachers, Johnny was simply the coolest and best. WOW, what great times!

I told Frenchie the next day every fresh detail that happened the night before and he didn't know quite what to make of it. He did tell me though to just keep as busy at all my jobs and don't over think this mess and you know what, he was a hundred percent right, but still the mind can play tricks on anyone and cause lots of restlessness.”

You can hear silence on the tape as David pauses to take a breather, then continues.

“So my life kind of went on as normal as normal can be, at least I thought so until the two male Cuban cousins of my beautiful young friend finally made good on their promise. The deal was, these two jerks just didn't want me hanging around with her, and it all came to a climax when they went after me on a basketball court up near Alton Rd. and 5<sup>th</sup> street.

That day started for me when after doing some important darkroom work for a good guy I freelanced for and then hustling an early morning photo shoot of some dudes surfing on some rough ocean wave action. After that I met up with these two kind of I'll call acquaintances of mine from Phili, who were around my age. I say acquaintance because we certainly weren't tight friends but we had some ordinary things in common, but believe me, plenty of differences. Anyway, we decided to go to an early bird cheap afternoon movie and we saw a very popular one at the time called Shaft.

That flick pumped us up and we came out of there full of piss and vinegar. Then without any forethought, we ended up at the park not far from my hotel, and a place my Cuban sweetie and I were meeting up at more and more. She wasn't there but a bunch of guys were playing basketball and asked us if we wanted to join in, and I said sure, but the two guys from Phili weren't really into it, so they just hung on the side watching us and checking out the neighborhood chicks walking around. So anyway, out of the corner of my eye I noticed the two male cousins of my Cuban sweetheart around the back-fence area but I didn't think much of it at the time.

That became another real-life lesson, in that I shouldn't have left my guard down because before I knew it a scuffle started with myself and one of them when he came onto the court.

It all happened so fast with the first one coming at me from the front and then out of nowhere it seemed, the second one snuck up behind me. They set me up fast in a bad position, and I didn't really have a move to counter attack. One of them jumped at me and came down hard on the middle of my leg as the other held me from behind. The action snapped and ripped my leg and knee, tearing muscle, ligaments, and other parts to shreds.

I remember a horrific pain instantly shooting through my brain, something that I had never experienced before, and then what must have been a split second later, I passed out. When I came to my two Phili friends were standing over me asking if I'm all right. I was in real bad shape and when I lifted my head and looked at my leg, it was twisted and bent badly out of shape and I really couldn't feel much except my head was overwhelmed with a new kind of throbbing pain and my eyes were like slits, facially masking the reality of a new kind of stress I was suffering.

The Philly boys really came through for me that day because they ran up quickly and the two Cubans must have split when they saw my boys were coming to my rescue with their guns drawn. YES, I said they were acquaintances but just not what kind. Me and the Phili boys had some bizarre history that ended up with me getting them out of semi-serious police jam a short while back, and they never forgot what I did for them. Now, here they are watching over me in a real needed protective mode, and I was grateful.

I remember they carefully carried me over to my Grandparents Chevy Impala, and then quickly drove me to the Sinai Hospital in Miami Beach, and during it all their faces were showing me they really cared. They took me directly right into the emergency entrance and stayed around for a couple of hours while I was being attended to, and then after the hospital released me they took me back to my place, now in a huge full leg cast along with crutches and, , and, after that, well my life began to change in a downward direction. Luckily, I'm totally better now and life is just fine, really, all is well as you totally know. But getting back to those Phili guys Katie, well they really came through for me big time that day and I appreciated their help and everything else they did. But now as far as the robbery and being a suspect, well I was totally innocent, Frenchie too and the investigative robbery unit of Miami Beach had nothing whatsoever to connect us with to any of that deal, so we never heard directly from them during the whole time, just the bit I told ya about following us around."

David had to pause again, because everything he just opened up about was really stirring up his memory, but after less than fifteen seconds he was ready to continue on.

"Again Katie, I have to say that that was another very crazy period of time for me and it eventually became what I believe to be a wakeup call and life changing signal from God. I totally believe he came directly into my space and time to send me multiple messages, one being my knee punishment, and the other I'd rather talk about another time. The damage was bad but the lessons were great, so I have no complaints. He punished me swiftly, then he came to my total rescue and helped me slowly put myself back together with working in the ocean in Acapulco and most importantly, meeting TB."

"I believe you David because I know how spiritual you are and how you make it a point at times to speak quietly about we're all together in the world and we're all children of the man above, and I say that because you once said that to me and I've never forgotten it."

"We are, but he also teaches us lessons to keep our guards up, and not fall for any slick actors trying to set us up with their BS, or whatever else they're trying to do to us."

"You always said that, and those thoughts make total sense too."

*So that's the story of the Carriage House Robbery, which David can say he never did find out the truth of what was the outcome of the investigation.*

***But life goes on though, that much for sure can be spoken***

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***Please Scroll Down***

## **‘The Delmonti File, year 2009, February’**

*David and Fitzzy are talking long distance late at night on their secure line about the fact that Delmonti has not stopped secretly using the state-of-the-art computer spying listening program designed years ago by Fitz.*

*This is a big deal because a few months earlier David had a face-to-face talk with Delmonti about they knew what he was doing, and all of it needed to stop immediately. We’ll pick up the conversation right here;*

“Fitzzy, is there any chance that he could be using PEEK-A-BOO somewhere else other than your lab? Like maybe with a set up in his own home?”

“That’s a yes and no possibility, because he would need some special hardware and complimentary one-of-a-kind software, and I built the system with some serious strong protections guarding it, so unless he figured that part out along with a special adaptation coded program, I’d have to lean towards saying no, he couldn’t pull that off out of the lab.”

After Fitz’s explanation there was a pause. They each knew their voice patterns and rhythms, so David waited knowing more was coming and he was right.

“I got something to tell you, because I need to get you up to speed.”

“Hey, have no fear, lay it on me.”

“Okay, so out of nowhere as we were opening up for the day, Delmonti grabs my arm and has this look in his eyes like I’ve never seen before, and says to me, ‘*Obla bla bla is a very deceitful person and for the love of God, he can’t be trusted*’. After that he ranted on more about the man’s hope and change is all a dangerous con job for the future of the country.”

“You’re kidding me, I mean what is he learning about this guy! And you know, just thinking out loud with you, where’s his self-control because he must realize he’s giving himself away to you. Is he that out of control, because obviously he knows we’re onto him after the talk I had with him last year.”

“I know D, that’s exactly what I was thinking, and it just shows how frustrated he is with whatever he is hearing and learning, but it even gets crazier than that.”

“Oh man, I almost don’t want to know, but yeah, hit me up.”

“I’m so sad David, but for sure I must let you know everything that’s going on.... So, I’m standing there with him and he just gets all bent out of shape about Obla bla bla had some guy on his private election committee who was acting as a foreign policy advisor for him months earlier, but this guy has had in the past some liaison activities with someone associated with an outside terrorist group linked to Iran.”

Fitz stops speaking but David knew he had more to say and tells him kind of abruptly,

“Don’t quit on me now man, because things just got very personal and heavy.”

Fitz continues but partially stuttering now.

“Um, , I’m sorry I, , I want to make sure I get this all out straight.”

“No-no, I’m sorry. . . Didn’t mean to jump on ya and be such a dick. I messed up.”

“It’s okay, , don’t worry, and thanks. So um, , well Delmonti was talking about some pretty shady actions Bla bla was doing way before the election.”

“Like what?” In a flash asking but much calmer this time.

“Well as Delmonti explained it, some guy named Almulder traveled to Iran and acted as a back channel like courier, and this guy’s purpose was to pass along that if Obla bla bla became president, he would work out favorable policies towards Iran and be a friend to the Islamic Republic.”

“Are you kidding me, and are you sure about those details, and this guy, , Almul, , who?”

“Almulder, and yeah I’m sure.”

“This is sick.” David pauses to think, and then comes firing out,

“Listen, I don’t get or even want to watch any American TV so to speak or news over here in Panama or Costa Rica, but has there been anything like what you just told me on the National News, or something like this you heard about yourself?”

“No, and I checked the Internet to see if there was any mention of this, but there wasn’t.”

“Jesus!”

“You should of heard and even more shocking, seen Delmonti today David. He practically blew up calling Obla bla bla everything from a yellow belly sap sucking coward, and a no good for nothing rotten traitor, and screaming out he’s making plans to weaken our country from within with all kinds of over-the-top business regulations and other things plus he and that creep Biden are talking about opening up the southern borders, and he said Biden is pushing that big time.”

“Alright this is *EFFING* crazy. I mean why would any descent American loving president of the United States want to do such terrible things like that to his own country?”

“Wait, there’s more.”

“All this sound to bizarre for words to describe what I’m feeling and beginning to think about Fitzzy, but, yeah sure, please, keep going.”

“Yeah-No it does, and I reacted the same way. . . So listen, his biggest frustration was when he explained how Obla bla has plans to start degrading and hamstringing our military with tighter controls on them in combat situations too.”

“I, I, , just can’t believe this, , it’s just all so insanely wrong.”

“There’s more D.”

“This sucks brother, really sucks. Sorry.”

David was getting frustrated from two angles he’s now seeing develop. One is he’s really pissed off about Delmonti running loose with the PEEK computer and cell phone spying



on equipment, and the other is hearing what kind of deep betrayal the president supposedly was making plans to do to the country. Fitz goes on while he's well aware his friend is totally absorbed in it all.

“So Delmonti is expressing his opinion to me in a strong manner mind you, that he truly believes all the powerful leaders around the world are going to pick up on Obla bla bla being over his head and how weak he'll be.”

“Obviously, he's talking about our countries enemies,”

“Exactly, and he's mentioning all of them throughout the day. Sometimes out of the blue he'll say in a real angry tone, this new fool in the White House is so naïve and has no idea that Putin will make mincemeat out of him, but first toy with him a year or two like a big outdoor house cat does with a mouse before chewing it up and then spitting it out.”

“Come on, you've got to be exaggerating,”

“No, I'm serious, and then he gets into it about China and North Korea.”

“No kidding. I swear Fitz, I never knew Delmonti was so politically minded,”

“Oh yeah, he's worried big time about China, talking nonstop about how they're going to figure out how weak he really is and do whatever they want with trade and who knows what else as time goes by.”

“WOW. Well he couldn't stand him before he was elected and now he's really sounding like he's really over the top and out of control with his feelings.”

“For sure, but this is serious David.”

“Oh yeah bro, I hear ya there.”

“Well, there's something else about the president he talks about that seems strange.”

“Like what?”

“Well like Delmonti will just blurt out he’s got all kinds of the wrong ideas towards working with some of our allies, and then like I said he’ll go on a rant about this guy seems to have willing intentions of weakening our country, and then he starts up talking about how he has sympathies for the Iranian leaders.”

“That thought takes us back to that Almuller deal you touched on minutes ago.”

“Yes, so again there’s some more of your dot collecting to open our eyes even wider.”

“Roger That! Well, I can totally sympathize with the masses of all the good Iranian regular folks over in Iran, because there under the boot of those overzealous tyrannical behaving maniacal rulers.”

“You and T always said the people of Iran are just regular kind of good-hearted people just like Americans for the most part, and want a normal and good life, but,”

“But that part about Obla bla bla having respect and sympathies for the Iranian mullahs, I mean give me an *Effin’ Break!* All this really makes me wonder what’s this man’s end game with the mullah’s and that kind of favoritism *stinkin’ thinkin’?*”

“I hear you loud and clear. Oh man, hang on, it gets worse than that.”

“Gets worse! Come on, what are you talking about?” David’s voice a bit razed again.

“Well, most importantly for you and your boys in Israel, Delmonti said the president is planning to soon begin a whole new approach that’s sounds unfavorable for Israel, and he mentioned you wouldn’t like it.”

“Like how, , in what way?”

“I asked him that very same question, but he then just stopped talking and it was in a very strange way, and it was then I became suspicious.”

“And what did his body movement and voice octaves and tones tell ya? And what about his forehead, any jumpiness, and did his face language looks tell you anything?”

“Plenty, just like you taught TB and me to look for when something feels awkward and even worse like I said, suspicious.”

“You mean like he knew plenty more but caught himself, and then like you said, just clammed up on you?”

“Yep, and you know without your forensic human analytical study lessons from so long ago, I wouldn’t have caught a whiff of anything.”

“Well you and TB were always good students, but this is bad man, , really bad.”  
David pauses, begins shaking his head left to right, then stops and goes on.

“Alright, okay, this for me has gotten now beyond serious enough for you to do me an important favor,”

“Sure, anything.”

“Good. I need you to make a coded but unfiltered stacked copy of whatever is on your backup spyware program you built into the PEEK,”

“But remember he’s got that worked out where he’s done his erase bleach biting combined with other stripping methods, to the point there’s practically nothing left to be picked up, so,”

“Honestly, I kind of expected you were gonna tell me all that, so I guess we’ll just have to start tagging at ground zero from this point on.”

“Ground zero it is. I can do that.”

“I know you can and thank you, but just being real with ya Fitzzy, this continual Delmonti spying crap is really pissing me the *effin’* off.”

“I hear you D, but maybe Obla will do some good things in the coming months and Delmonti will see more clearly about the hope and change speeches were for real and the country will be in good hands.”

After Fitz's words there's a comfortable silence because David was into some heavy thought now, and then,

"Listen, I'm going to be very balanced about making any judgments about the president based on this crazy shit coming out of Delmonti's big mouth, but I'm going to get in touch with the boys in Israel with coded encrypted messages and see what they might know."

"That's a good idea, and for sure I'll start tonight setting up our spyware." Fitz pauses briefly because he was a bit unsure he should say what's really on his mind, but then,

"I think it's time we do one of your moves when *Nuff Said* is said, if that's okay with you?"

"Of course, it's okay, absolutely. I like the way you put that, and especially because your timing couldn't have been better."

"Okay, good to hear. So listen, I gotta tell ya what's new and almost off the drawing board and into the down and dirty testing stages."

"Now we're talking brother Fitz. So what's cooking?"

"I'm talking about PEEK-A-BOO's *Big Brother*,"

"Oh man, wow, that is so cool but scary too, because obviously of everything we've just been talking about regarding Delmonti. I mean can you imagine if he ran wild one day operating with *Big Brother*? Anyway, I remember right before I left the country in July of 05', that TB challenged you to figure out that bad boy and nail it for him someday."

"I remember too TB's wild vision, and he was right, but I've got to give plenty of well-deserved credit to Delmonti for some amazing work he constantly did to help me."

"I know you're being modest about the genius behind it all, but I won't argue with you. Hey Fitz, do you know what my Israeli boys would be saying to you about now?"

"No, what?"

“They’d say, Boy Chick, watch out for Delmonti running really wild with *Big Brother* on his new best friend in Washington, and they’d be saying that with their thick Jewish accents in the most sarcastic *FRIKIN* tone you ever can imagine.”

“I love their accents, and you know what else David, I don’t think I did such a good job of changing the subject matter after all.”

“Don’t worry about it, everything’s going to be fine. So tell me my man, how much longer till *Big Brothers* ready to *Rock N’ Roll*?”

“I’d say by Christmas we’ll be able to practically tap in and observe and use anyone’s computer audio and video, even while they’re separately using or free from those functions, and not interfering or leaving anyone being any worse for wear.”

“Well, that was a mouthful, but come on, get out of here!”

“Yeah, I’m serious, and like I said we’re ready to start testing and then it’s all going to happen fast after that, so you better behave yourself and cover any kind of video chat camera you may be fooling around in front of.”

“You a funny guy now Fitzy, with a little devilish attitude mixed in too, and you know what, , I love it.”

“Well, I’m glad you do and I’ve got you to thank you for that because over the years you’ve really helped me come out of my shell, so now I can just turn around and blame it all on you, if you don’t mind.”

“Be my guest my man, no problem.”

“And let me just say I’ve saved the best thing to tell you last.”

“Ooh, alright, best for last is always fun, , yeah man.”

“Right-Right, okay, so in the simplest terms, just remember ‘Leap Frog PEEKING’.”

“Oh yeah brother Fitz, I remember that discussion from about a year ago, and if you pull that off, then Holy Mollie and Rock and Roll till the cows come in... Yeah baby, yeah!”

*Seriously Though,  
Welcome to our Growing Delmonti File*

Please Scroll Down 1/2 Page

## **A DEEP FUTURE COMETH**

Russia started after WWII a monumental task of mapping out all over the globe every known amazing Architectural phenomenon. I am talking about over three thousand and one hundred such sights, like all the Pyramids in Egypt to Stonehenge in Wiltshire England, to the underwater rock structures known as the Bermuda Triangle, and they didn't stop until every single unique concrete and stone structure around the world was found and identified. This was beyond a monumental task, but they successfully did it!

Each and every one of those amazing wonders were heavily photographed, mapped out, measured at every corner, from top to bottom and side to side, and finally finished when each architecture had material samples carefully catalogued and taken away for further in-depth analysis and studies. Again, this was a major project Russia undertook, but they knew that these fantastic Architectural creations were and are holding many technological secrets that could advance their cause for future deep space travel, and to highly advanced military weaponry breakthroughs.

This has become a special race between all the super power countries to find this technology which may be the key to opening up the actual teleporting future of travel at speeds never dreamed or fathomed by most human beings. But in analyzing that statement and carrying it a little further, actually millions of minds can begin to think alike and truly see and believe in A TELEPORTING FUTURE, so as the saying goes, if you can conceive with a thought, then believe so whole heartedly in it, then you will achieve your goal.

Fact is, all countries are working to achieve that Goal!

**The UFO Reality,  
Right in Front of our Faces  
Thus, The Other Amazing  
'Deep Future Cometh'**

For all those who don't know, there is something going on that primarily has to do with, *'We are not Alone in the Universe'*. And not trying to scare you the reader and the entire public but our opinion is we are not alone, but all the governments will just keep on with the drumbeat of which is the constant DENY-DENY-DENY game, and labeling **UFO's** as a giant continual conspiracy. But once they give the DENY status up, then that would raise suspicions that all the UFO chatter for decades was a big lie, and that would prove to BILLIONS of people all over the planet, that it all was a huge cover up by all countries over almost the last eighty or so years.

## **SHOCKER ALERT BELOW, SO GET READY!**

The day will definitely come when you will see and hear amazing hidden truths about UFO's finally being completely opened up about to the public by all countries. You will finally learn about the covered-up facts regarding the very famous July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1947 Roswell UFO crash, and another major one that happened in 1948 in Kapustin Yar Russia. And without any doubt, there were many other crashes like it happening from Canada, England and all parts of Europe, to the rest of the world for that matter too. Fact is, there's nowhere on the Globe where these amazing flying wonderments haven't been observed, and when you think about it, that's one heck of a true statement.

From my position from years of research and now my portal view of the world in 2050, I will just be content that I know a little bit about a little bit, and humbly be passive knowing *'We are not Alone in this vast huge Universe'*.

As best I can say, your time will come when you are availed of these truths and you too will know a little bit about a little bit, also.

***Definitely, More Will Appear!***



## **‘Sky King to the Rescue – Some kind of Awakening!**

It was May 2, 1974 and not even two full weeks passed from my quickly executed exit of living and working in Acapulco, when I received a message from my mom that a friend called and said he'd be coming to town soon to visit me. She said his name was T\*#! and told her we met in Mexico. My mom was so glad I was back and finished with working there and now this is the second friend she is learning about since I just returned. The first friend was Pedro, who was the chief architect to mastermind my abrupt and safe exit from Acapulco. His plan to keep me off the passenger list and get me safely on board a super jumbo jetliner and back to the United States, was still fresh in my mind.

The last time I saw Pedro was just eight days ago when I was shaking his hand and thanking him again for his crucial, I'll say lifesaving help. He said to me he would truly like to come to America and meet my family and just hang out again and I was totally cool with that, but I told him let's first get me out of this country, and he confidently told me he'd make sure of that, and he did.

True to his word in less than a week after my safe exit he calls my family's home and luckily catches me and says his plane is arriving the day after tomorrow and would I pick him up at the airport. Hearing his voice was amazing and of course I said I'd be there.

I never told my parents a thing about my last-minute escape and all the danger I was in because it would have served no purpose other than make my mother more uptight about my natural adventurous ways. What I did tell them though, was how this close airline friend was constantly trying to aid me in my fish exporting dilemmas with the air freight criminals that a half a year earlier my dad and I shared a real-life attempted payoff shakedown.

My father met Pedro at the airline counter on the last day I took him to the airport for his return home. I had told my dad all about Pedro beforehand and when he met him, he told him how appreciative and thankful he was that someone was so kind and caring to try and

help his son with his business. I remember like it was yesterday how respectful and kind Pedro was chatting away with my dad, and I smile now just thinking about it.

So just after speaking with Pedro on the phone, I called my dad at the Lumber Yard and told him what's happening and he quickly said let's get the spare bedroom set up and offered to go with me to pick him up.

That was so cool of my dad and sure enough, we went together in his much nicer car than mine and during our ride I tried opening up a little about what took place the last days in Acapulco, but I just couldn't bring myself to telling him what a desperate survival horror story I was living in, and that my life really was in serious danger.

Pedro's stay for the few days he was with us was great and after that he had to fly over to Chicago to take care of some of his Airline company business. We never communicated much after that because our lives were on different paths but I will always be grateful of the chances he took and plan he came up with to safely get me out of his country. Thank you again my friend.

So now, the interesting thing about all of this being back in the States, is that all my time in Acapulco I maybe used a phone once every two weeks to make a collect call to my parents and now the phone was ringing regularly for me back in my home country. It's not like I forgot how to use a phone but the strangeness of going from hardly ever receiving or making a call to now having it happen, well it was strange and nice.

And now that brings us back to the phone call from TB my mom told me about, and for sure I couldn't get into any detail with her about who was calling other than a fellow American tourist I met while in Acapulco. I told her we shared some close camaraderie and she was happy to know that. The message was he'll be in town tomorrow in the morning and he'd reach me at my dad's business or at home.

The next day came and everything went smooth and great. He found me at my dad's place working and it was really good to hear his voice.

He followed up quickly saying, *'Likewise'* and then says to me, *'Tell me off the top of your head a nice place to stay, but make it near your home and don't worry, I'll find it with my maps and let's figure we'll meet wherever it is around 7 pm tonight.'*

Off the top of my head real quick like, I said *'The Michigan Inn,'* and he comes back with, *'FINE, see you there at 7 and come with a big appetite'*, and then says goodbye and hangs up with our call lasting less than twenty seconds. Those were our first ever words spoken together in America, but the speed and shortness was the new norm for the next twenty-five years, all because we began what we called *'Security Purity Planning Measures.'*

There was a two-prong strategical deal we set up for the future while in Acapulco, because of the realization that by chance we might both be back in America at the same time. So many months earlier we exchanged phone numbers where to be reached someday in the states, and it was TB who brought up for security reasons the need to shield me away from his business actions, so we'd always operate phone call conversations fast, smooth and with total clarity. And even being more cautious, we both thought that payphones might really be the best way to operate once we've gotten reconnected in the states. And little did we know when we had that planning meeting about our communications, would events bring us into that new reality so quick and unexpectedly. Yeah, life can sure throw you curve balls you never see coming, but luckily for us as true as well laid plans can be, it all worked out after we really did get separated for good from sharing anymore wild fun times in Acapulco.

So here we are a couple hours later and seeing my big buddy walking up to me in that hotel lobby was just what the doctor ordered, for both of us. After a lot of smiles and good to see you's to each other and some small chit chat, the big guy says to me, *'Come on Stealth, pull another one out of your hat and take us to a good nearby restaurant so we can have our first American feast together and catch up on everything'*.

The feast he mentioned was more for him than me because he's a big boy and one son of a gun who could build up a big appetite when he was relaxed, and he looked and told me he was really well rested and truth be told, I don't think I've ever seen him so chilled out.

So taking his cue I said to him, *'All we have to do is just drive around the big sweeping corner street out front and go less than a half a mile, and land right smack dab in front of a really nice place called Stouffers'*. And when I told him the food will knock him out of his sox, he was for sure all in. So we jumped into his big Hertz rental car and headed straight over to Stouffers with no time wasted.

The fact was, we had so much to catch up on and before I knew it TB comes firing out of the box that he bought that small airplane he always talked about during our times together in Acapulco. He went out and bought the same make and model plane used by Sky King, which for those of you who don't know was the name of one really cool TV show for children on Saturday mornings back in the late 50' and early 60's.

All the kids in our time watched it, but for TB those Saturday mornings were something very special. It was that show which began his gut desire to learn how to fly and true to his ways and nature, by the time he was eleven years old he convinced his favorite Uncle to drive him over to the local flying school and there they were fortunate to make a deal. The light was shining bright with good luck happening for TB that day, because a plan was worked out to allow him to help do just about any kind of working chore needed around the shop, and in exchange besides a little money, TB would receive free flying lessons so he could become the best pilot he dreamed about.

Two great things came out of that for him, he really became an ace mechanic over time which pleased everyone in that shop and he took to flying like a duck takes to water. He was just a natural and skilled at both endeavors and the school's owner helped him out again a few years later by taking him to a buddy that had a helicopter repair operation. There is where TB shined again, learning what he truly favored doing which was flying those cool contraptions and learning to be an ace whirly bird maintenance mechanic. He freaked all of his working associates out with his flying daring ability and his mechanical mastering skills and this is what gave him such a leg up when he went over to Viet Nam.

During dinner we never talked about his work in Mexico and my over the top life and death fiasco and then the need to escape Mexico. It was best we saved that entire

conversation for later and we both clearly understood that being silent for now was necessary in that public place.

I remember vividly the big guy reminded me at the table that he still wanted me to meet his Cousin Fitz and the next trip up to Michigan he'd bring him, and this was great news because he talked about him all the time in Mexico and from all those conversations, I really wanted to get to know this amazing person I heard and learned so much about.

T also told me some incredibly good news about he was ready to become a legitimate businessman after taking to heart my idea of making an air cargo business in the states. But that wasn't all the amazing great news, because he followed up with my other thought of what can we do to get him slowly started with government air freight contracts.

In Acapulco I used to talk about each step would take time but I emphasized that with one good connection getting him in the pentagon doors, then the wheels would begin moving. As I spoke at the table about this same subject again, I could see my big buddies face light up as it always did back in Mexico. He was all in now more than ever on the prospect and dream of one day procuring any kind of small beginning pentagon air freight contract.

T made the point though, that more than his Cousin Fitz he was really going to lean and count on me for making sure he carefully makes every business decision a wise, careful and safe one and if I didn't like something that was going on, speak up.

It was always comfortable for me to speak my mind with the big guy, and that usually translated into him taking my advice, except for the weed business and that at times really frustrated me. But I have to admit he was patient with me because more often than not, I was lecturing him about the fact he had made more than enough money flying cargo planes filled with pure seedless weed, and it's time to cut and run.

Anyway, he used to talk about wanting to buy a helicopter but this Cessna six-seater was what he talked about less than four months ago in Mexico and it was more practical for now and the small Sky King plane really was his first dream as a kid.

Okay, keeping it real if I may, this has to be said, and that is that night we both were in a really good grooving mood and I feel the number one reason for that, was because we both were alive, doing well and back on track with our wild child spirits together again.

As we sat at the table as comfortable as we were as was in Acapulco, we kept naturally our usual guarded selves about what was said, but for sure we covered a lot of wild memories. He told me his Cousin Fitz was working on some bizarre ideas to make some miniature receivers and transmitters and I was totally knocked off my seat just listening to him talk about those gadgets.

He explained how his cousin was totally fascinated with James Bond movies because of all the neat stuff in them, but he said the movie toys were mostly fake but he was attempting to make his own real cool working miniature stuff.

The confidence to build from scratch mechanical and electrical neat things all started as far back as young kids, and to TB's credit for recognizing this geniusness in his cousin, he began a constant positive momentum push to try to get him to build anything that came to his mind. And even equal to that, going back as soon as TB eventually started making some money from the flight school business's and other hard physical work that paid him descent, is when the big soft-hearted guy began funding all of Fitz's super cool dreams.

That was the connection how TB knew his cousin and me would get along so well because the big guy knew my fascination with anything neat and cool that had to do with miniature gadgets and ultra-small spying toys.

This was a really cool night because we talked about a lot of subjects but my buddy seemed to purposely save the best and biggest subject and surprise for last. Now mind you again, this conversation happened outside the restaurant for all the right basic security reasons. The surprise was, he wanted to take me flying in his new plane and have some bizarre fun and true to his words about a crazy idea we had in Mexico, he decided we'd finally make it real and give it a try.

So what I'm talking about here, is Fitz put together for us a big bag of his own custom batch of fine marijuana seeds he'd been growing and harvesting for many years out of a few carefully selected corn fields far away from their hometown.

TB told me Fitz just loved growing the plants because it made him feel a rush of excitement during his night time outings in the fields and the satisfaction of growing his own little custom stash. Before ever meeting Fitz, T explained to me his cousin was no daredevil by any stretch of the imagination but the independent action was a confidence builder of sorts and he needed that, and that was that.

Now this has to be said and made very clear, the years of his small little amount of plants grown and harvested was never for the money side of it, but just for his girlfriend and his own personal use, and include his close dear childhood friend, Big Freddy. OH, and of course TB was included whenever he wanted any. Okay, that's that, so Nuff Said.

I believe in life we all enjoy nice surprises, so I need to say the fact TB flying all the way up in his own new plane to hang out with me, really pumped me up. We both knew that we were so much alike and now just being together again gave both of us a real-life energizing boost, and we talked about that fact during our dinner.

Sorry for all that digressing from the surprise first mentioned. Continuing on, outside the restaurant we talked about, no, rather he talked about his plan was for us to fly over some nearby corn fields and sprinkle these thousands of seeds slowly all around and come back at the end of the growing season in late September and fly over and see if anything managed to grow. I had to admit to him I was totally pumped up about the idea and couldn't wait to go up flying with him and start the experiment.

Before the next day came, I had to come up with an excuse to get off work early from my dad's Lumber Yard so we could start flying around way before it got dark.

The key to this plan though, was the weather and if it looked like a clear day, then we would meet at the Michigan Inn at 3:30 and then go out to the little airport where TB's plane was secured. As always though, the way T and I operated on many fronts, but this one being a new one, was we made other plans just in case the weather didn't cooperate for flying.

TB pays attention to all kinds of details, one being how much daylight would we have for this late day start but he told me he had his eyes on the Michigan sunsets since he arrived

the day before and he calculated we'd have more than enough time if we started wheels up by 4:45 pm.

He was the captain of this fun late afternoon adventure and I knew I was in good hands, and I was really excited about the whole dang shootin' match.

It seemed work dragged on that day but when 3:30 finally came, I was out my dad's store doors so fast, you could hear a WHOOSH. I headed straight for the Michigan Inn to meet T and he was again waiting for me in the lobby. After our happy to see ya again meet and greet, we're off and running. So here we are driving up to the little airport and he's pointing to his own little cool plane that he's had a dream about owning before he was thirteen years old. And now he's truly living his lifelong Sky King dream and digging every minute of it.

We park the big rental car and head directly over to his dream machine so he can give me my first close up eye ball view, and boy was it cool to see him standing next to his baby.

I remember when we got seated inside it and T went through his short but important checklist, did the reality hit me that my friend's lifelong dream has really come true. This was my first time ever in such a small plane, and it definitely felt almost tiny like compared to those huge jumbo jets I'd fortunately been flying around in during my recent Mexican adventurous times. Now as far as being nervous in this little bird, well I really wasn't because I had total faith and trust in my big buddy, and that was that.

So before I know it, we're buckled up and heading down the runway after he got clearance to go, and we're now flying around in this fantastic little plane and it was so cool to see my friend at the helm of his new big boy toy. I knew he could fly and now we're doing it and sharing a really wild good time in life again, but in the United States.

That beautiful bird was going pretty darn fast and he was doing some really cool maneuvers like banking and climbing and then dipping and wing tipping back and forth. I was totally pumped up and into it albeit my stomach wasn't used to some of the action but I loved it and wanted him to do more of the same. I held it together for the most part, barely, and didn't need the use of the barf bag my wild friend offered me, albeit with one of his semi-devilish smarty pants big smiles.



I kind of half smiled back at him and took the bag, but again thankfully never needed it, and to be real, that barf bag offer would be a regular standing humorous routine we'd carry on, even as his planes over the years got bigger and faster.

So as we're zipping all around, T kept pointing out all the different corn fields & making the point to show me the two important directions farmers' plant their fields. They go either north & south or east & west & he explained it would be more beneficial we start this new season planting in the east & west fields because of the way the sun rises and sets, giving the maturing plants the most amount of sunlight during the daylight hours.

I asked him how he knew all this & he told me Fitz taught him many things from his years of growing experiences, & being of the mindset he made detailed notes but in code, and after he said that, I knew his cousin & I had a growing list of things in common.

He talked about mapping out your plantings which was a simple but tactical method of counting the rows in each direction from a starting point of one specific designated corner of a field you work in. When you've done all the work & then walk out of that field, you better know exactly where your plants are because if you don't get a directional accurate count, then you're walking eventually back into that field at night as if your blind folded. Even knowing where you're going, it's a giant corn field jigsaw puzzle & that can still make your head spin & you'll more than likely get lost, & believe it or not, never find your babies.

Fitz's lesson of corn row mapping and all made total sense to me, especially after flying over those fields for the first time and seeing how massive they were. Now I understood how easily at night anyone could get lost going deep inside a field after tens of thousands of plants had grown to be over seven feet high stalks in a four months' time span.

We'd seen our share of giant fields of Marijuana up in the mountains of Mexico, but this was an all-new perspective looking down from high above and trying to imagine weed growing mixed in with acres of maturing corn plants.

Into our flying for a while, my stomach was pretty much settled and feeling normal, so I asked TB to give us some more wild heart in my throat action, if he didn't mind. He knew what I meant and smiled over to me and then he began some scary but really amazing

accented dives and then quick pull ups and more dare devil type wing flapping and after less than two minutes of that, my stomach was really kicking around and speaking to me. I hung in there and then he proceeded doing some very fast tight banking, one way then leveling off and then going the other way and then quickly but smoothly pulling us back to ground level horizontal flying.

Oh that was kick ass cool but now TB says it's time to start breaking out that hidden away large bag of seeds and prepare to get lower to the ground and safely start carefully playing Johnny Apple Weed and Seed. When he said that line, we had a good quick laugh and thinking to myself at that moment, I always enjoyed in Mexico hearing his sense of humor come out. He really was a funny guy but didn't let it come out much around strangers but that was his guarded way in life and I understood him completely.

Now it's time to get busy and start the bizarre main event of the day, so TB asked me to reach around and pull out the blanket underneath the back seat. It was heavy and pretty darn tough to handle, and he told me that's just the way Fitz intentionally planned it out and wanted it to be.

Wrapped inside of it were some heavy decoy weights and under them were two big bags of seeds. T told me his cousin took the steps to camouflage the bags and doubled layered them in a black outer covered material plus the blanket, so to make sure there was no chance of a tear or anyone having any idea of what was inside, unless they got their hands on it and went layer after layer of searching and going through it all. Using some smart security measures was a good idea, so what else can one say.

After the seed's procurement, TB explains to me how to slide the front little window safely open just enough and then in the same breath, says to me once you get a handful of seeds ready, just put my hand close to the opening and in the same motion open my hand with my palm forward and then kind of shuffle like push the seeds out the little opening. He said I didn't have to stick my hand out but just give the seeds the open air and they'll definitely go flying out on their own.

He semi jokingly says, *'Let the wind, air and Mother Nature do the rest'*.

Now we're over our first field and T gets the plane in the right position and thumbs up signals me to begin. That first handful was a bit nerve racking but it was manageable and after that, T banked around and we repeated the same movement in a slightly different area of that huge field. Over the next fifteen minutes we slowly found and blanketed four more very large fields with the same double doses of seeds, and by then it was time to head back to the little airport due to the sun was thirty minutes from setting.

Everything went well but we could only imagine those seeds just scattering here and there but not knowing what really happened to them until months later when we would return and fly over those same fields to see if anything luckily actually rooted and grew.

Later on at dinner at the same restaurant because T loved the place, and I mean loved it, we sat in a corner booth and quietly reviewed everything we just completed hours earlier.

Without a doubt that day and evening together went by super-fast and the next morning came and it was raining when I drove to work. I didn't realize how important this rain was until later in the day when I went over to meet with TB at the Michigan Inn, practically the first thing he comes out with when he greets me, is we're having a lucky day. Now I heard him loud and clear but being honest here with you, I had no clue of what he's talking about. He says to me with this good rain all around us, it will give all those seeds a chance to begin the process of germinating and maybe all that seeding might result into some nice mature grown plants by the end of the long growing summer season. Well that was good to hear and I learned something I never gave any thought to but as T pointed out, farmers around the world care a whole lot about rain and now that I would be turning into a sort of farmer, I should begin to pay attention to that aspect too.

I can truly say it was a one-of-a-kind experience that I had with my close friend in the first of many planes he would come to be the owner of, and another first was my entrance into the farming Marijuana world that lasted a few decades for me at ground level in scattered about Southern Michigan giant corn fields.

I have no guilt, shame or feelings of wrong doing as a Johnny Apple Seed and Weed cultivator because over time I came to realize from my own research and experiments

with folks suffering with cancer, that Marijuana could play an enormous role in helping people with all types of cancers and also other human and animal diseases.

Yeah, sure I smoked weed like all of us hippies did back in those wild good old days, except me and many great hard-working partners I had grew our own stash and not for cash, and we did it because we loved the action and shared some great action & camaraderie.

And if I may, I'm speaking now from my Quantum Leap portal world position in 2050, and my memories of the long-ago adventures with TB are always closely flooding around in my centurion spirits. And I believe our wildness on that fun day of dropping seeds out of his plane continued the mental vibrating tone of my believes that Marijuana was put on earth to aid all human and animal kind, for positive healing health purposes.

I am no scientist but have always thought of myself as an old frustrated financially limited researcher, and wishing I had scientifically done much better work for humanity with Marijuana as my focus.

Over seven-eight years has passed since the night TB took me up to that high mountain valley area where we looked down at a giant tucked away Marijuana field that we were going to do a snip, bag and raid operation. It was that night that I deeply felt a true light bulb go off in my mind about the use of Marijuana for multiple medical purposes.

I'm years past your time now but I'll ask and even kindly stress for research to be done on extracting Marijuana oils from natural sunlight grown and harvested plants, and be experimented with to search for a cure for cancer, and so many other maladies.

And if I may, I would like to assist and advice that many combinations of research should be tried with CBD oils, and here's some ideas of what I mean. The pure extracted oils should be slowly processed through Blue Ozone exposure, and I believe from our sincere long ago studies a small concentration of only a proven Pure Virgin Olive Oil should also be mixed in.

I also want to say that each specific oil, (The Virgin Oil) and the (Oil from only female Marijuana sunlight grown plants) should be humanly experimented on separately.

Together or apart, each oil will work its own magic. And this has to be said also, the idea of experimenting on animals first is not needed, for the human body can take in and handle beginning measured doses, and then increasing administered levels can rise from there, according to what positive effects are taking place from the experiments.

Even more to the point of not using animals to experiment on, the human being can be of great assistance with the medical experiments, by the simple fact of being able to talk to the doctors and scientists.

The two-oil combination will hopefully help strengthen the cancer fighting immune system function, and then go on and attack and slowly kill the cancer cells in the body. (All the above was always way more complicated than I clearly understood, yet I tried, but the basic principles will be clear to all the scientists and researchers involved).

This is vital for all human beings to understand, cancer cannot live in the body in a balanced correct healthy Alkaline environment, **BUT CAN THRIVE WHEN THE BODY IS WAY TOO ACIDIC**. Administer carefully the above mixtures through any and all kinds of procedures and don't hold back on any and all uses of the Blue Ozone.

And I say to all, due some serious but not complicated research on how you can increase the Alkaline levels in your own bodies. This increase in your Alkaline level is very important and also a very easy task to do for yourself, with the end result being a better healthier outcome in your inner bodies workings.

Realize this, the human body should be bathing in a normal to higher level of Alkalinity, preferably higher, and do everything in your power to avoid the buildup of any form of excess bodily acids. It's what you're eating, breathing and drinking that will determine your future health, but one must also include your family passed on DNA.

Remember, your body breaks down and gets sick when it is bathing in too much acid, so reverse that! I'm strongly emphasizing this because this is key in transforming the body to be at and in what I call a healthy dry state.

You must maintain a higher level of Alkalinity because that will give your immune system a chance to optimally work properly and hopefully keep your replenishing new bodily cells healthy. Multi-millions of new healthy cell growth is the KEY!

The human body is an amazing creation that can-do wonders to heal itself when given the opportunity if it's not too late, for under the right optimal conditions which include my preaching about Alkaline, you also need lots of deep resting sleep for new cellular growth. Believe it or not, fifteen minutes naps can change one's life in the most amazing positive ways, and should the urge to close your eyes and catch 'TEN' or 'FIFTEEN', then I highly recommend it.

And this has to be added to the conversation, the horrible dreaded Alzheimer's disease is increasing in the world's population and there yet has been any cures found to prevent, stop or reverse it, but some kinds of oils such as the CBD with the purest Virgin Olive Oil and BLUE OZONE TREATMENT should be separately studied.

Again, too much acid building up in the body can give the cancer cells their opportunity to flourish, and maybe the same principles can be said for Alzheimer's.

It is known that the beta amyloid plaque in the brain is possibly the major cause of Alzheimer's, and every kind of CBD and BLUE OZONE experiment should be tried on all willing and able sufferers of that brain crippling disease.

In your world right now in 2015, you need your fat bloated government to wake up and see the importance of Marijuana and begin an entire major shift from the way it classifies weed and put an end to the DEA & other agencies wasteful war on it.

Sorry for the rant, but it is my portal position belief that I say take the warfare wasted money on weed and put it into a useful war on finding a cure for cancer and Alzheimer's. And I don't mean to say stop the war on all the deadly drugs coming in at our porous open southern borders, no, I mean stop the war on our citizens!

Now if I may say, for the future surprisingly millions of elderly centurions coming down the pike like I have already arrived, prepare yourselves with eating less food and making

walking a daily part of your life. Your body will do fine without filling up your pie holes, and that said, ask yourselves, have you really ever seen hundred-year-old obese folks? Well have you? . Just Sayin’.

I do know from personal research and human observation, the bodies of elderly people are more often than not in a very sad FLUID like state from the ankles up to the knees, and for a healthier human being at any age, the body should be in what is called a DRY STATE. I humbly again can say the DRY STATE is key for your physical health.

Just take the time to look at your grandparents and observe their ankles and the bodily area up to their knees, and if they are badly swollen then this is a serious sign they are NOT in a DRY STATE and their circulation and health are possibly in a poor state.



So now wrapping all this up, I hope old and all the new scientific communities will be experimenting and looking directly at the growth of huge outdoor grown seedless female Marijuana plants, and focusing on their thick full wooden like neckline base stem area along with the entire female root system.

All of these totally mature plant parts should be thoroughly cleaned and then placed in a totally germ-free drying area, and after completely cured, then pulverized in a sterile environment and then administered in a powder or pill form to willing Alzheimer patients. And I wouldn’t stop with just the ALZ sufferers, meaning go after Cancer.

*These plant parts are a treasure trove of hidden medicinal aids that will amaze!*

I used to tell T and Fitz starting back in the late 70’s, that from the root upward, leading into the strong wooden like neckline base stalk, that there had to be an amazing medical hidden miracle in Marijuana, just waiting to be discovered.

Crazier discoveries have happened in medical science going back hundreds of years ago, and speaking of plant ROOTS and Tree BARK, where do you think Aspirin came from? A cure for Alzheimer needs to be sought and found and everything in the world should be experimented with and tried, especially everything I’ve just been writing about.

## **Seriously, what do all the well-funded research laboratories have to lose!**

T would say, *'Why the hell don't they throw everything at Alzheimer's disease, and the Frickin' kitchen sink too'*, and you know what, he was damn right!

Coming back to Sky King, well your cool TV shows back in the 50's and 60's sparked a dream in my good buddy's mind that he never let go of, until he accomplished his goal. TB always showed me what I call GREAT HEART, and we did our best to keep that natural fire going for one another. I truly miss that camaraderie, I really do!

In closing, TB's Sky King dreams had a positive offshoot of sorts, being that it was the second spark that started my real Marijuana thinking for medical purposes so long ago. The first spark came when T took me on an amazing field trip up to a huge Marijuana field. You'll find those three chapters of that entire wild experience in our Trilogy.

And that mindset led into decades of trying to help in any way possible scientists to find cures for all types of cancers, plus help search for a way to stop and even possibly reverse the dreaded increasing Alzheimer's disease.

*So on Behave for TB and Myself,  
We Sincerely Thank You Mr. Sky King*



## **‘In A Blink of an Eye’ 2050**

*The main goal* of this twisted acting political parties one and only present leader was to pass on the torch to the evil Witch queen, so the continuation to turn the country slowly upside down with massive amounts of illegals and undesirable foreigners from near and far, so as to be allowed entry and then granted full citizenship and voting right in our already over taxed and poorly governed country. These truths will lay bare in time!

*These total undeserved illegals* and millions more were going to be rewarded with untold never deserved American tax payer dollars, handed to them monthly in many forms, and then given the right to vote (like spelled out above) and thus tipping the scales for said party to hold the balance of power and controls of the USA for decades to follow.

*The majority of the American citizens* at that time had no idea what diabolical plans were being put together, but by Devine Intervention again like so many other times in history, in this case America’s long standing designed electoral system saved the nation from a fate that for some can’t even be imagined. And then after this major election, the losing political party wanted the long-standing electoral system completely abandoned! The rumbling to do that was carefully being stitched together, but you will see it was stopped. The main stream media began nothing short of a unified hateful propaganda front, to aid the demon’rat~crats to brainwash the nation & bring down an innocent sitting president, all because they hated him so much and favored the manipulative Globalist queen greedy blood sucking Witch.

*And now more stunning future truths;* The ultimate secret plan was to gradually take control of all the courts and seats of power across the land, and then make the slow move to take away the ultimate freedom of all true caring Americans, their Second Amendment Right to bear arms. For without that Right, there would be no way the citizens of America could guard against and protect themselves from what was planned after.

And what is just spoken will all unfold, and hence, the nation will uncover and learn of the totally misguided future goals of the demon’rat~crats tyrannical political party!

**I know, hard to believe, but watch in your time what Happens!**

*Unwinding the ability* to allow the citizens to protect themselves from tyranny was thus the plan in motion, BEFORE the stunning political shocking defeat in 2016. The losing political party's goals were mapped out ahead of time to bring forth a totally unwanted global wide-open border policy that all true lawful Americans of all race, creed and color, did not dream such a terrible thing could happen, nor wanted such a bad plan to happen! Your once thought to be the American norm of LANGUAGE, BORDERS & CULTURE, was being planned to be turned upside down. Credit due to Michael Savage for his book.

*But these future facts* I spell now will one day shock the millions of unsuspecting citizens to their core, but unity will come forth and the country will unite and begin to heal.

*A New World Order with 'OPEN BORDERS'* was the ultimate demon rat's leadership plan, but we saw early on and came to the simple conclusion, clear thinking Americans would not stand for such a terrible drastic change to happen to the culture of their country!

*And be warned of these open borders in even a more sinister way, that being massive tunnels under 44 were being build on the north and south borders of America, and all under the protection of those with evil regards and intent for America. You will see and learn in your future how the plan was finally discovered, and those guilty find out the true anger of the righteous God-Fearing Patriots would have ABSOLUTELY NO MERCY, NO, NONE WHATSOEVER!*

*Why, I ask myself* from this portal many years into the future, would this X-president want to betray his country with such misguided ideals, and just hate for America. WHY?

*You will learn* of how he set up a new war room operation not far from where he worked after leaving his political high esteemed office. No America, he and his few devotees were still actively doing their diabolical planning for a new entire nation-wide empire, shaped and set up into their ideology bastardized ways of thinking and being.

*His goal after leaving office* was to continue to finish the wrongful action to take the nation *backwards* and into an eventual open border free flowing caravan of illegals, as planned out years ago by the Geo-Political World Order.

*Mounting evidence* from men and women far wiser than me, wrote in their conclusions that he had a revengeful psychological deep-seated hatred built up for America from previous wrongs he thought done by past presidential leaders.

*The raw conclusions* of the studies done, were that his collective family of mentors growing up placed wrongful negative ideas about America in his confused young mind, and thus an unsettling of sorts of ideology and spiritual religious believes disrupted and created his ways and wayward sick thoughts. Sad for America, and especially him.

*But only a person knows* deep inside themselves of what true truth's they feel, think, and personally deep down believe. So, now with those feelings spoken, Nuff Said-for now!

**But**

*There's definitely More*

**'Blink of An Eye'**

**2050**

***Coming***

## **‘The Carriage House Robbery: Epilog’**

Hey, Katie, check this out, I wanta to tell ya a short story about one other wild and crazy thing that happened after that knee business mess for me with those Cuban guys.”

“Sure, talk to me.”

“Cool, so this involves my brother when he had to come down to Florida and help me out because I was unable to get around to pack up my grandparents’ stuff, plus there was no way I could drive their car back to Michigan, so he’d take care of that too. Okay so all the help I needed was under control, but there was an incident when my brother had one heck of a shock happen to him when he was in my little hotel room with me and he was tape recording some ideas he had for something. So while he was doing that, without any knock or warning my friend Romeo burst into my room and is all excited and carrying on about a fight and big wild almost crazy shoot out happening in Little Havana between a couple of FBI agents and some CIA guys.”

“WOW,”

“Yeah, but it’s true. Anyway, my brother is startled and catching some heavy out of the blue hyper and wild but typical behavior from my trusting longtime pal, Romeo.”

“Did you explain to your brother anything about his involvement with the Bay of Pigs or tell him about Romeo being your excellent history teacher about the Kennedy Assassination and other important history?”

“Well I told him a little, but then again not too much because around that time of my life, I was really beginning a mindset to live in a more secretive behaving mode.”

“I think you were secretive even before that.”

“Yeah maybe, but that event with Romeo was bizarre to say the least and to top it off, my brother never turned off his tape recorder and captured the entire bursting in on us action.

I mean everything that Romeo was so wildly scared and pumped up and screaming about was on that tape, and I swear even a deaf person could hear how out of his mind he was.”

“I can’t even imagine what your brother must have been thinking from experiencing this.”

“Well I can tell you this, he was shocked and caught totally off guard, but to this day he wished he had saved that tape recording of Romeo bursting into the room because it truly was a Twilight Zone moment in real life happening for us, but in truth, really for my brother.”

“Oh for sure David, that tape recording really would be cool to hear.”

“Just to listen to his deep Cuban accent again would bring back memories of hours of me listening to him on the steps of the Simone hotel, with all those amazing history lessons he gave me. I got to tell ya Katie, Miami Beach was one wild ride back in those days, and I’m forever grateful for all my experiences, good and bad.”

David paused right there but Katie could tell he was thinking and had more to say.

“And you know what, there’s one other bizarre deal that happened while my brother in town to help me.”

“What’s that?”

“This has to do with the klutzy assistant to the manager of the Carriage House Hotel, who was for whatever reason at the airport and saw me on the morning I’m preparing to fly home to Michigan.”

“I remember the story you told me about how he almost tipped your tray of coffee over.”

“As always my dear, you have a good memory, because that’s the guy. So here’s the deal, I was hobbling along on my crutches with that big heavy cast on my entire leg, and out of nowhere that klutz catches a glimpse of me. After that happened, he started wildly screaming and pointing out, *‘It’s him, the guy involved in the robbery’*.

Then, hold on Katie, because this is the part that’s just too bizarre and really crazy, but I swear I can remember it all as clear as if it happened yesterday.”

“Oh I believe you, because I know you have that kind of keen recall.”

“Fortunately, most of the time I do and in this sort of reckless childish case, his wild antics are locked into me. And this is why, because out of nowhere after he sees me, he starts yelling out, *‘He’s got the Jewels hidden in that cast, stop him, , check the cast, , the cast.’*”

“Stop it, come on,”

“No really, I swear. So at first I was kind of freaked out from all the wild chaos he was creating, but then I realized that his big mouth wasn’t really catching anyone’s attention onto me, just himself basically. So gradually I calmed my mind down and then a valuable life teaching lesson I remembered from Johnny from Shelter Island, kicked in.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well remember how I always talked about how I admired what a cool and calm cat he always seemed to be,”

“Yes, I do.”

“Okay, so during the two long spring and summers I was around him, I’d ask him questions about how he seemed to always be so calm about everything, even though we had a few situations that I couldn’t keep my cool nearly as well as him.”

“Well maybe because he was older and more experienced.”

“Exactly, and that’s why he was such a good teacher, because after those questions I asked him, he’d give me his lesson about training my mind to be super cool and stay focused on keeping calm, no matter what, and then just go about my business. And that’s how I handled that chaotic scene in the airport.

I just kept moving along on my crutches and not paying any attention and looking like I’m in any way connected to that nut job.”

“Nice,”

“Yeah, it worked out, so Johnny if you’re out there, I’m sending out a big THANK YOU. Okay, check this out my scrumptious Pecan Pie. Once I’m in my assigned spot, next to me on the empty seat was a Miami Herald newspaper, and the headlines was the FBI chief, J. Edgar Hoover, was found dead in his apartment sometime before midnight.”

“Wow, well Hoover’s death must have left a forever stamped date of time in your life.”

“It’s funny you say that Katie, because sometimes I do drift back in time using that date.”

*Trigger dates, it’s a good fair guess we all have Them!*

*Please Scroll Down*

# A DEEP FUTURE COMETH

*Conclusion*

## **Or, Just the Beginning**

It's important and normal that you should be skeptical of everything you see, read and hear in your avalanche of information coming out of the social media world. The fast-paced changing news cycles coming from the TV media, Newspapers, Bloggers, the Twitter world, Influencers, Hollywood, the Internet and just friends with wrong and misguided information, can spread misconceptions and change the truth to bold face lies.

*AND maybe even all of this* that you are reading here is too much to imagine, but you better believe the same holds true to events going back to Roswell, so do your own due diligence and focus on who were the first to arrive and begin the cover up at that UFO crash site. You can do it for the information is out there in plain sight and we've just laid out and given you a greater and clearer blue print starting point to connect all the dots. Your grandchildren's futures are connected in the most bizarre and strangest ways to Roswell, and from there all truths will connect to the stars in the heavens that will lead the way into a clearer realization for what's remarkably coming for future generations.

My interest about Roswell all started in the mid 70's with an accidental find I made about a government program called DARPA, which was on micro-film and also in hard to find articles that I found practically hidden in the many libraries I went in and out of.

It was only by accident I picked up some declassified Intel and then we started really digging with TB's help back in the late 70's, and I'll go as far and say he had contacts that slowly gave us leads and that's where the dots very slowly started fitting for us a clearer picture about UFO's.

There came a point years later where I had to push on alone because there were many other important activities Fitzzy had to focus on in the laboratory for TB's growing Internet security business, but the big guy's real pride and joy Fitzzy and myself always helped him with, was his private contracting military operations.



All of us were busy and going more often in different directions, but no matter what or where we were, we had each other's backs on a minute's notice whenever needed.

There is nothing on these pages written so long ago that should be shocking, but rather just think of it all as cool interesting stuff, because it really is just that. That's truly how it felt and was for me every time I learned something new from my research that I was doing on declassified projects coming out of DARPA.

If you open your minds, there's nothing better than learning new and exciting things in all new fields and allow the breakthroughs to stimulate your own curiosities to go further and make the world and the planet a healthier and safer place for all.

And so my vision today is to give young people living all over the world, full faith and glory in the future and to dream big beyond their believes, that they one day will be witnessing flights out to the outer reaches of the Universe, and seeing their own children and then grandchildren making a life in a new frontier known as outer space.

Maybe some of you have heard of a place called Area 51, a long-time rumored site that had space age laboratories built all around it, along with highly secretive military aviation testing going on. This place is located off in the dessert of Nevada, and in August of 2013, this vast area was finally said by our government to actually exist.

Again, this highly guarded secret place was let out of the DENY-DENY-DENY world of secrets and for me when it happened back then, showed me that we are just seeing the tip of the iceberg of all the UFO hidden secrets slowly being let out for all the world to see.

It's going to need time but the letting out of the truth will take place and eventually in the not too distant future, you will know this UFO world to be true. And just as fascinating, you will all learn about the hidden extraterrestrial world living deep in the Arctic frozen tundra, and also on the dark side of the moon. It's all just starting, and what's coming will be of the exploration of the galaxies and other unknown Universes still out there being explored right now by our amazing powerful relentlessly probing Hubble Telescope.

I knew fully well thirty-three years ago what Vladimir Putin was doing in the summer of 2017, when he was visiting his men and women explorers working in the frigid Artic. Our country is there secretly working too, but all of that is for a discussion at a later time.

But make no mistake, you all will witness amazing things that believe it or not, will be coming and happening up and under and around the world. With that just said, here's an interesting clue to your futures, and that is these two important words, 'Electromagnetic Propulsion'.

The (EP) very well might be, NO, strike that, IT WILL BE the beginning new technology that rockets and propels humans into outer space at speeds that scientists can only dream about in your year of time-2017.

That amazing energy source just spoken and those still hidden all around us, will happen for all of your grandchildren to one day be fully engulfed and just naturally living in.

And so now here in my being in time and space decades ahead of all of you, I can say keep your minds wide open and your outward faith in Bezos, Branson, Musk and Bigelow. Their special pioneering outer space conquering mindset spirits will lead the way to amazing decades to come for all, so Think Positive and wish all spacemen God's Speed.

***Be Patient For an Amazing  
Future Of  
Breakthroughs Are Surely  
Coming***

# **‘WOW, What Kind of Barn is this Boy Chick?’**

**June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1981**

This is another life experience snippet in time shared back on June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1981 with my two trusting close Israeli friends who flew into the United States to directly see me. This was an important here and now needed meeting, so they did it skipping our slow letter writing messaging and our bizarre back in the day payphone to payphone way of communicating. Their trip lasted for them an exhausting forty some hours with very little sleep, flying from Israel to New York, then to Michigan to meet me and then back to New York for another important meeting and then return back to Israel. The good thing though, was they were relatively young, very strong and always gung-ho to hang with me.

Thinking back to it all, those were the good old young at heart fantastic days.

My friends were well informed devoted countrymen of Israel and totally up to date as fully acquainted and knowledgeable players in the field of specialized present and futuristic weaponry from working deep inside of Mossad.

I picked them up at the Detroit Metropolitan Airport and we then drove to TB's rented farm house out in Wixom Michigan. The old place was just what it was, old, but within four months back in the late winter of 74' after he moved in, the big guy hired six excellent carpenters and these guys went to town on the way T wanted the old farm house to look and feel according to his specs. But the real gem was the old barn out back, which turned into quite the place we preferred to hang out in whenever he was in town.

Back in those days TB was down in Kentucky and Tennessee a fair amount of time, working on building up his new local and international air freight business and while away he graciously gave me his blessing to have the run of his farm house and the use and access of the entire property, especially what we eventually named, The Barn.

The old wooden structure was clean with generally a nice comfortable cool breeze blowing straight through the huge sliding barn wooden doors, which TB had built on the grounds and then installed. But if the breeze lacked any relief, then the large overhead fans he had put in did the trick during any extra hot summer days and nights. He said whatever that

barn needed, let's just get it, and do it, period. And because there were no animals, the horse stalls were knocked down and a lot of room was made for trucks and cars to pull in. My friend also had a thing about always having well stocked up refrigerators near and around wherever he was and this unique barn was definitely no exception.

Starting sometime in the early summer of 1975, we really began getting the feeling that this cool barn was one unique office kind of place, and as the years went on it became our special planning mission's room, and never again to be thought of as some old dusty barn. Off of the center area was a unique natural shaped amazingly large Sequoia tree trunk, that was carved into a fantastic appearing table, with legs and all. This beautiful piece of nature was found slowly dying after a huge fire in one of God's beautiful forests out in California, so TB had it trucked all the way to Wixom where he wanted to honor it by having its beauty carry on. This magnificent Sequoia was carefully enshrined with multiple coats of Vera-thane lacquer brushed on, covering every inch of it and to go around this artwork of nature as we thought of it as, were eight custom-made leather office chairs.

Overhead was sliding lighting tracks and totally surrounding the outer areas of this large office space, was an electronically controlled easy on the eyes green colored drop-down perfectly stitched together felt curtain. And let me tell you, when the big curtain was in that down position, it created a special and great working atmosphere. For us it seemed to help bring in a kind of tight mental focused feeling and help our concentration for our work inside its green hanging walls. There was just something about that poker table green being around us, that gave off a very pleasant and soothing feeling for our spirits.

For our easy listening and background sounds, were four overhead large multiple stereo speakers spread out perfectly. And to go with that, those bad boys were wired into our music center with a Magnavox AM/FM radio and hooked in also was a Pioneer record turntable, with a large variety of Motown and Motor City Rock N' Roll albums. All the groups were in my blood since practically childhood and now TB became an adopted hometown boy and digging on all those great artists too, especially Aretha Franklin.

So let's pick up when my Israeli boys are having their first cool experience in The Barn;

“WOW, what kind of barn is this Boy Chick?” Mo’shee to me in his thick Jewish accent.

“When T said let’s make this place special, we just got totally nuts and into it.”

“You boy’s definitely got into alright, and we love it.” Yoni jumping in.

“There’s no question this is the war room you’ve mentioned in code in your letters.”

“Yep, it sure is Mosh.”

“What’s that large hanging thing above us?” Yoni shoots at me.

“Ah, we drop that down to totally protect this table when things get busy.”

“I like that, because you don’t want to scuff or scratch this beauty up with any pencil jabs or ruler edges.”

“Yeah, we know a thing about war rooms and all the drawing tools and heavy and sharp objects being recklessly thrown around.” Yoni mentioning the point.

While he’s speaking, he’s running his hand across the top of the beautiful Sequoia table, and then Mo’shee couldn’t help himself and starts doing the same thing. They were totally taking it all in and respecting all of it’s amazing natural beauty.

So for the next two minutes or so, all the pleasantries that weren’t touched on in the car ride over, we totally finished up. The boys traveled a lot of miles to have their asked for impromptu face to face meeting with me because of the importance of it all. They always operated in the most professional and safest manner and now they had my utmost full attention. Here’s the outline of that long-ago day;

“David, we flew in for two very important reasons today.” Mosh says to me.

“One regarding Israel and the other to discuss TB’s airfreight business.” That was Yoni.

“What we want to tell you, is that in twenty-four hours Israel is sending in multiple F-16 fighter jets to blow up the Iraqi Osirak nuclear reactor.”

The boys as usual are in sync, finishing a lot of times each other’s sentences.

“This has to be done right now for serious preventative measures because this reactor is very close to being turned on, or the technical term they say,”

“GO ONLINE!” Mo’shee finishing up right on que, and then continues.

“Sorry to jump over you my dear cousin, but if this facility should start up and then we bomb it, well maybe we’re creating a terrible future contamination problem,”

“For the entire Middle East, and God knows no one in our government wants that.”

The Israeli cousins tag teamed that downright scary scenario, and David got the point.

“Mo’shee is correct Boo-Boo-La, and in all seriousness, this can’t be allowed to happen for humanities sake,”

“And just as important, your beloved feelings about Mother Nature have touched us and we believe you’re right that all Her Oceans, Land and Air are the Womb of the Planet and mankind is harming Her, as you have said to us wisely so many times whenever we’ve talked or been together.”

“No David, Mo’shee is only half right because I’ll go further and say as you say to us all the time, mankind is slowly killing Her Oceans, and the evidence is starting to show. God help us all if She ever decides to fight back and punishes us all.”

My friends were right on and sincerely took in all the years I talked about Mother Nature and the Oceans Are The Womb of the Planet. So for the next ten minutes I had lots of questions and they gave me a great deal of history about this Osirak nuclear plant, because honestly before this shocking eye opening conversation,

I had no clue about such a place but in less than twenty-four hours the whole world would know about it and be caught off guard as me.

The beautiful thing about my boy’s flying in to speak to me about this, was how they made me feel the fact that we’re all in this together, countries and countrymen standing side by side for the good of the world. And the other great part about this, was they were good teachers and I a very eager student.

I learned that the Iraqi government purchased this reactor from the French government for three hundred million dollars and the French engineers were aiding in the building process. They told me the name of this Israeli bombing mission was '*Operation Opera*' and also known as '*Operation Babylon*'.

This was a full-on eye-opening day, including when they educated me that a year earlier the Iranians attempted a similar mission to blow it up, but only caused minor damage and within months the French technicians had made all the necessary repairs, and the structure was now getting finalized.

They explained to me that Israel's President, Menachem Begin realized that the world condemnation would fall on his shoulders but he felt that this mission was far more important for the sake of Israel's future, than to worry about what the United Nations and the rest of the world thought of his country on this particular occasion. For me learning about this upcoming mission was mind-blowing, and I told them I thought what I was hearing was way over my head and beyond my pay grade.

The truth though, this was the kind of day I'd never forget and even though they really didn't need to tell me anything about this, they proved to me they deeply trusted me like a brother and I felt honored that they were bringing me in on something so important happening for the sake and future well-being of Israel, and maybe for world peace.

The subject of all the darkroom work I'd been doing came up and now with this new activity going on with Iraq, would mean more action was going to be taking place with multiple agencies getting active in trailing and photographing persons of interest.

The base was now going to stretch past the outskirts of the Detroit city maps, plus the decision was made to vastly widen the already large net all around the United Nations area.

I was told to expect to get a little busier than normal in the darkroom with my specialized negative photo reduction miniaturizing work and when done I would be instructed where to send it all or the other option I was told to do was just leaving them discreetly in an exact designated DEAD DROP locals.

Believe me, I might have appeared to them to be cool and calm about all of this heavy information they were laying on me, and overall, I think I handled it well, but it still had me on pins and needles thinking about all that I just learned and now the countdown in less than twenty-four hours had just begun and a whole new major Middle East geopolitical event would erupt.

So needing to take my mind off of all that, I asked my friend's to tell me about the other subject they came here to talk about. And before I asked them to switch to the other, I wondered how heavy this next one would be, since security-purity is what we all practiced.

“We came to talk to you about TB and his growing air freight business that he's doing work for that's being contracted out of the pentagon.” Yoni speaking to me now.

“We know years ago we at first had our trust issues with him but that's all far behind and deep in the past, but now we're seriously worried for your big buddy, and, ,”

“And we don't want you guys getting set up if anything really bad comes from some of the freight he's moving around the world. There's a lot of CIA lies and covering up of what's going on in Central and Latin America, and we don't want you two dear friends of ours to get set up and burned.”

Yoni's tone was heavy, just the same like Mo'shee's previously was.

“Hearing what they just laid on me, I kind of had a heads up of what they were talking about because TB had heard and relayed to me some believable tidbits over the last two amazing years. The grapevine spoke about the CIA getting their hands dirty with some involvement with some group of fighters called the Contras who were having some back and forth skirmishes against the socialist Sandinistas Junta government of Nicaragua. And then there were the just as scary CIA drug moving rumors too”.

We all knew of and talked about the fact that Air America was basically one large dummy corporation for the CIA, posing as some sort of a civilian and commercial air lines, but what they really were routinely doing, was moving all kinds of military cargo for secretive operations all over the globe, especially Latin America at this time.



But my Israeli friend's worries were regarding the comingling of separate flying operators like TB's business, getting contracts to fly into off the beaten track landing strips in Central Latin America and pick up poorly labeled or I should really say non-labeled cargo, and then moving it to wherever told to at the last minute.

Now after listening to my Israeli boys, this opened my eyes to a much larger degree and I would definitely be needing to have knew and important heads up talks with T.

My boys were well versed with their intelligence operators who had a lot of things going on as go be-tweens with many various Latin American countries, so I knew this information they were passing onto me was rock solid.

I did explain to them that TB and me had frequent talks about the rumors and anything else that was a red flag that got our antennas up. T and I also had a discussion or two or three directly about if he knew what were in all those long crates he was receiving and hauling from a few select air force hangers around the country, and all the other pickup locations in Latin America too.

The deal was though, T and his highly skilled small crew of pilots actually read the manifestos but never were authorized, or in a better way of putting it, directly told not to open anything, just take the freight and follow the specific clearly spelled out exact safe flying routes with no deviations, and deliver it all on time with no questions asked.

This wasn't rocket science we were dealing with here, believe me, so all operations were done with all eyes wide open and just going about the business of flying the cargo and not questioning any documents, because everyone knew it was all one big slippery slope.

The fact that my Israeli boys had deep concerns for TB made me proud and appreciate them even more than already, but also set off serious alarm bells that again like I said, meant I was going to be all over this with TB as soon as possible.

Even before the startup period of T's air freight contracting work with the government, I was diplomatically pounding away at him with lots of questions, and he liked that because he knew I wanted to make sure he's keeping as sharp and safe as we both knew he'd needed to be. And on this one particular day when TB opened up and relayed to me he

heard about some talk of shipments being made out of the country, like to Nicaragua, I put up double time question and pressure on him to be sure he wasn't getting caught up in that gun running military hardware action, plus all that rumored drug moving insanity.

He told me his planes weren't going into that country, but he did say that a few of the very recent loads were delivered at the last minute to some smaller than average air strips in Costa Rica, and that made no sense at all to him, and then to me too.

It was about then in that meeting with TB, I brought up again the valuable lessons I learned nine or ten years earlier from a slightly older but much wiser friend of mine from my Shelter Island days back in 1970 and '71. Dating back as early when we first met in Acapulco, I had told TB stories about my friend Johnny Mayer, who worked for the United Nations as a special operator of sorts, and one valuable lesson he taught me was don't believe everything you see, read and hear coming out of our government, or any other governments for that matter, and especially anything on TV too.

TB and I talked heavily about the many lessons Johnny taught me, and the key principal idea I learned from him so long ago, was *'Peeling the onion layers back'*.

Johnny always said that would help lead and get to the eventual hopeful truth, but if doubt still persisted, then work harder to get past the lies and keep digging for the key hidden facts under it all.

TB knew from his time in Viet Nam don't trust a word coming out of any government spokesman also, so now our talks were pushing us to keep in sync and sharp and on our toes.

I explained to my Israeli friend's that TB and I took the principal idea of peeling the layers of the onion and doing our best to apply some onion layers ourselves to all his own pentagon contracted work. It had become time for us to do as the big boys in Air America were doing, meaning layer up and be as deep and out of the loop as possible, and work to make it a distancing security-purity new rule program for all his large or small pentagon personal contracts that were coming at him regularly in the late 70's and early 80's.

When my Israeli boys asked me to tell them more about all this security distancing TB and me set up, I explained that we needed to arrange and situate TB's company with some sort of insulating layers of other companies. The idea was using separate contracted pilots and most importantly, taking TB's freight company name somehow off of all the ledgers, so nothing ever in the future will be showing him being the primary shipper.

My Israeli boys had a few more questions after that and I did my best to give them a better overview of what TB and myself talked about, and also telling them it took place right here around this very beautiful table, with the big green curtain surrounding us. Oh they got a kick out of that, with Mo'shee coming quickly back at me with,

"Of course, it was heavy and serious business you boys were talking and dealing with, and this beautiful war room is designed just for that! Boy Chick, I really love this barn."

We all laughed pretty good after that come back but the fact of the matter was, TB and I were absolutely talking about a serious subject that needed our deepest focused attention. But I wasn't done telling them all my ideas and they were plenty curious to hear it all.

"Mosh, Yoni, I don't care how much money TB makes dealing with the pentagon because if something really goes bad and he gets blamed, then it's his neck on the line, and,"

"NO-NO, we get it David, he's the one who could be their scapegoat and end up rotting away in some prison someday." Mo'shee jumping in to speak of his knowledge of things.

"So I told TB to seriously think about just walking away, screw it all and absolutely quit while he's way ahead and don't even think about looking back."

When the boys heard me talk about what I told TB, they knew two things, one I was very serious with him because of my foul language I was using in our talk that day, but not for spiritual reasons spoken here, and number two, they liked my idea of just walking away, no looking back.

I had to tell them though, that TB's self-admitted greed was not willing to do just that so abruptly because he was addicted to the pretty fat paydays he was taking in and he just flat out loved the flying action, as much as the money.

For me though, something at an early age instinctively taught me when it was time to walk away from whatever kind of situation that didn't feel right, so that's what I did.

"So what happened Brother?" Mo'shee practically screamed out, and then almost in pure harmony Yoni followed up with the same question.

"He told me we definitely had to be sharper going forward and I insisted he meet with one of his high-priced lawyers and figure out how to set up the multiple layering idea that I learned years ago from Johnny."

"Well if you can't get him to walk away, then your layering plan definitely is the second-best thing for him to do."

"I totally agree with Yoni, no doubt about it!"

I went on to tell my Israeli friend's that over the years starting in Mexico to the present day, TB and I have both learned that if we had any difference of opinion, especially those that revolved around safety concerns, then the key for us was to come up with three or four different options and from there we'd find a wise and better way to go about whatever we were doing to be safer. This was one of those things that grew from a one-time over the top bad experience we had in Acapulco and we promised to never ever allow such a thing to happen again, and it never has.

I told them because of that very bad lapse of judgment, a natural course of our thinking began to settle all of our situational differences of opinions and issues. My boys from Israel very much liked how I put that and spoke about how they appreciated what good trusting friend's TB and myself were.

They recognized there were tensions at times when political type situations crept into our lives, but saw how T and me figured out how to cooperate with each other and work out

those difference of opinions too. Bottom line, we always worked things out and kept our friendship strong and balanced, no matter what issues came about.

So I have to say that during our time and talks around the beautiful table, Mo'shee couldn't stop himself from repeating his feelings about the barn and the table. He'd say,

“For a barn that's so simple appearing, its way more than that. This place is the coolest war room I've ever been in, and for me it's just perfect. It's not eccentric, it's not in any way over done, no, it's just cool in every way for the owner of such a barn to just walk in and enjoy his barn.”

Then Yoni jumped in,

“I agree completely. It's simple but with the right effects that make it feel like a creative studio and way beyond the perfect working war planning room. Oh yeah Boo-Boo-La, we love this barn just like you and TB do, and maybe we're going to have to build one someday ourselves.”

A week later when TB and I were again back in The Barn, before we got heavy with what the boys came to Michigan to talk to me about, I told him how they really got a kick out of the place, and really loved everything that was happening inside it.

Telling him about how they loved all the effects and different creative nuances, he got the biggest kick out of hearing it all, and then like always told me to send them his big thanks and invited them to come back anytime they wanted and they could bunk in the renovated farm house and he'd stock the fridge with whatever they liked and have any type of car or truck they wanted too. He also said he'd gladly hand over the rough outline of all the architectural drawings that turned the old dusty barn into one cool place, plus make a list for them of all the toys hanging around the place.

**{The fact was, that Barn was one cool working War Room}**

And now add one ADDENDUM to this wild time in our past. You see within six months after the Israeli's left me, I was messaged in a heavy coded letter by them that the situation of the United States was getting deeper and more perplexing down in Nicaragua, and that

I needed to drop the hammer and get TB completely out of any air freight activity down that way.

I both phoned and wrote them back each way in our special coded language to thank them for their deep concern again, and this time I really did get heavy with TB, and within less than a week he cut off all ties with the pentagon dealing with any moving of any kind of air freight south of the American border, PERIOD.

He made the decision now to really begin putting his energies towards his small but growing personalized little army that had always been on his mind since his Viet Nam experience, and he hoped that that would become one day a better working future with the government. He had some previous playing around time with that action in that worldly dangerous sandbox, but now T was ready to step up his game.

The big guy still had his small custom air freight company in play and that pleased him, plus now with more relaxed time freed up, he wanted to really start helping Cousin Fitz with designing and building the most amazing specialized technical underground gadgetry laboratory possible. They both had been dreaming about this for years, and now was the time to really dig in. There was a small inventing lab going on starting back in late 74' but now was game on, and as it started to slowly take shape I got to play around with some of my wild ideas that Fitz would eventually make into reality over the years.

Getting TB out of the pentagon air freight business pleased Fitz and I, and down deep even though he wouldn't admit it, but I could see the big bad ass felt relieved and good about the decision too. He seemed and really was much more relaxed and having a more visible smile on his face.

Yeah, from Israel to the USA, we all were living and learning together and slowly over the years we all developed into a strong working cohesive team.

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## **‘Campbell Soup Cans & A Long Kite String’ 1977**

“Hey T, did you ever have an experience or do something as a kid that just pop’s up back in your memory and makes you smile or just the opposite, makes you cringe?”

“Oh yeah for sure, but I have to say the cringe worthy stuff creeps up on me the most, sad to say. So what’s up, you havin’ some sort of flashback or somethin’ like that?”

“Something like that. So here’s the deal, in 1960 I was an eleven-year-old kid, and my brother had this one friend whose dad was this electronic wizard type tinkerer.”

“A Fitzzy type guy?”

“No-no, there’s nobody like Fitz, but this man did have his moments. So anyway, the sons name was Neil and he took after his dad with that wizardry type thinking, and back in the day of us being kids, he’d occasionally come up with something cool.”

“He’s soundin’ like a clever kid.” T with a complimentary tone.

“Oh he had his moments too, no doubt, so it was always neat to hear what he’d surprise us with next, and one of his blast from the past ideas is what popped up in my head.”

“Cool, so lay it on me.”

“Absolutely. So one day he says to me and my brother lets run the longest line of a kite string spool we can buy and try to stretch and string it into each other’s homes. Okay, so let me ask you right now before I go any further, does anything like that sound familiar?”

“Nope.” TB simply saying.

“Okay, so check this out. Somehow we were able to find in some kid’s toy store this extra-long spool of kite string just like Neil wanted, and then carefully walked it off from our house to his, and then raised and hung the string from branches on low lying trees.”

“How far apart did you guys live from each other?”

Before I answered I had to think quickly back to that long-ago time, and then like it was yesterday, all the streets in our little town we lived in came flooding back to me.

“About five-hundred feet, and the laying of the line was quite a task.”

“Was it a straight line, or?”

“Pretty much because that was the key part of this experiment.”

“Ok, I’m mapping this out in a grid like way with imaginary homes, just like you’d do, and now the pictures sort of startin’ to come together. Sorry, keep goin’.”

“It’s okay. So after reaching each home we ran the kite string thru open windows and then Neil took these one end opened Campbell Soup cans and drilled a very tiny hole in the middle of each bottom end, and then ran the string through the small hole and after that he tied a real tight knot on the inside of the cans.”

“Sounds interestin’, I think.”

“Yeah, but hang on, there’s more.”

“I’m with ya,”

“And I can see it in you too. Alright, so then he told my brother and I to stay in the room, put the open end of the can to our ears and he was going to run home and tie and knot up his can just like ours, and then speak loudly into his open end of his Soup can, and then he told us to answer back if we heard anything.”

“Are you kiddin’ me?”

“I’m serious,”

“Okay, so what happened?”



“So he ran home, and did exactly what he said he was going to do, and, and I swear to you on a stack of Bibles big guy, my brother and I heard his voice, well I mean not anything crystal clear, but still, we heard him.”

“Come on, you’re definitely kiddin’ me?”

“I’m telling ya we heard him. At first there were some snafu’s but Neil ran out of his house and first made sure the kite line wasn’t snagged anywhere between all the other homes we went by, and then tried making every foot of the strung-out line even straighter than it already was. And when he finally got to our place after carefully making sure the long line was still intact, he gave us a few key pointers and then we tried again.”

“Neil sound like quite a character.”

“Oh he definitely was that. So the deal he taught us, was the line at every point had to be as tight as possible in order for it to do it’s cool magic. Can you dig it?”

“Oh totally, and I got to tell Fitz what you just laid on me, that is if you haven’t already told em bout’ this.”

“Well you know as much as he and I share our past histories of crazy things we did before we all met, this one’s never been touched.”

“David, Fitz’s going to be flabbergasted, and I’m motivated to go out and buy all the pieces and give it a try with em when I’m back home. I’m just pumped up thinkin’ bout’ seein’ his reaction, especially if this wacky deal really works.”

“Actually, I was thinking we’ll all get together one day and give it a shot.”

“Absolutely D. I like your spirit.”

“Right on T, and thank you. So listen, there’s one more caveat I have to tell you that relates to that long-ago life lesson with Neil.”

“Oh, cool, I’m all ears again.”

“Okay, so remember I told you I’ve been recently reporting to my dad about that Union rep guy coming around his lumber yard and hardware store?”

“Yeah, I remember every~thing, and I thought that was a rather uncool situation.”

“Roger That, but sit tight and let me bring you up to date.”

“Sure, fire away.”

“Good. So on my second recent encounter with this dude, he comes cruising into my dad’s store acting all high, mighty and uppity, and now his attitude has really pissed me off.”

“Just tell me what you need David, and me and the boys will mount up and quietly,”

“No-no, it’s not a situation like that, at least God forbid not yet, but a big thanks just the same. So let me tell ya, the second time was the charm for me to read and profile him and his punk ass big shot full of himself vibe he walked around with in my dad’s store.”

“There you go brother,”

“Yeah, and that’s when my decision was made to swing into action.”

“Well now that sounds like somethin’ I’d expect from ya, but without sayin’, my offer is always there, so. Okay-okay, Nuff Said, sorry.”

“I love ya big guy, and the boys know how I feel about them, but everything’s under control, seriously, so let’s keep all of this cool, under wraps and mellow, okay?”

“Right, Roger That and 10-4 all the way. So tell me bout’ this private action of yours.”

“Alright, now we’re talking. So I’ve learned from my dad this schmuck from the Union has got every legal right to speak at certain times of the day to his employees about why to join the local retail workers union.”

“Truth be told, unions have their benefits for the working man, but to try and disrupt a long-standin’ family business with loyal employees is another thing I just don’t buy into.”

“That is exactly how I feel and explained that same feeling to my dad.”

“And what did he say?” TB firing out.

“Well first of all, he doesn’t like it any more than we do, but he again used the word legal and some other stuff I didn’t really like hearing.”

“I can imagine cause I know you David, and it’s all about protectin’ your family and especially your dad.”

“You do know me, and beyond quite well, so this next thing I’m going to tell ya won’t surprise you one dog gone bit.”

“Yeah man, now we’re talkin, so let’s get down to brass tacks.”

“You got it. So in a nutshell, I’ve been spying on this creep when he has his little gatherings with my dad’s employees.”

“Sure, of course you have, you sly rogue spymaster. Yeah, your in-house Op doesn’t surprise me one little bit at all, nope, not a bit. So tell me, how exactly have you been doin’ this private personal action?”

“Believe it or not, I’ve experimented with the Campbell Soup cans, but the real primary is our own technology. The cans deliver some sounds, but it was my way of being slyly cute.”

“SLY, yes, cute, NO.”

“HA HA HA, but obviously Fitz’s ears are bringin’ home the bacon, that’s for sure.”

“Well just be careful D, seriously man. So tell me, have you told your dad about all this private little spyin’ action?”

“YEP.”

“And no boyhood white lie mixed in, just a straight up admission to the crime?”

“Straight up!”

“WOW. Well I guess it’s best to save the white lie fudgin’ stuff when it’s really needed.”

After TB said that inside quip, we both broke out in a good laugh, then TB said,

“I’m diggin’ all this, so tell me how the chat went down with your dad.”

“You got it. So one minute he’s smiling and totally appreciative of me doing what I can to help the family business and watch his back, but on the other side of his thoughts, he says to me what kind of son did I raise to even have the mindset to think in such a way!”

“Hey man, we both know you’d do any~thing to protect your family, and that mindset other side of you, well you’re just usin’ the skills of that spy master thinkin’ ability you have.”

“T, it just comes out of me in situations like that, so. The thing is, my dad does appreciate what I’ve been doing, but,”

“I know the BUT part brother, but go ahead and tell me anyway. I’m curious if I’m right.”

“Okay, let see wise guy, this should be fun.”

“I love it, so go ahead and talk to me Brotha.”

“You got it. So my dad asked me to stop my spying immediately because he didn’t want me to get caught and make any unnecessary problems from my activities.”

“That’s it, exactly what I was feelin’ your dad would say, and he’s a hundred percent right. And I have to say, as much as your father thinks he knows ya, there’s a whole lot he has no clue about ya, so. Okay, tell me, what did you do after he told you to stop?”

“Well actually I just opened up to him about all this the other day.”

“Oh,”

“Yeah, so this is all fresh and the hidden string and cans plus Fitzzy’s new toys are still in there but well concealed and ready for me whenever I want to do my thing.”

“But you didn’t answer my question,”

“Yeah right, well you know me big guy,”

“Yes I do, and I think you’re gonna do what needs to be done,”

“That’s right.”

“But tell me, if your dad asks you again if you quit your specialty work, are you going to as best you can give em one of your needed father to son little special white lies??? Huh, am I right about that Mr. Stealth?”

“Yes, yes you are buddy boy, and as always, but not proudly I’m gonna lay out a little one so to speak to my dad, and afterwards on my own terms, wait around, listen in and follow wherever this teamster guy leads me, and just play it step by step from there.”

“I know you will and those sound like the wise moves to do, and for what it’s worth, when the cause is right, you always mount up and get into it with your heart, and then skillfully take care of business. Yep, that’s you my friend, definitely, and me and the boys like always are just steps behind ya lurkin' and waitin', but you already know that, , yep you do!”

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## **‘Alzheimer’s Disease: 2000’**

Alzheimer’s disease has been given the ranking of the eighth leading cause of death in the United States, but this issue is much more serious than any numbers they may tag and put on it. This brain disease seems to first start appearing in adults when they begin reaching the age of 65 years old and at this entry of writing, there’s still no vaccine or any kind of drug to prevent Alzheimer from starting up. But even more important than that, the dedicated researchers still don’t know what the exact cause of the plaque and toxic buildup is from in the brain.

I’m writing about all the ongoing research because it’s vital to bring awareness to this disease especially to the Millennials because this brain affliction is growing in scope and it could someday affect your parents or even eventually yourself, and years beyond all of our existence, into the years of your great grandchildren. Just understand this sad fact, everyone is at risk of developing it until this disease is completely figured out.

Technically, besides the plaques, there’s something they call TANGLES being a main cause of Alzheimer’s, and another feature is the destruction and disabling of the connections of the NEURONS, or also called the nerve cells in the brain.

In the simplest of laymen terms, the NEURONS transmit the vital messages between different areas and parts of the brain, and then the messages travel from there to our vast muscle structures and pass along to our organs throughout our bodies.

It seems the first symptoms of Alzheimer’s are not the same from human to human. My dear grandma seemed to be forgetful at first, and then it progressed to not recognizing any of us in the family. Then it got sadly much worse, for she couldn’t any longer take care or remember to do the most basic humanly functions of her past sweet life.

Personally, I decided many years ago to find out all I could about the brain, due to many tragedies that I’ve seen, and I will continue to do everything in my own mental powers to learn all I can about this Alzheimer disease. And if I may be fortunate enough to come across any knowledge that can help the scientific world, I will for sure pass it on, but let’s all hope they find something that will prevent and stop this dreaded disease in its tracks.

*Steadily more Updates will Appear*

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# **‘Genghis Khan’**

Written 1999

Sometime in the late part of the winter of 1975, I encouraged my best buddy to dig into checkin' out and doin' a little study~ing bout' the life history of the Mongolian leader named Genghis Khan. Just like I pushed him on interestin' guys to study, he did the same for me, plus he was very diplomatically all over my butt with my lazy poor English pronunciation bad habits. But hey, wha'da'ya' gonna do, cause freakin' bad habits are hard to break ya know, so, yeah-no, seriously, I'm always tryin'...

Alright, so anyway, my friend always had a lot on his plate with his various cancer and blood research goals he had a deep burnin' desire in his mind to achieve, plus he had his glass design gig he just dug playin' round with, scratchin' out and makin' some bucks, but for me bein' selfish bout' takin' his time and critical mind focus abilities I needed for my work, he became regularly my right hand and left hand man, listenin' and guidin' me in my early beginnin' private growin' airfreight and then security contractin' world.

I recognized literally on the first day we met in Acapulco he was just a pure natural at logistical and any kind of tactical military type plannin' operation. It just was a flat out amazin' gift he had and sometimes I thought he was tappin' in and bein' guided by long ago past warriors, and I mean centuries ago when I'm talkin' bout long ago. And on top of all of those activities, he was in and out of libraries digging into books and microfilm tryin' to educate himself a~bout all the workin' parts of the brain. I mean come on, , and if all that wasn't enough he was on his own serious personal journey startin' bout' 79', figurin' out a way of usin' all parts of the Female Marijuana plant as some sort of future non drug like serum for fightin' cancer, and maybe even a stop gap too. And then he truly believed that The Man Above put the plant on earth to be one day used as an ointment for burn victims. And this theory he had was heavily directed at the rich green leaves, buds and oils to be squeezed out of all of it, but his big secret was the entire root system and top thick upper area specifically just six to ten inches above the dirt line, cause he also believed there was somethin' very valuable in the roots, and thick strong like wooden mature stems of female Marijuana mature bushes, as we liked callin' em.



Yeah, I got to say he was a wild man with those believes and he's had em ever since I took em into an Acapulco giant weed growin' field mountain canyon back in 73', and after that his feelins' bout' the plant has never changed one bit, cause he says the plant and Mother Nature are all tied together for mankind to medically benefit from. And I mean he say's it with conviction, with no bullshit goin' down.

So that's my closest buddy who describes himself as a simple guy by his own admission, but to me and my genius cousin, well we know em to be very complex with a whole lot of compartments of research tucked and neatly stashed away in his head. He has this way out there observin' and thinkin' type mind, and he just wants to use it as best as possible to do good to help others, plain and simple.

But I'll always go back to the big grand-daddy of em all, which was his uncanny military thinkin' mind and ability to push himself to see the complete battlefield of all types of situations from every possible angle. Plus he was all about 'SECURITY PURITY', a phrase he thought up and pounded it at me and the boys in our tight circle.

They say in life that some people are just born with a special gift, and I feel he was. From my standpoint, right from day one of our meetin' in Acapulco, and then years after as I shared up-close stone cold plannin' times with em, he showed me he had this strategical and logistical type plannin' thought process, and never took nothin' for granted, and the deal is for him, he'll say it's no big deal, , but it is!

So with all that I just said, let's go back to the point of me encouragin' my man to open up his mind to learn and understand the life and times of the great and heavily feared Mongolian leader named Genghis Khan. My friend already had a grasp and respect for Winston Churchill and General Patton, and Emiliano Zapata, the famed Mexican freedom fighter who fought for the rights of the poor land owners who were robbed of their property by the Mexican government. Those three were in his mind, but this great world conqueror named Khan from back in the time period of 1200 through approximate 1220's, was a warrior that I felt my buddy would be shocked, yet remain fascinated to learn all he could about em.

The interestin' back story to get David focused on Genghis Khan, turned out to be one of those deals of the second time a~round would be the charm. You see once my buddy got his research mind revved up, he wondered out loud if Ghengis Khan's war time history is taught in all the worlds military war colleges. And when I heard em say that, I knew I had made the right decision to get em interested in this once masterful warrior.

David saw in this guy somethin' that truly made him a leader ahead of his time against those that he was goin' after to conquer. My buddy respected in his own way the ultimate brave warrior instincts of Genghis Khan, but talked about not likin' and believin' in his written a~bout ruthless manner from the killin' of millions of people along the path of his many years of countless victories.

You see he learned from his research many valuable military lessons from this fierce Mongolian warrior, and one he specifically talked to me a~bout was knowin' when an adversary was too tactically and geographically overwhelmin' to take on. That all tied into how David talked often a~bout supply line logistics and how important all the necessary provisions need to be at the ready for each battle, especially if it starts out as a long-haul for the supplies to reach the invadin' army.

D one night in the early 80's just started talkin' round a campfire with me, Howie, Jacob and Cowboy, bout' the fact that one of Genghis Khan's bizarre idiosyncrasies was obtainin' for himself when possible, Chinese undergarments made of silk with extra layers of it sewn together, for the express use of it for all his battles he rode into. Our explorin' educational friend explained the idea behind the silk use, was that it was a tough substance and if any arrow were to strike Genghis, it would not be so easy to penetrate the material, thus act like some form of a shield. Sound familiar!

There was another factor to that idea and that was if any arrow did get through the silk and into the body, the silks strength would hold its form, then the arrow could be removed with the silk intact and greatly reduce~ing the possibilities of any poisons from the arrow breakin' thru his skin and enterin' the bloodstream. When we all heard that, we all just naturally thought that was *effin'* cool.

Our buddy always found interestin' tidbits to teach us about this great but some would say ruthless conquerin' warrior. As for another instance, our boy taught us Genghis Khan had created a mounted courier service, called the Yam.

The leader put together a well-organized series of way stations and post office like houses, and at the height of his conquerin' days, these structures were laid out across his whole empire.

This ingenious system created a movement of business and information to travel long distances with amazin' fluidity and speed. He also used the Yam set up to be his eyes and ears in a wide spread spying operational way. Yeah, like I said, David always had some damn cool stuff to surprise and lay on us, and we always told em to keep it comin'.

This Mongolian leader became a national hero and would be known as the foundin' father of Mongolia, but years later the Soviet Empire didn't think so highly of em. By the 20<sup>th</sup> century, just the mention of his name was banned throughout the Empire and the goal was to stamp out all traces of Mongolian Nationalism.

And to show their total displeasure, the Soviet Empire worked very hard to kill the memory of Genghis Khan by removin' his history from all the school books and any form of literature that could carry on his life for Soviets to learn about. They were literally tryin' to erase history, and as David would say to us, what a waste and shame!

Eventually Genghis Khan's name was restored to the Mongolian history cause the country won independence in the early 1990's. Now his legend lives on in popular culture, plus his name was given to the nation's main airport. And how bout' dat for KARMA!

And now I have to tell ya bout' one last goody of very critical interest that David caught regardin' this brave and tough as nails warrior. This is all centered on what Genghis Khan did with his large army when he began at first to take em into Afghanistan.

Now here's the point of David's critical education that afterwards he passed on to all of us, and now me onto you. This brave fearless leader started drivin' his thousands of men deep into the Afghan mountainous regions, but quickly became aware of how landlocked the terrain was, and it became evident to em that he and his men would be in some

dangerous unknown territory that would be advantageous for the Afghan defendin' country fighters.

Khan recognized quickly how his fightin' forces could be easily set up in unescapable multiple mountainous traps and then be picked off and eventually destroyed by the enemy blockin' his supply lines of replacement weapons and the vital necessity of food and more critically needed warriors to join in the fight.

Khan studied and knew about all his adversary and especially now the Afghanistan fighters and the all-important advantages they held with knowledge of the lay of the land and treacherous hidden secrets of the vast mountainous pathways.

So being a wise ground level fightin' man alongside his troops, this brave but logical leader chose to spare his manpower from death, moral defeat and possibly total destruction at the hands of the Afghanistan people...

One of the ideas David stated to us about this warrior, was that maybe in his history of all the countries Khan rode into and conquered, something led him to follow his instincts to back off makin' a play to conquer Afghanistan.

Multiple invadin' forces over many hundreds of years have tried to take over that country, and none have really succeeded, no actually, they all have failed and failed miserably. And even going back to as recent as 1979, when Russia invaded Afghanistan with the proposed purpose of proppin' up the communist government of the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan against the growin' insurgencies, well it didn't work out so well. As my good buddy explained to us, the Russian forces paid the ultimate price of many dead brave soldiers and spent billions of dollars but still ended up comin' out on the losin' end.

The bottom line as my friend put it, was that history sometimes repeats itself in warfare, and that maybe the Russians should have learned from history long ago, bein' that the Afghan fightin' tribes have always been well dug in throughout their own countryside's. You see my friend is a big believer in the idea that history more often than not can and most likely will repeat itself in one form or another, and he would say to us, if leaders aren't watchful and brutally careful bout' history, they will be the next ones to fall into the losin' end of a trap.

For my methodical and inquisitive researchin' war plannin' minded buddy, well he sees and speaks of Afghanistan as no passive place you're goin' to invade and find it to be some easy cakewalk type push over and end up defeatin'.

Fact is, he taught us well, bein' that lookin' at the geographical lay of the land, and askin' what are we going in there for anyway, especially learnin' a valuable lesson from the Russians and others too, well D feels its best mind your own business, and don't start a mess that's only goin' to get to be a bigger mess.

And he adds to that the idea of invadin' and tryin' to change the countries people's long-standing culture and winnin' over the hearts and minds of em, well he says it's just not a good practical idea, from all logical points of view. I agree, but bein' less polite a~bout it, I say its complete bullshit if ya think you're gonna win over heart and minds of these weaker foreign countries, cause it ain't gonna happen. . . No way, no how, period.

My brother stresses we all better learn and pay close attention to any and all types of battlefield histories, or we're bound to eventually pay the ultimate price later and create an altogether new type of negative sign of history sadly repeatin' itself all over again.

**Thanks for takin' Time  
To Learn of some Worthwhile  
History bout' Genghis Khan**

## **‘What’s Happening? Earth Quake’ - Acapulco, 1973**

This is the story of David and me, TB, goin’ way back in time, havin’ our first ever Earth Quake experience in our lives, although we weren’t together when it happened, but we both got pretty damn shook up and in my case literally and definitely figuratively.

So here’s the deal, my buddy comes runnin’ out of nowhere through the thick woodsy covered area to get to my hidden cabin, and he was just so pumped up, , and me, well I was a half hour earlier sort of crazy out of my freakin’ mind. I mean how could I not be, cause that bad ass quake rocked and rolled the ground I was standin’ on and my so-called wooden log-built style cabin, rattled round like a cheap flimsy match stick hut.

That earth quake was so powerful on my end that my trip wires leadin’ into my cabin door area ‘TRIPPED’, and the after damage I saw what my big spikes did on the door and surroundin’ near area, spelled out clearly to me that my set up was really life disfigurin’ at best, verses lights out, game over to anyone snared.

Big time luck was on my side cause I was inside my cabin and wasn’t comin’ or goin’ through my one and only entrance door at that moment. And my buddy at the time of the big bad quake was walkin’ through a mom and pop little super market and he’s tellin’ me everything started fallin’ off the shelves, and the floor underneath em felt like it was comin’ undone and bouncin’ all round and he said he lost his balance, and I told em I had the same kind of sensation. He’s all animated and excited about it all and the truth was, same sentiments for me. David tells me he eventually got his balance back and then moved quickly to exit the buildin’, and all round em were animals cause this place was a people’s market butcher shop amongst other things they sold inside.

He’s tellin’ me bout’ the animals seemed like they were goin’ crazy, and dogs in the neighborhood were barkin’ and birds were flyin’ wildly all round after apparently gettin’ shook out of their trees, and he even heard a donkey freakin’ out down the road.

This experience was the beginnin’ of a new world that opened up my friend’s mind another notch to Mother Nature, like I could have never imagined.

And what I'm meaning, is after we both left our work behind us in Mexico in 1974, he became almost fixated like bout' learnin' how such an amazin' earth shakin' event could happen.

He was already totally into Mother Nature from workin' in the ocean for hours every day and seein' all the beauty of the rocks and cliffs surroundin' em where he worked, but now this earth quake really had em on point and focused to a new higher degree and even more in tune and sensitive to all of nature and all the wild and tame animals we saw when we ventured up and round the mountains.

So bein' back home he made time between his work at his dad's lumber yard to go to many of the nearby libraries to study whatever he could bout' earth quakes and try to find answers to the most important question he asked himself, and that was what was the triggering event on the planet that caused this wave of earth rattlin' action to happen.

Once he started back in `74, he totally got into his curiosities and nothin' was goin' to stop em. This definitely was the beginnin' of a new world for my inquisitive deep-thinkin' friend, and he went so far as makin' spreadsheet like logs of all the action of places, dates and times he could track down from information the libraries had in specific articles they had bout' earth quakes. Then from doin' all that, he started makin' these crude maps showin' em where the earth quakes took place, and then my man started doin' these charts and grids in an attempt of tryin' to figure out when and where the next quake was gonna possibly happen.

He was no geologist, but he was just fascinated with Mother Nature and began to get protective and pissed off from knowin' bout' all the pollutions and poisons bein' pumped into the air and deep into the earth. He'd say to me and Fitz, that shit can't be good for the planet, and maybe all that bad stuff was a factor to consider causin' these quakes.

He would read all these reports bout' how powerful and deep these quakes were bein' recorded and measured, but he'd admit it was just so overwhelmin' to keep notes and track of it all. But after bout' ten years of careful analysis of his grid charts and maps of past major shakin' events, he'd say there's gotta be some kind of correlation of how deep

and powerful the last ones were, and then in some way predictin' the location of the next comin' quakes.

Hey, I know it all sounds crazy but all those years ago he was in his primitive sort of way studyin' various stuff bout' Mother Nature, and what came out of all that time and energy proved to me and my genius cousin that our friend was one sincere dedicated researcher on a subject matter way outside his expertise, but that drove em on even more to dig in.

Well like I originally said, it all started so many years ago when my best bud David on that very first day couldn't stop talkin' bout' that first ever big-time quake we experienced, but I couldn't stop worryin' bout' the next one possibly comin'. And the point bein' bout' that just made comment, was my trap was a killer, and I'm the dude goin' in and out of that cabin the most, and one trap settin' mistake by me, well then I'm screwed beyond big time whenever I return and that people eater is set to chow down.

I mean to tell ya, on that Earth Quake Day experience, it made me rethink everything bout' my trap one-day accidentally snarin' me, or my best friend, and not the bad guys. David told me straight up I needed to readjust the sensitivity nature of the principle trip wires spring release mechanism, and you know what, I couldn't argue with his totally logical conclusion.

And as life was for David and myself, there seemed to be danger always lurkin' round every corner we traveled in Mexico, but we dealt with it and as D would say sometimes out of the blue, 'Let's kick some ass with positive thoughts'.

My buddy always could make me smile, but more important and he agreed, thankfully we both made it out of Mexico in one piece, and years after our many experiences, it came to me that David's main Man above sent to em a valuable lesson to forever think and care a~bout from that Earth Quake experience. And I also believe I saw it as a real wake up call for my boy to totally wrap his head round the power of Mother Nature and take that stirrin' desire inside of em to learn from Her and protect Her too.

I can clearly say that cause a few years after we both finished our work in Mexico, one day out of the blue David starts talkin' to me and cousin Fitz, sayin', 'The Lord is our Father,



and Mother Nature is our Mother', and then he would end his thoughts with, 'That all Her Giant Oceans are the Womb of the Planet, and all Humanity should do everything they can to show love and respect and protect Her'.

Yeah, so like I said, I believe David was delivered and gladly received totally in Spirit a special one of a kind message from Mother Nature that day of the Quake, and I know my friend and he's never goin' to let go of that lesson, , ever.

~ ~ ~

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## **‘Quantum Leap, Is it at all Really Possible?’**

“Fitz, how soon can you get to a payphone?”

“Which one do you want me to call you at?”

“I’m at the Big Boy Restaurant at Orchard Road and Maple, so call payphone 707.”

“Okay but is everything alright D.”

“Yeah, thanks but we need to talk while it’s fresh.”

“Fresh! What, , ,okay, I’m on my way to a payphone, so give me fifteen minutes.”

“GOOD, , thanks. I’ll be waiting.”

I’m making this call to my good friend Fitz whose working in one of his scientific engineering experimental labs located somewhere in upper Kentucky. I just had had a life mind opening experience with what I am sure was an unexplainable Quantum Leap of sorts or call it a Twilight Zone event if you want, but it was real and I know it happened. I’m definitely not the kind of guy who gets freaked out and has moments of confusion or delusions in life, but I know what happened to me less than fifteen minutes ago, and it’s something I can’t take lightly and brush off. I’m not exaggerating when I say it was some sort of strange time and space movement kind of anomaly, that had the feeling of myself being transported through a vortex, and if it absolutely hadn’t gone down, I’d be dead.

### **WHAT HAPPENED:**

The date is January 15, 1975 and we’ve had a steady wet and freezing snow all morning and the roads are getting slick and starting to create some bad conditions. My windshield wipers and right turn signal are both on and I’m getting ready to turn South onto Halstead Road, where the old rickety corner farm house is where I rent in West Lake, Michigan. I’m coming back after doing some important business for my Israeli buddies and I’ve had

a long and eventful past eighteen-hours. I'm tired but alert, with nothing at all altering my mind's thoughts. I hadn't smoked, drank or had any kind of strong coffee, , nothing, just plain old me operating on my natural abilities and occasional adrenaline bursts like I always have throughout my young life.

I know what I know, so I'll say I can't deny I'm freaked out a little but I'm fine. I know my mind's strength and this sort of shaken up feeling will pass and I'll be my normal easy flowing self in no time, but this event will never be forgotten. But the thing is though, I have to believe that some things happen to people in life that leaves them with maybe some bewilderment and looking for some kind of logical explanation to what took place or happened to them.

I'm sort of half in the camp that I truly feel I've just experienced a combination of a miracle and Quantum Leap event. And what makes me so sure about that, is because just a few months earlier, I was having a face to face discussion with Fitz about Quantum Physics and he talked about the subject freely but I was just all ears and basically clueless.

It all started when I began a research project at my local town libraries to begin learning about the American Revolution. I was a terrible student starting from the first grade and all the way up to graduating high school. I didn't even know that George Washington was the commanding top General who led all the fighting patriots against the mighty kingdom Armies and Navy's of Great Britain, which was ruled by King George the 3<sup>rd</sup>.

What George Washington and Quantum Leap have in common is what my friend Fitz pointed out to me during my research about him and the American Revolution. As I began taking in and eating up all the 1776 wars history books, among many of the treasures I found out about was the thousands of letters that soldiers wrote in their sad and truthful diaries, and that's where I began to pick up interesting facts that Fitz told me to pay close attention to. And those facts were that thousands of war veterans wrote and swore that literally during their shared ground battles with General Washington against the British, he rode on his horse and charged into battles with a fearless fervor and almost a reckless like abandonment and never was wounded by a bullet or pierced by a charging British soldier's bayonet.

It was after these points of enlightenment about our countries first President, did I first even hear about what Fitz called this man receiving Divine Intervention and going through Quantum Leap mechanic events. I remember our conversations but my brilliant buddy was talking about ideas and formulas about equations relevant to time and space, put forth by geniuses like Albert Einstein, so I was way over my head and out of my league even hearing about these Quantum Leap ideas.

Only super smart people like Fitz would understand the language he was speaking to me about, but I paid attention even though when he spoke about one of Einstein's theories of Quantum Entanglement and how it all comes together, he lost me completely again.

General George Washington himself wrote and stated when he charged into battles, he seemed to feel there was some sort of presence guiding and watching over him. Yeah sure, sounds incredible but go out and study and learn for yourselves and be amazed like I became. Can the thousands of letters written by soldiers over the years be a giant lie, a pile of BS designed to enhance General Washington's stature of bravery and strength, well I will answer my own question to you with a big fat NO.

I'm saying and writing all of the above because without Fitz being my motivator to learn about the American Revolution from us just having a simple conversation the first time we met eight months earlier, I wouldn't have even thought to go to several home town libraries to start studying and getting aware of all the important history of that time period for America.

All I know is, I became my own honor student digging and pushing myself to find out about our country's history, and from the simple pleasure of going to libraries all my life, I luckily opened my mind up in ways I never could have imagined.

Fitz by far is the most Brainiac intelligent guy I've ever met, and I'm convinced he knew what he was doing by pushing me to learn about George Washington, because I sense he knew I would connect the dots about the diary letters and then he could begin to open up my mind to his research about Quantum Leap Physics and Divine Intervention.

So here I am now, nineteen minutes earlier from escaping what I'm sure was my certain death on the highway from an out of control garbage truck heading straight at me. I know what I know, and I can't deny the reality what I know I'm telling you I experienced.

As my mind saw everything developing, my heart rate seemed to slow way down, not speeding up in any type of panicking way, and my peripheral vision expanded to a dimension I've never experienced before. Then it was as if time had slowed down, even stopped could be the best way to say it, and all the while I could see with great detail the giant front end of that garbage truck within now twenty-five feet coming head on at me.

I also remember right when my heart rate changed and my vision expanded very wide and deep, because that's when my hearing throughout my head vibrated into a soothing but loud pitch all over my body. The next thing I know I'm way off to the left side of the road, sitting in my car feeling this uncertain sense of absolutely no control of my entire being, and this lasted for about thirty seconds of time.

After that my heart began to really pound but I was able to mentally take control now, and with my breathing exercises like I've done for many years, get it back to normal. Then Fitz and his Quantum Leap thoughts and talks we had together started flooding into my mind. Something then happened where my instincts said for me to get out of my car and feel the ground beneath my feet. Once out I started jumping up and down to really get my circulation going, I even slapped my face back and forth with each open hand to see what kind of sensation I would feel.

I, , I guess you could say I was feeling literally back on my feet, so I then after looking around and rehashing over in my mind what just happened, got back in my car and then headed East to get to the nearest designated payphone to call Fitz and tell him what I absolutely believed just happened. He was the only one I sincerely knew to call and talk with and explain what I just opened up writing here.

My big buddy, TB, would be a good listener but that's as far as it would go plus I would like to share this with my brother too, but I feel he would be just like T, and I don't want them to think there's something wrong with me or whatever else might come into their thoughts.

So be real with me, how do you explain this kind of occurrence to friends or just ordinary folks without them looking back at you as if your plain old nuts. Okay, so I think you understand that talking to T and my brother at this early point in this bizarre occurrence, wouldn't suit any purpose at all.

I know what I know, and because of my own curiosity developed and brought along by Fitz months earlier, I had learned more about Quantum Physics than I ever could have imagined. And something just happened to me that I'm sure has happened to millions of others throughout the planet's origins and I'm so thankful that this Leap and Divine Intervention took place just the way it did.

I've got to be patient now and keep everything current in my mind as I wait for Fitz to call one of our many designated numbered payphones, I signaled him to do. We're now at 22 minutes and counting, and I'm anticipating Fitz's call will be coming very soon.

I know for a fact I experienced a dramatic abrupt and sudden advancing change in time and space, and I can sincerely live with that reality, and maybe talk about it one day with anyone who cares to listen, because I know the truth.

## *A Quantum Leap Snippet*

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## **‘He’s just like Poppa’ - Sept. 29, 1976**

I’m out in the back area of my big barn where I’m preppin’ and organizin’ my truck for our weed harvestin’ activities for tonight. From a distance I hear David givin’ me his two-rapid and then long third holdin’ horn honk signal we’ve worked out, tellin’ me he’s arrived. I run up to catch em to tell em to go a~head and park behind the barn as usual. He’s parked there more often than the front area and that’s cause we’ve set up the barn to have just about the same creature comforts as a normal house, but with a wide open breezy and big spacious feel to it. So yeah, the barn just naturally became our hang out of choice.

D’s moving pretty quick past me in his putrid yellow rusting Ford Pinto station wagon, and I’m now chasin’ after em to greet em. He generally drives like a conservative old do~ting grandfather but today its medal to the petal time, and just like jumpin’ jack flash, he’s parked in backwards like he always does and then movin’ out the car door. And out of the dust I see my favorite little buddy, Benji, who’s just jumped out of his poppa’s driver’s seat and is now sprintin’ full speed up to me after I gave em one loud shout out of his name. I’m tellin’ ya, I’m smilin’ here big cause I down, dirty and straight up here with ya, just flat out love that very young happy dog.

He’s closin’ in fast on me, and I’m yellin’ out, ‘How ya doin’ little Ben, it’s good to see you again’. I’m hunchin’ over now and about to scoop em up, when David yells out a quick reminder to me, ‘Nails < T > Nails’. I come back at em, ‘GOTCHA, , THANKS’.

What that was all about, is that I keep my thumbs and index nails extra-long and use a special glue to keep em strong and pointy sharp. Okay, so, one time I had a dumb ass screw up when I poked Ben accidentally in his rib cage area as I tried to scoop em up, so sometimes I need a quick shout out reminder, like David just did. The day I hurt my little buddy I swear I was so upset with myself, but I can’t tell ya how relieved I was that Ben never held my stupid careless messed up move against me, and always still after that painful incident I caused, he just as always comes runnin’ to me with all the same love. And man do I love that dog, , I mean I can’t say it enough.

So in my hunched over position, I carefully pick em up and he's scramblin' round in my hands tryin' to get his face near my face to land one of his flickin' out tongue kisses he wants to give me.

I bring em in close and he's goin' wild lickin' my face all over, tellin' me how much he loves me, and I'm diggin' every second of it. I gotta admit it's the greatest feelin' for a guy like me to have such a heartwarmin' lovin' spirit so close or just near bye.

Months earlier when David first found em and started bringin' Ben over cause I asked em to, I had to be careful with the lift up move cause he was so young and flat out unable to control his excitement, so he would squirt wild pee shots out of his little pecker and those sprinkles of love the very first time landed all over my face. Hey, I didn't give a shit cause I loved that smiling little guy the very first second I laid eyes on em, so that was that, piss in the face and all. And ya know, I guess that's truly what unconditional love means comin' from both sides. . . Yeah, I think so.

Anyway, after that first-time experience, I learned to hold little Benji at a distance away from me until he calmed down and had all that leaky faucet *bin'ness* out, and after I could bring em in close as ever for all those hugs and kisses we each gladly gave to one another. So tell me, am I crazy to tell ya how much I love this little guy? I mean is it even possible a person can't differentiate lovin' his dog so much that they think of them as a family member? Well, I'll easily answer that question, Ben was like a son to me and David, and this sweet dog made me smile and feel loved and want to give it equally back, and besides all that, he made me feel really good inside, so what else can I say.

I didn't grow up round dog's that much in my life other than some big bad ass junk yard type guard dogs, but this little wonder changed all my feelins' bout' this wonderful peaceful animal. After Ben and me had our first meetin', I asked David to please always bring the little guy along so we could all hang out together whenever I was in town.

These two were meant for each other, but it was a miracle and I say that cause David found Ben in the middle of a two-way street in mid-March during a late season strong snow storm.



Ben's baby fur coat was as white as the fresh fallen snow, but luckily David picked up some strange movement goin' on just after the city bus he was drivin' behind literally passed over this movin' little object. As David got closer, he told me he slowed his car down to try and make out what he thought he was seein' cause at first, he wasn't totally sure. Then it hit em and that's when he completely stopped the slow roll he was in cause he knew for sure it was a tiny dog.

His instincts fired up sayin' it's time for a rescue mission, so he totally braked and then jammed the car gears into PARK and left it runnin', then quickly jumped out and ran to pick this beautiful lovin' puppy up and get them both to safety in his little station wagon. Every~thing was happenin' pretty damn fluidly, and all systems were a GO.

He then put it in Drive and drove off with this lucky little guy cradled in his lap, and durin' it all makin' quick glances down to check out the greatest and coolest tiny livin' gift he would ever find in his life.

True as the sky is above ya, this all happened and I'm like a proud dad now, well okay, step-dad, tellin' ya how it all went exactly down.

I mean this was a pure case in life where a righteous beautiful event happened that brought for David and myself a forever lov~ing little creature that brought joy into our lives, and it's all just so great to feel this love.

Ah man, I'm gettin' sappy as you know what here, but what the heck, it's real, it's right on, and we both thank God David was given a gift of live that day.

Alright, so I got to tell ya a funny story about Ben and David's carin' mom. So here we had a situation where David, me and the boys had to be out of town for about a week, but David could only get away for eight-four hours at best.

My buddy used to have to walk a tight thin line with some, well sort of white lies as we used to call em, meanin' givin' his parents some wild carefully thought out excuses of why he was leavin' town, but generally his mom and dad didn't challenge em and fortunately all our out of town business worked out safely. This was another time he needed to tell em

he's leavin' again and ask his parents if they wouldn't mind if young Ben could stay with em for the short duration.

His mom just totally adored Ben and so did his dad, so she just said bring em over, no problem. Well hold your horses cause actually that first night there was a problem, , oh yeah, a big problem. You see Ben was Just Like Poppa, stealth like and flash~ing quick when necessary, as like the wings on a hummin' bird in flight. So what happened was the little rascal on the first night snuck out the split second his mom opened the house back door that led to the attached garage, cause she was there to greet his dad who was arri~vin' inside the garage with his car.

So that's when Benji's made his stealth move out the first door, which was sort of semi-blocked by David's mom, and as told to D, she was tryin' to block the little rascal from gettin' a~round her. Next, Ben completes the speed acceleration move by dartin' just in time to get underneath the wide automatic garage door that was closin' down fast.

If that little Wiley Coyote had been a second slower, the big heavy dangerous door would have ended his escape, or even worse, seriously hurt our little rascal. But Ben was lucky cause he made it thru the house door and then the garage door, and now his jail break to freedom was complete, BUT the worryin' for his mom was now just beginnin'.

Oh man, we felt bad when we learned weeks later that his mom was more than shook up, cause her fear was he might get lost and never find his way home.

Yep, that was what Ben did to David over the years with his runnin' off and leavin' em wonderin' if he'd ever see em again. So that night as a growin' adventurous puppy, Ben disappeared into the light fallin' snowfall like a bat out of hell, and runnin' free like the wind.

WOOSH, gone, no sight, no sound, no nothin', and his mom's now out there callin' for em in the dark with a large flashlight and umbrella and getting' no response.

Well, so, luckily several hours later young little Ben comes back home, doin' a little doggy kind of LET ME IN BARK and scratchin' his puppy paw nails on the lower area of the aluminum back portion of the house screen door.

The minute his mom heard the noise and then opened the door and saw em, she couldn't have had a happier and more relieved moment if she had won the lottery.

Benji was cold, dirty and wet from the fine misty snowy like drizzle and excuse the pun, but beat down dog tired. And for D's mom, well she was just beyond happy the little rascal was back home and safe, so that's all that mattered in those moments.

She picked the little guy up and they went directly to the kitchen sink where she gave em a warm soothin' big time cleanup bath. But before she even started, she asked David's dad to throw two bath towels in the dryer to warm em up, so Ben would have a warm special treat when the cleanup was all done.

Now I got to say David did advise her to watch the little guy, cause he from his own experience found out early on just like the original day he found em, that Ben was a pure minded free-spirited runner, and what I'm really meanin' to say, is he liked his freedom just like his father and me, and that I can say is an understatement.

*Yep, Just Like Poppa*

*Please Scroll Down*

# ‘In A Blink of an Eye’ 2050

~ ~ ~

Go Deeper with me Now, into the possible Future

*A few years after the many multiple devastating EMP and nuclear suitcase dirty bomb attacks in 2025, the dust from them was settling, and a new type of super impenetrable Internet world was being developed together by Israel and the United States, but it needed lots of time before it could be deemed totally safe from any type of enemy disabling incursion.*

Safeguards for the new Internet were beyond anything like before, because new safety measures were being designed into the complex system. It was sharp enough to have hacking markers that would give off identifying Internet addresses and then that would allow for tracking and literal human capturing to take place almost immediately.

There was a new creation of a Worldwide Security Internet Enemy Task Force, (WSIETF) given the absolute legal rights to bust down doors, and or do whatever was necessary to find any and all the criminals terrorists involved in any sort of enemy plotting & hacking. The penalties for such egregious terrorist activities would become a sure-fire death sentence if found guilty, and the reason behind the severity was done so it would become a strong deterrent for others to even think about getting involved. These were serious matters facing all nations, and the problem needed to be addressed without any time being wasted.

*Actual International Hacking Treaties* were created and signed by all Nations and this was seriously needed to protect more threats from any lingering terrorist states and rogue groups still out there.

*So until that special technology* was totally ready to be opened up and online, the United States remained off the world wide grid but remained in touch with all the super power countries, with the use of the temporary **RED PHONE** communication systems set up

after the nuclear strikes, similar to what it all was like in the real cold war days, circa 1950's and 60's.

*The superpowers* would begin a new era and would find mutual understanding going forward after the nuclear strikes, but trust would remain always a serious issue, yet, and fortunately *Cooler heads would begin to prevail*.

*I am not being simplistic with every word written above*, no, in fact it's a matter of being realistic regarding the future if the proper steps aren't taken by the powers that are just as aware of the developing problem as I and a few close trusting associates were back then. Between the war path that idiotic politicians and non-elected asshole bureaucrats, America was setting up to finally screw the pooch beyond the pale. It all made me so viscerally angry regarding the main stream media said nothing about the insanity that was daily taking place with the war mongering fools in Washington D.C.

Fact was, everyone who cared to pay attention from 2001 to up to the big events in 2025 had to know we were truly living in dangerous times, and none of our national security agencies were taking anything lightly, but the threats by mid-2020 were coming in from so many areas they became overwhelming and almost impossible to keep tabs on all of them.

I feel I'm giving enough detail and don't need to complicate the message, but other than to say, your friends who are your allies are not always forever your allies, and those that work in the dark have never been and never will be your allies, and they must be stopped. Pay attention to the villainous activities of the globalist and NGO's, and the WEF, the Wallstreet money hungry pig bankers, plus the greedy loathing Clintons and the father and son Soroses, and even the United Nations scum bags, and do whatever is necessary to shed extreme light on them ALL or they will win, believe it!

I hope all my words here and above are very clear!

***And please realize this, these coming attacks  
can still be Stopped!***

*More Coming,*

In A  
'Blink of an Eye'  
2050

Please Scroll Down

# **‘Hillsdale Michigan, Who’da Thunk!’**

**Sometime in the late 90’s**

*In a little cottage up in Northern Michigan, David and Katie are finishing dinner and chatting away, when all of a sudden, the subject turns to why people can’t let go of their anger. It is David who wants to get something off his chest relating to that topic because somethings been bothering him and he just can’t get this particular memory and experience out of his head.*

*She has sort of an idea but he came flat out and clears the air and tells her it’s the incident when he was robbed of his life savings in 1991 and he was just barely able to control his deep festering and seething dangerous capable anger.*

*Trying carefully to choose the right words, he describes and tells her of his mental state of mind that just organically took over. He never wanted or meant to hold on to this anger for so long, but he just couldn’t let go of it or more like it wouldn’t let go of him. Like so many other things that had happened before in his life, this was one serious challenge he had to learn to deal with and he felt at times he was losing the mental battle but he wasn’t quitting. He never had any such stoppage in him and this was one dude who could be down but not out. Katie listens carefully as he speaks;*

“I had spun so out of control, I, , I was at times incapable of thinking clear and I really knew it but couldn’t help myself anymore.” He paused right there to think for a few seconds because of the brutal honesty that he just opened up with, then,

“Listen to this for an example of how far over the edge I went. One moonless night, reasonably deep future body dumping dirt holes were started by TB and me, out in a quiet seven-foot-high maturing cornfield way out in a small city called Hillsdale, Michigan. This sleepy little place was a distant southern Michigan small farming community and I had scouted it before for a future weed planting site for me and O’Dool.

There was some good east to west corn fields out in this beautiful area and that’s exactly what we looked for to grow in. On my first trip before any kind of body holes or any of my

crazy thinking began, just by accident or luck, I met this sweet young lady at a gas station and we hit it off and that naturally started us up, so I began making trips out there to be with her.

We were enjoying ourselves with romantic picnics, lots of laughing and just being free and easy, all the while I found Hillsdale to be totally in the middle of nowhere so I kept it in the back of my mind for future years to plant in.

It really was a nice summer with her and in the meantime, me and O'Dool were set up with plenty of other corn fields closer to our homes, so that met our basic planting needs, so as the expression goes, all was well on the Western Front.

Okay, so now fast forward a few years and place my life in a full chaos mode from being financially ripped off and from that boondoggle, came the mental outburst of the digging of those two holes. Katie, I knew what I was doing but my anger had a life of its own and I felt at times like I was living in a twilight type zone, and I just couldn't get out of it.

The first night of TB and me digging didn't get the job done, so our second and final night of some really hard work, was when we reached my goal of two body holes each three feet deep, five feet long and almost two feet wide.

We took a week in between digs on account of TB had this idea that he could talk me out of my crazy and anger filled rage, but thanks but no thanks was my attitude!

He and I for the first time in our lives were in complete role reversals and having some serious face to face debates about the merits of my desires. I totally understood his point of view, yet I was on the path of daily thinking out the complete plan of attack, from different ways of flushing them out, then trapping and capturing them, to the next steps of neutralizing, securing and then transporting them to the holes, and. Well, I'm sure you get the picture, so Nuff Said.

I have to admit Katie, that something mentally happened to me from all my life hardening experiences from living and working years ago in Acapulco, and, , ah shit, that past life all ties into how my mind came to the conclusion of what to do about these two guys.”



After those words, there was a calm silence but Katie knew she just needed to let her friend talk all of this out, and she was right.

“Like I said, I was so far gone and over the edge that TB could only shake his head in disbelief but continue to work alongside of me, because that’s how we operated, being each other’s wingman whenever needed, no matter what. Well so anyway, as we were finishing digging the two holes, we could have sworn, and I’m not kidding around here, that we thought we heard the sound of a growling big menacing animal. Albeit, this noise felt like it was off in the far distance, we both later in the car joked and spooked ourselves into thinking it was some sort of large jungle cat because that’s exactly what we thought for sure we heard.

So this is the crazy kicker of it all, because as it turns out there was supposedly a very large black panther roaming wild out there and spotted later by farmers right in that vicinity where we were digging the holes.

Sightings and reporting by local farmers about this loose panther to the authorities led to lots of news crews from many miles around to come out, plus the Fish and Wild life professionals got in on the action too. I mean they had their people up in helicopter’s searching all over the area for this elusive creature, or whatever it was.

So anyway, this was really big news for a week or so, and as TB months later said to me, it was good timing because it allowed for a forced cooling off period I drastically needed.

He was right in so many ways, especially when he was counseling me to give my evil revengeful thoughts a rest. He knew I was getting counsel from my dad too, and I told TB my father suggested having a meeting with his attorney, so to get the best legal advice on how to go after these two punks who swindled me.

I gave into the big guy after his wise chats, and talked to my dad with a much more open mind which led eventually to meet with Mr. Harris, who was my dad’s best friend since they were just little boys growing up, and now he’s a very successful low key but well-known Michigan criminal lawyer.

This man and I developed a sincere respectful working relationship during our time together and eventually I opened up to him about many of our past clandestine operations TB and the boys and I carried out together over the years. I also confided in him that my close friend and I were in the middle of cracking open these guy's individual offices and files, like a cheap bottle of discount wine.

So to say the least, Mr. Harris was shocked and totally advised against this behavior but there was no stopping me at that point on that part of my personal need for action. Meeting him was a good thing, but stopping the spying, no way, because it just wasn't in the cards, if anyone out there knows what I mean.

Again, TB was going along with me but when I told him what Mr. Harris said, he got that certain look in his eyes and then said to me we should take his advice, but NOPE was my resolute answer back to him.

He would shake his head and call me a stubborn old mule, but we carried on with three in-out full spying set ups, and once in gear we never had one disagreement and actually enjoyed our deeds.

During these talks with Mr. Harris, he and I got to be good buddy's and it became really easy to open up with him and the truth was, I needed that. It all was kind of like a healing and cathartic experience for me and at the same time, it eased my pain and quieted my take no prisoner thoughts."

Katie is sitting close to David and is listening carefully and at times shaking her head with a kind of shocked look on her face. He keeps on talking.

"Mr. Harris helped me gain my mental footing back and eventually he came to realize that these guys were real slick white-collar criminals and had to be put in their place. One of them was working some very serious white-collar criminal activities that the other partner didn't even know about." Right there David pauses to think back, but then,

“Cutting to the chase, this guy was defrauding much bigger fish than me, banks to be exact and very easily getting away with it with his schemes, but I just jumped ahead of how I came away knowing any and all that about him.” Another thinking back pause, then,

“So backing up a step or two or three, our goals for the office break-ins were to gather copies of files, and wire up some very tiny voice activated plate head screw microphones that cousin Fitz made for me after I presented one of my wild spy gadget inventions to him some years earlier. (The Mini-Camera Sensor Technology was added years later) This was an incredible tiny device that you could be looking right at, thinking nothing about it, other than it’s a normal looking electrical wall plate screw that keeps the cover in its place. But baby, it was far more than that!”

As Katie heard clearly what David just said, she didn’t have a clue what he was talking about, and she asked him to explain. At first he told her he thought he was clear, but from her natural way of knowing how to coax her man, she got him to open up.

“Well obviously you’ve gathered we’re not dealing with any ordinary little metal screw, so from that, visualize this little screw and the top rounded area is the mini microphone pickup, and as you taper down there are two mini-thin attached filament and copper wires, one for the simple splicing into the power source, and the other is used to send the audio pickups to a relay station we mounted onto their phone lines, and then that’s transmitted to Fitz’s receiving junction technology. And the little copper string I mentioned, well its highly technical to describe, so I’m not going to even begin to go further... Now my dear, I’m sure you can use your imagination from this point on to figure out basically what I just spoke of, so my sweetest of sweet, Nuff Said.”

But Katie didn’t want to use her imagination, and she asked David to explain that entire rig`a`marole, as she called it, in more depth. He came back with a formative NO, and now she knew best to just chill out, stop pushing him and let it be. They never argued, just had differences like all good folks, and always carried on afterwards mellowly.

“We put inside on all the phones some newly designed miniature tapping devices that Fitz also created just for this operation, and their transmissions were feathered in with the

wall screw phone relays, so we were really cooking with some ballsy super bugging new state of the art toys. We had these two dudes blanketed with surveillance, so I just had to be patient and continue to get all the goods on these guys to show they were dirty.”

“Well any normal breathing human being would be really pissed off if practically all their investment money was beyond poorly managed.”

“Yeah, that’s a nice way of putting it, so we’ll leave it at that. But the truth is, it was much more than your soft wording explanation, and that’s why at times I was surrendering myself to evil thoughts regarding the holes in the corn fields.”

“Obviously something in you snapped.”

“Yes, you’re right on, and a lot of that can be attributed to how my past wild times in Mexico drastically in all sincerity hardened and changed my life in many ways.”

“You’re a good person and have a good caring heart, so don’t be so hard on yourself all the time David. Lighten up and loosen up, and all that Chaz.”

“Listen to you, but, sure, I get it, and you’re right again. So moving on my dear, when it was all said and done we uncovered all the proof we eventually needed, from paper trails to voice incrimination, along with other very simple basic ‘101’ acts of criminal enterprising action, which left us in a position that now we could bury these guys legally, and not in our two holes in a faraway field.”

“I remember when you told me something big is going to break in your case, but you weren’t really specific.”

“Yes, I remember that time, and it was because my lawyer after hearing and seeing the black and white proof for himself, couldn’t believe what we uncovered.”

David looks out into space again thinking back to that period of time. Katie doesn’t want to interrupt because she knows her friend has more to clear his mind of and realizes it’s best to let him get it all out. He never loses focus and begins again.

“All that negative energy we had to expend just for to gather the facts and prove all the wrongdoing and slick criminal activity, well I can tell you that that period of time exhausted me mentally but fortunately I didn’t stray over the line of an eye for an eye.”

“No you didn’t and thank God.”

“You’re right, no question about it. It all worked out because we came away with tons of vital information and leads to find other victims and begin interviews with them to put a solid criminal raw case together. It was a very stressful patch of life, but it’s over now.”

“I remember you back then and you did seem tense and not your usual laid-back self, but you wouldn’t talk much to me, other than that one time I just mentioned, so hearing all of this now is a bit shocking.”

“I apologize now for back then because I know I was sometimes an irritable kind of guy.”

“Well who wouldn’t be pissed off.”

“It was tough mentally going, but for me I can only say my saving grace was having TB alongside with me, and the expertise of Fitz’s genius handmade gadgetry, because that allowed us to use our skill sets and execute our plan. The fact was, these two guys who robbed me had no idea of my background and what I was capable of doing with TB, or if need be, without him.”

David pauses again to round out his thoughts because he has a little more on his mind.

“When the FBI came in and raided their office, those two guys never saw it coming, so they didn’t have time to shred any documents, and especially the one guy who was doing far more bad things to innocent businesses and people who trusted him.”

Katie is all ears, not saying a word as she continues to listen.

“They say that everything happens for a reason, so I can only say that I’m glad things worked out exactly like they did back then, or who knows what the events would have turned out like.

I thank God for T's pushing me to take my dad's advice and talk to his best friend. This was such a big role reversal, in that I was always the one using our basic but strong Mantra of '*Cooler Heads Must Prevail*', , but I sure lost my ways big time during those dark days."

David goes quiet after those personal heavy feelings but all the while is looking directly into Katie's eyes, then after the brief pause he has more to let out.

"Katie, you have no idea how bad these guys messed me financially up and many others too who were foolish, naïve and totally unsuspecting. I remember thinking about that forever passed down Karma saying, '*WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND*', and I often wondered would it ever really happen to these two greedy guys."

"I believe in Karma and yours and TB's is always good because of the things you guys try to do to help people in need."

"I try Katie, and TB's turned into one really big generous and righteous giver and his boys are always involved too,"

"The boys meaning Howie, Jacob and Cowboy."

"Yes, they're always with us, plus you can damn well include a lot of good Karma heavy hitters TB hired and worked tight with over the years."

"You have such respect for all his men but they seem like the type that would scare away any normal person. I mean am I wrong or,"

"No-no, but they're good human being's my dearest, so we'll just keep it at that."

"I understand,"

"And let me say this Katie, if TB ever makes the call with the special code referring to 'Mount Up' to all these men scattered around the globe, well look the hell out for a righteous storm waiting for their next orders after the call."

"It definitely sounds like all his past and present men are really dedicated to him,"

“To each other is the way T and myself like to think and put it, but I know they have a great deal of love and respect for the big guy, so.”

“I actually feel what you’re saying, sincerely.”

“Listen sweetheart, it’s their code they live by, of Strength, Honor and Truth. I know over time I’ve always spoken about the word Righteous, because that’s the foundation of the code.”

After David’s remark, there was a comfortable quiet pause, but then David had one more thing to say.

“The silver lining of those stressful times, was I became I thought good friend’s with the young Christian Italian owner that got stung by one of the guys also, and in my heart, I would do anything today to help him if he ever reached out and asked.

Yeah, it was a tough patch for both of us, but we worked together and survived it all. His name was Bubba, and he was a good guy and I hope he’ll always know I’m glad I met him.”



## **‘Heaven on Earth’ - Feb 1, 2001**

Except for unbelievable nerve combined with special skills by a well-versed daredevil of a helicopter pilot, nobody would or could manage to ever fly into such a jagged edged mountainous highly uncharted region of Tibet, let alone find a safe spot and land. But my cousin TB had the nerve and much more from his daily routine of living life on the edge. And so on this day he was at the controls of one of his own custom equipped choppers with an old and dear Tibetan Monk friend. This special set up chopper was one of two he kept securely placed in remote undisclosed areas but if something arose that required him to be up and flying and he wasn't near one of his baby's, his vast contacts never failed to come through for him with whatever means of transportation he required.

The two good friends were both now comfortably perched sitting on a giant bolder, which was deeply forged into the mountainside probably when dinosaurs roamed the earth. Each friend was sitting comfortably on a thick woven sheep wool skin square that was almost as comfortable as a Lazy Boy couch. And as TB described for me, the guys were looking out at breathtaking panoramic views of snowcapped spectacular mountains that gave you the feeling of the closest thing to Heaven on Earth.

In that peaceful place, TB was listening carefully as his old Monk friend spoke words of wisdom and passed on experiences of his own that helped him find that elusive peaceful place his mind was now finally in.

There were absolutely no secrets between these two very different men and this was something very important that had been taking place for many years. The now old sweet Monk in his youth was a rebel and then went on to have many years of deadly combat experiences, but all that changed in the early seventies when his entire human experience was touched by God and a life changing event.

Now after many years previously trying to help TB, the old wise man was being asked for guidance again by him. You have to understand, T wanted so much to find that elusive place the Monk so often talked about, which was to experience that joyous rebirth of life for himself, and find a calmer more relax flow and rhythm to live in.



On a number of occasions over the years, TB has done many important favors to help his Monk friend along with his many fellow gentlemen associates.

Inside their very secure and private inner circle world, they had many Tibetans *Causes* that always had political implications, but TB never asked any questions or had any hesitation to get involved and help. Some would say they were hypocrites for whatever reason they used the big guy for, but Cousin T knew their *Cause* was always a just *Cause* and that was good enough for him.

With his own eyes he can see down below in a valley a cascading waterfall with over seven hundred feet of free-falling fresh water, and that sight of pure nature didn't even reach the bottom of this mountain. Past the landing area where the waterfall bottomed onto a strong earth and rock base, it then ran off onto little streams providing usable water for nestled in dwellers all along the waters path.

TB could take out his binoculars and use them to see another half a mile down to where the mountain base first started. As he slowly used them to scope out the bottom of the mountain, in his viewing lenses were a plethora of sights that immediately translated a wonderful warm feeling of peace and tranquility. As he scoped it all out, he could see a perfectly calm lake glistening from the sun rays and all along the banks were the wild life of the region.

A large herd of Llamas gathered by the north end of the lake with some of them drinking and others grazing or just standing around and enjoying life. Not far maybe a quarter mile away, T could see three small assorted river rock hand-built homes. Each one had a little chimney on their side and he could see smoke coming out of one of them, along with kids playing off to the side and a man was tending a garden. Behind the house was a clothesline with many things hanging from it.

Moving his binoculars very slowly from the clothesline, he could see a little fenced in corral with four mules and what looked to be some sort of holding pen for a dozen or so chickens. A couple of midsize dogs were strolling not far from these chickens and probably were trained to be security guards for the animals and the first alarm system for the

families. TB was really taking in all the sights with his naked eyes and the binoculars, all the while feeling very relaxed and exactly where he wanted to be.

All along this giant deep valley mountainside are spectacular vegetation growths that create the plush green peaceful colors one could ever imagine. As his eyes go higher up he can see how the air thins out and the vegetation begins to become sparser and the entire temperature is dropping.

Continuing to look higher up with the binoculars, the vegetation completely disappears and the sight of scattered snow on rock ledges is visible.

When the eyes reach higher to the sky, they are greeted with the beauty of jagged snow-capped mountaintops where no man has ever been. The sky seemed to be resting on top of these peaks and the clouds are scattered everywhere the eye can see. My cousin told me that the thought came over him that if he couldn't find peace here, where could he. But he had found peace and he loved every second of it.

He arrived in Tibet just after he took time off for one week of needed rest due to a longer than expected gun for hire campaign he and his men waged in a dangerous part of the world and then a short but important tour for needed research with David had to be done in the mountains of Bogota Colombia.

His recent battles against treacherous kidnappers and terrorists had left him edgy and more physically tired than usual, but he still had the true desire to search and find that inner peace that David has always been telling him about, as was the same for his Monk friend too. Now he felt ready and wanted to find the true meaning of inner tranquility along with the goal of holding on to it.

He knew down deep that if he were going to turn his life around from being a true warrior, places like Tibet and people like David and the Monk were going to have to be the choice of where and who he should always be around.

I'm just a sort of ghost writer of this chapter, because my cousin did most of the writing, and David and myself have to say we were really impressed with his detailed amazing

memory. There was much more that maybe I could have written, but he captured all the beautiful ambiance and relayed his peace finding mission perfectly.

In closing, my dear good-hearted cousin didn't want me writing this, but no expenses and gifts were spared for his Monk friend and family. TB went on an unknown journey with his trusted friend, and once arriving at what he called a pristine space in time along with wise words of wisdom taken in, he now began new inner peaceful feelings and thoughts.

*Welcome to Heaven on Earth*

*Please Scroll Down*

# **‘The Why Answer for Resolution Op Campbell Soup’**

June 7, 1999

The beautiful young lady had shoulder length black wavy flowing hair. The only light in the room was coming from the flickering candle on the bedroom night stand. She was sitting picture posed naked across from the bed, on a cushioned raton chair. The oscillating fan would come around on its cycle and move the breeze across her velvet tanned skin. She sat there watching her new male friend toss and turn and rattle off some mumbling sounds in his sleep. She could only wonder what was going on in his mind but for all practical purposes, they were total strangers and she knew nothing of his life.

The fact was, they had just met each other on the beach eleven hours earlier but connected almost immediately in such a comfortable way, that they just couldn't help themselves. They had a fun pleasant day, a block-buster movie night and then settled in to explore passion and pleasure. He was tender and loving and made her feel wonderful and totally satisfied but he had suffered from an old male highly sensitive area injury that sometimes like this night, didn't allow him a total man's feeling of strength and pleasure but she was mature beyond her year's and was very caring to the situation.

She was twenty-eight years younger and yet felt very attracted to him and she could sense the feeling was mutual. They were both playful and energetic on the beach and later talking up a storm while bar-b-queuing dinner. There was a comfort level obvious to both just by the way they were freely exchanging stories with each other about their lives and life in general. All the fun and straight talk put genuine smiles and laughter in the air and at other times a comfortable silence came around and this too was like they've known each other for years. While sitting in the chair, she couldn't get out of her mind the things they shared all day and an hour ago just laying in bed together talking so non chalant after sharing a beautiful sensual time.

All these new fresh hours of life spent with him were very relaxing and enjoyable. She felt fulfilled by his passion he gave to her and she found him even more attractive by the way

he openly dealt with his problem. He told her that at times in the past, his situation made for awkward circumstances but she recalled he said everything felt so natural and easy for him to communicate with her and this brought out more passion from him.

Eventually she had the urge to get back in bed and cuddle up and spoon behind him, to see if she could help bring a calming to his apparent dreaming discomfort.

Her cool body nuzzled up to his warm back and they gradually became nicely matched up and this seemed to ease his restlessness down. He awakened gently and felt her body ever so slowly covering his entire backside. Her hand gently came around and found the middle of his chest. Her little fingers opened up and playfully ran down his chest and down over his ribs to just below his belly button. He felt a new fire inside and was dammed if he wasn't going to act on it. She could feel the awakening rhythm of his body and all in one fluid motion, he lifted her up and put her on top, being bare chest to chest.

He knew his body well enough to realize his wild new outburst of pure lust would carry through for a good pleasurable time onto every inch of her accepting body and spirit.

The pure act of wild passion was fulfilling for each this time and they would both eventually fall into a restful deep sleep back in the spooning position. This time he was behind and his hands wrapped ever so gently and protecting around her. She slept with a wonderful smile on her being and he the same, with this time no bad dreams.

Later that morning, sitting just in bottom underwear across from each other while having a light breakfast he made for them, she told him about his tossing and turning. She didn't know if she even should go there but she did and he didn't mind.

He asked her if she knew anything about the stock market and she replied yes. He said he wanted to show her something on the computer involving a penny stock he was invested in. He told her that more than likely, this investment was the cause of his serious restlessness during his sleep.

They went over to the computer by the large balcony windows, and she paused to take in the view perched high up overlooking the ocean. They looked over at each other and

smiled. Then he sat down in the office chair and she sat on his lap while he booted up the computer and then went first to the stocks home page checking for some news.

He explained to her that there had been relatively no news out of the company in over a month and today was no exception. Then he showed her the chart, which she could see was a steady climb from pennies to eight dollars and seventy-seven cents over a year and a half period. She also could see that it hadn't traded since May 10, which was over three and a half weeks ago.

She had a puzzled look and didn't quite know or understand what to make of what was in front of her. He read her like a book and said to her,

“Would you like to hear a true horror story?”

She had no idea of what he was talking about but she was very inquisitive and wanted to know more, so she replied back.

“If you don't mind, I'm a good listener.”

With that, he scooped her up light a feather and carried her a few feet over to the living room couch. They lay there like two old bookends that have done this semi-nakedness thing many times before, even though they hadn't. Without pause, he continued;

“Let me first admit to you I screwed up royally.”

“How?”

“Are you familiar with message boards and chat rooms for stocks?”

“Yes, and I've found myself reading them occasionally and getting a laugh or two at some of the bickering and craziness between total strangers.”

“That's a great observation and a very true point, but there are a lot of sly foxes pumping up or bad mouthing whatever they're trying to do for their own cause.”

“That’s definitely a point that people have to be aware of.” Her left eyebrow rose and came to a high arch in the middle as she spoke. His right eyebrow reacted the same.

“Well, I wish I would have taken that advice a few years ago.”

“Does this have something to do with the horror story you mentioned?”

“Yes, unfortunately it does, but I don’t mind talking about it because it’s probably better for me if I do.”

“OK, like I said, I’m a good listener.” As she said that, she stretched her bare feet out and he grabbed onto them and rested them on his thighs where he reached down and played gently with her toes without causing her any tickling sensation while continuing to talk.

“This will be short, *definitely not so sweet*, and with no anger in my voice, I promise.” Spoken with true sarcasm and a easy smile aimed at her, and she smiled back causing his smile to get bigger. Then she said,

“Well however bad the horror was, you still sound like you’ve got your sense of humor still intact, so that’s a good thing.”

“I’m trying, believe me, but the pain and anger are real but life has to go on for richer or poorer and I’m experiencing much poorer as we speak.”

He kind of half-smiled and paused, then began taking a slow and long sweeping eye full glance from her ankles up to her beautiful semi-naked body. He was enjoying the moment but she wanted to know more and he was ready to speak his piece.

“The horror story is a simple one and best be told in a matter of fact simple way, , so here goes. Myself and friends found out about this company named Captain International over a year ago on the message boards.

We then followed up at other chat rooms to see what they were saying. Along the same time, we were doing some research about the company and liked what we learned. Approximately a year passes and with some in and out investing in the stock, we’ve made some money and the future of the company is looking and sounding absolutely incredible.

So anyway, we're up to our necks in owning thousands of shares for a stock club I organized for friends, and to make matters worse, my closest buddy and I are in big time with too many shares, and I do mean too many. Okay, so then on the last day of April of this year, the company switches over from the corrupt pink sheets to the AMEX trading exchange and in less than twenty-four hours from this exchange move, the stock is halted from trading and we haven't heard word one since."

"What do you mean, halted?"

"I mean bing bang boom, without any warning the stock is flat out dead in the water. I'm talking about no trading, no company news or hints of anything. Seriously, NOTHING!"

"Oh wow, that is a horror story!"

"Ya think!" His arms shrug up into the air and then free fall to the couch.

"So, what can you do?"

"I don't know other than we've called the company and they told us news would be forthcoming. There's nothing the SEC would tell us but they're the ones along with the AMEX people who halted the stock."

"That's terrible."

There's a quiet short pause while they both just kind of look at each other. She understands though his frustration now and how he must feel.

Then the silence is broken by the ringing of the phone. He gently lifted her leg's off of his thighs and puts them where he was sitting as he stood up. He then goes over and gets the cordless in the kitchen, hears the sound of his close buddy's hello and then hello's back while picking up a corn muffin on the counter.

He then comes back to the couch, getting himself situated in the same position while handing her the muffin and in one motion putting her feet back on his thighs. She thanked him and he nods and smiled back. On the other end, his buddy could faintly tell something was going on but wanted more detail.



“Yo, I hear a female voice but barely and it also sounded like you were movin’ a~bout the room. Oh you little lucky rascal you. So tell me, am I callin’ at a bad time?”

“NO-NO, absolutely not. I’m here with my friend talking together on the couch, but wait now, I have a question for you?”

“SHOOT”.

“Are we kosher to talk free?”

“Free as a bird cause Cousin Fitz told me to try out his new scrambler.”

“Cool. I remember being with him when he said its near perfect but still needed testing.”

“We’re in good hands with our man and we’re past testin’ now, so let’s Rock N’ Roll.”

They both need not say another word on the subject. Understood and good to go.

“Is this soft voice of a new friend or someone we know?” The caller says on the other end.

“Roger That, lets go with the first choice.”

“Ohhh, that’s always fun and excitin’.”

“OH YEAH, you could say that, , yeah, definitely.”

As he was speaking, he leaned forward and stroked her bare arm from the top of her shoulder down to the middle of her palm, which tickled her but she cood and purred like a kitten by the way he touched her.

“Good, very good. Are your male manhood workin’ parts takin’ care of business or if I may ask, how ya feelin’?” The voice on the other end asked.

“Well you know,”

“I hear hesitation.”

“No-no, sorry, like usual, on and off, sometimes a little unwanted pain creeps in but you know the deal I practice, I just keep on keeping on no matter what, and no complaints from my sweet friend here with me.”

The young lady quickly picks up he’s talking about her and shoots a smile at him and he right back at her. He’s all smiles but still listening carefully to his buddy.

“That’s good. Okay, quick change of subject.”

“Sure, what’s up big guy?”

“Remember that discussion we had last week.”

“The one regarding the SEC.”

“Correct. So if SEC doesn’t come out with some information about the stock halt in the next week, I’ve definitely made up my mind that I’m going to find out myself one way or another what’s up and why this shit is happenin’.”

“You sound a little pissed.”

“I am in a way, but it’s been buildin’ for years and now with the frickin’ bullshit goin’ on with this company and absolutely no news about the halt other than them sayin’ an announcement is forthcomin’, I’m goin’ to plan an operation from the top to the bottom.”

“What do you exactly mean by that?” A little strong curiosity was heard in his voice.

“I mean I’m goin’ to handle this personal investigation like a murder and look at everybody. For me now, everybody is guilty until we can prove otherwise.”

“Don’t you mean innocent until proven guilty?”

“Nope, just like I said. I can tell you flat out somethin’ stinks and I’m determined to find out what. For too long I have been seein’ the manipulation and corruption in stock trading

taking place by ***penny stock market makers*** and floor specialists on Wall Street, but never truly gotten a clear picture and close enough from the inside to know.”

“So when you speak about an operation from the ground up, what’s up with that?”

“I’ve made up my mind and decided to initiate a full blown all out operation to uncover what the deal is with this company. I want to know about them inside and out and then I want to know every~thing about the market makers that handled it, the accountants that did their books to be submitted to the SEC before an exchange move could be done and any~thing else that pops up on the radar screen to find out the truth.”

“Why are you doing this, I mean I know when you do something like this for a client, you go all out and this sounds like it could take a long time and cost a fortune. You know how I feel about pissing away money, so.”

“You know me bro, I don’t give a shit. Sorry!”

“All right, keep it up but make sure you put the money in the kitty for our Christmas time money gift treat for our shelters and don’t forget to look at the tally, because I’m kicking your butt over this latest mess concerning this POS F\*!#!\*G stock.”

That wise costly crack quickly got them both laughing on each end and the young lady can only watch and smile along even while not knowing at all what’s going on.

“Listen D, just enjoy yourself with your soft purr~ing soundin’ new friend, and we’ll have plenty of time to go over what I’ve just laid on ya.”

“No, wait, hold on. T, you’re talking about putting good money after bad and whatever you find out won’t change anything.”

“Like I said, I’ve been wantin’ to find out for a long time what’s really takin’ place on Wall Street and my suspicions about all the huge Investment Bankers has been on my mind for years. They are the biggest liars and double dealin’ manipulative crooks and the SEC does noth~ing to prosecute them and if any~thing, its seems they are ridin’ shotgun for em,

you know, like their own personal body guards. These are the obvious bad guys, serious mastermind white collar criminals, and the SEC seem to be always conveniently lookin' in another direction when there's some heavy smoke. The bull crap just never ends!"

His friend can only listen now because he knows when his buddy makes up his mind to do something, its done. The voice on the other end of the phone continues.

"So anyway, now is the time in my life to do somethin' for my own peace of mind. I'm confident that from the inside of the walls of these criminals, all the truth will come out and I'm goin' to get it!"

"WOW dude, you sound ready to rumble."

"Why not! GAME ON my brother, game on."

"Hey, I'm with ya, love ya and I like it, so yeah, no problem, cool biz."

"Alright, that's what I wanted to hear. I just want to learn all I can and money is going to be no object. You know I got plenty of it so I might as well use it to my advantage."

"Even if you do find out the truth of what happened with Captain International, where do you possibly see justice?"

"I understand your point but it's the satisfaction of knowin' the truth and that might be the justice. You can't deny you wouldn't mind knowin' the truth too, right?"

"Yeah right, because you know it's killing me inside as much as you, so ."

"Well thank you Mr. Stone for not arguin' with me over that."

They both start a little laugh between them and she again smiles along.

"Okay bro, no argument out of me, but tell me something."

"What's that?"

“Are you doing this for me, on account of that conversation we had a while back? Man I sure hope not.”

As he finished saying that, the young lady leaned forward and put a piece of corn muffin in his mouth and then kissed him on the side of the cheek. With his free hand he put his palm on the side of her shoulder and gently moved it downward.

“No, absolutely not. Yes, I admit that conversation got me thinkin’, but, , but the answer to your question is no.”

“Okay, cool, just checking.”

“Just look at it and think about it this way, I’m doin’ this for myself and don’t forget I own a dog crap load of shares also, so I have as good a reason as the next guy also whose been screwed over big time.”

“All right big guy, you can count me in and you know I got your back.”

“Okay, Roger That, so Nuff Said. Hey, one more thought.”

“I’m all ears, what’s up?”

“The action also of goin’ after the BIG big boys of Wall Street, well I’m going to be like a fly on the wall of their offices and eventually seriously learn how they operate and who they operate with. Fitzzy’s gearin’ up and he’s never been so pumped about going deep with some of his new eyes and ears custom spyware technology.”

“Are we talking about the new updated version of the eyewall screw and wall plates?”

“Yes we are, and they’re ready to go, cause they’ve tested out and workin’ like a charm.”

“Oh I like the sound of that. So hey, if you’re talking Wall Street, then are you meaning to go after and pick out some particular politicians we have our suspicions about?”

“OH Exact ‘O’ Mundo!”

“You always did talk about tapping into their activities, so, , yeah screw em, lets go all the way baby. To the moon Alice, non-stop to the moon, as Jackie Gleason would say.”

Now both friends quickly break out into laughter.

“Yeah baby, now you’re talkin’.” The captain at the helm of the chopper shoots out.

They chit chat less than a minute more and then the friends say goodbye for now but more will be discussed in the future. Now the young lady wants her new companion’s attention, and asks him what was that all about, if he didn’t mind talking about it. He had nothing to hide and was ready to share.

“That conversation was about the horror story I started talking to you about.”

“I kind of gathered that. What did you mean about putting good money after bad?”

“You caught that huh? I like that, you’re sharp.”

“Well thank you.”

“I mean it. So anyway, what that was about was my rather unique close dear friend letting off some steam and telling me he’s going to use his deep assorted resources and his tons of money to find out things that happen in this corrupt world that most people haven’t a clue about. He’s been pissed off for a while about this stock being halted, but today was the day he’s made up his mind to do some heavy lifting, if you catch my drift.”

“Your friend sounds like a serious kind of guy.”

“At times, yes. Remember I told you that the company ever since it’s stock was halted hasn’t reported or given out any news on what’s going on other than some non-informative double talk?”

“Yes, I recall.”

“Well my friend has decided to put his time, his well-honed skills, lots of money like I said, and serious energy to find out the who, what, when and why questions about this mess.”

“How can he do all of that?”

She kind of shrugged her shoulders with this inquisitive innocent look on her face. He heard and saw her question, but he was excited by the way her shrugging lifted her uncovered beautiful breasts and she was looking so appealing to him at that very instant. She now could see the look on his face as he slowly moved off the couch and came towards her like a determined cat after it's prey.

As he picked her up, he asked,

“Would you mind if we talked about the rest of the story in my big bed? Maybe you can ease some of the pain I'm feeling.”

She saw the sly little devilish twinkling going on now in his eyes, and she didn't mind at all, not one intsy-tintsy bit.

“Actually, that's a good idea. I'll play nurse and make you feel all better.”

“Yeah, now that's just what the doctor ordered. Thank you nurse, thank you so much.”

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## **‘Delmonti, Runnin’ Wild & Loose, 2009, Sept...’**

David sent me one of our Internet finance message board coded signals that he wanted to talk to me as soon as possible, but I was extremely busy during our revolving time slot for checking in, so I missed it. I’d be a day late responding back to him but it wasn’t an emergency and I knew that by the special tagged letters in the front of his coded original message. And any real big-time emergencies we ever had, we just used other special quick instant notification methods that always worked out in a flash.

He didn’t mind I was late because the next day we were secure on my new & improved Internet communication system to talk freely like we’d been doing since he’d been floating in & out of central Latin America starting back in the mid-summer of 2005.

One important point though, we never used Skype, not that there was anything wrong with it for ninety-nine percent of the world’s population, but it wasn’t my buddy David’s cup of tea for the security needs he required for all our and the Israeli boys’ operations, so I followed his lead for his peace of mind. The fact was though, I saw a short while ago many holes in Skype that could lead to a lot of unwanted professional ears hearing our conversations, and that was totally unacceptable for D.

And as David would always preach and teach TB and myself to say and come around to think and sense in our minds after just letting out too much information like I just already did, he’d be right on it and say, that’s it, *‘Nuff Said’*.

So here we are having gotten our hello’s and greetings taken care of, when all of a sudden my friend comes firing right out at me that he had to admit again, he’d made a horrible mistake for voting for Obla bla bla. David was blowing off a lot of steam, so I just let him have his way which I learned to do over our many years as very close and trusting dear friends. He was generally a real calm kind of guy, that is until he wasn’t. So anyway, he’s telling me that he wanted to open up one of his serious DOT connecting full-blown in-depth investigations on the White House resident, tagged named applicably so in our small circle, as #44.

David could often have what I called controlled focused anger, which more or less worked fine for him as long as he stayed on point, which was something I knew he was going to



do with his new personal research on the president. And for this special computer file name, it was labeled and coded Zero-44.

By the time he started this DOT connecting investigation, David had already lost all respect for Zero-44 from my keeping him up to date constantly with the pickups that Delmonti did behind my back at some off-site location with my boot legged precision copied PEEK-A-BOO program. We don't know how he did it, but he somehow exactly duplicated my PEEK hardware and software creation and after that started going wild with his own. The thing was though, sometime in early January of 2005, David and TB had convinced me that I needed to spend whatever money and time necessary to create some sort of interior 'Catch All' with the PEEK, so we could monitor any 'Unofficial' usage by Delmonti, again.

Yes, the key word being 'AGAIN', because he had done some personal activities that I picked up on in the lab, and Cousin T and David were really pissed off, and they let Delmonti know how they truly felt. So back then I went to work and did the best I could to put all kinds of stop measures and entry codes that we thought would suffice in keeping Delmonti from playing his games, but again, another key word, 'THOUGHT'.

The thing was though, he couldn't help himself after about six months away from using the PEEK for his own use, so that's when he put that very talented brain of his to work and apparently very slyly during that inactive time, built his own spying PEEK. And after he did that, he went right through my, , my *'Interrupter Schisms'* that I thought would forever block him out while working in my laboratory, but I thought totally wrong.

The one thing though that David asked TB and me originally to consider doing, was spend the time and money to build an automatic tape capturing system of everything he's watching, listening and whatever else he's doing. And so we ran with the suggestion and that proved to be years later one heck of a move, because now after Delmonti had created from my creation his very own PEEK, we were still all over knowing his moves. But all that said, I gotta say that once he created my PEEK-A-BOO off site, he left my capturing system intact, but he built his own filtering program of which a good ninety-eight percent of all the sights and sounds he was picking up, blocked us, and without a doubt, his ballsy

and wild activities astounded D and me, but not in any kind of good positive way, no, not at all. This is all now happening after TB wasn't any longer with us.

So here we are now, all of us playing a cat and mouse game and all of it happening as we're pretending none of us knew that each of us know we're onto each other. I mean it was crazy, but it's what we decided to run with because we were really curious what Delmonti would be capturing with his own PEEK version on his favorite personal target.

We knew from one of his very early on rants about the young senator, Obla bla, that he thought he was totally out of his league and never should have been even considered presidential. He said some nasty personal things about the guy but David put the hammer down and said ENOUGH, because he didn't want to hear any more of that crap. So that was that, and the guy eventually won his party's highest honor, being that of the nominee, and that really flipped out and pissed Delmonti off.

Coming clean here, you need to understand months before the election was over in 2008, that David and I made the tough tactical decision to let Delmonti continue to run totally free, but we'd stay completely in the shadows monitoring every single second of anything he recorded. But again, most of what my capturing system picked up and relayed back to my digital collector, was pretty muddied up by Delmonti's clever blocking handy work.

We knew we were gambling, but I had the utmost confidence my PEEK program would remain running silent and deep under Delmonti's guided controls, and still capture all the political intrigue going down with the new president that just entered White House.

I also knew wherever my invention's eyes and ears were directed, even with its new '*leap frogging*' capabilities that Delmonti and I perfected before 44 was in office, the PEEK would remain absolutely undetectable. It was TB many years earlier who pushed me constantly to work on and make that LEAP FROG action, and being honest, it was Delmonti who was all over it.

And now that technology had become a secret weapon of sorts, that had to absolutely be kept on a tight leash inside my lab and out there wherever Delmonti was doing his sneaky dangerous targeted spying.

Now here we are months gone by, and we're still in the same holding pattern of letting him run wild, but David is strongly asking me to back test my listening program from any kind of government security computer virus detectors, or anything that could pick up what Delmonti was targeting with his duplicated, or maybe I should say my knocked off PEEK.

I kept assuring D that this amazing tool was designed to perfectly fit in and be just a normal systematic functioning apparatus that would blend into any kind of computer normal operation that runs in the background.

D would be the first to say he wasn't the techie minded type, but I think he was holding back his skills, but always expressed to me to just keep it basic and simple when we ever started getting really techie talking about it all. He had full faith in me, but he also insisted I get to work on creating whatever is necessary to figure out a way to one hundred percent shut down both PEEK-A-BOO's when we deemed it was time to do so. David was the boss and had Delmonti's respect, even going back to when TB was alive and well.

Anyway, , that's a heartbreaking sad history, and I still don't seem to be able to deal with it, but with D's support and insistence that I must try and be strong, and keep living life. Okay, alright so, without any hesitation David told me he'd fly down from wherever he was at the time and take care of business if things seemed to be getting way out of hand by Delmonti's actions, and the fact was, I felt the situation was at best sort of getting out of hand. The reality is that I'm not a leader, and I never have been and Delmonti saw and began to know that right away when he first began working with us.

I know D, and he wouldn't be fooling around if it was absolutely necessary in his own way to put my working partner in the hot seat and let him unconditionally know that this double-crossing behavior was not acceptable anymore.

In some sense there was no kind of emergency though to shut Delmonti down, just like the first time David spoke straight up with Delmonti, because we both admitted we too were curious what this new guy in the White House was up to, albeit we couldn't see or hear much of anything that was going on. I more or less relied again on Delmonti's real uncontrollable frustrated outburst to pick up on any kind of crumbs he'd spill the beans about. And believe me, he had his share of them!

TB and David knew me all too well, and I just didn't have the backbone like they had when it came time for confrontations like I just spoke of. The boys always had my back, always, and I'm not proud of that, but as David often said to me, *'Don't give it a second thought, because we all have our different strengths'*.

He is a kind, super good friend and he was right. David was at times though worried to some degrees about the PEEK, in that it could somehow be found out, but I still remained totally confident it wouldn't. And strange as this may sound, at the same time all this worry was going on, it was decided long ago if the boys ever did really care to publish their Trilogy, everything in their wild adventurous clandestine world would be let loose and run wild, including all this Delmonti spying on Zero 44 and all the craziness that my once trusted employee ranted and screamed about the president.

The fact is, TB, David and myself have been writing into this book's creation for cathartic reasons and this has been going on for years now and picking up steam as we all got into it, because it just felt and still feels natural and right. I was so appreciative they let me in on doing some of the writing, and they liked my additions and I liked the feeling I had of working on their project with them. And after TB leaving us, David asked me to help him with anything I wanted to help him with, and I was more than happy to be involved with their Trilogy.

In some ways it was sad to write as if TB is still with us and continuing to add his own minds recollections of all our amazing times we shared together from childhood, to up to when we first hired Delmonti. I have to admit that David was right about getting another computer wizard mind working alongside with me, in that as D said, it would double the brain power action, and make our custom laboratory one amazing computer fire-power

researching place, and it did and that momentum really pumped Cousin T up so much back in those exciting creative days.

Back when we were all writing together, the boys and myself knew we weren't anywhere near professional writers or book editors, but they've had a story to tell for a long time, and new additions were steadily being born from all of their life activities and experiences, so by unanimous decision, we were all in on the project for the long haul.

So that being that as D would say, years earlier my cousin and David made the decision to make tons of notes and use all of our great admitted memories to put the dozens of chapters together, and from all of that, they kept the thought of maybe one day it will all come to fruition and with some hard work and determination, their Trilogy would possibly find a way of something happening positive with it.

I'm admitting here to being socially awkward to the point of I live in my lab and small living quarters and don't speak but with five or so trusting people, and I don't ever care to change that in my lifetime, but writing here and over the years with the boys and then David, made and still does make me feel good, almost like I have other people I'm talking with, so it's in a way mentally fulfilling.

Continuing on, David was right to worry that Delmonti could open up a possible trail back to first him and then my laboratory, so like my trusting buddy insisted, I needed to get to work and figure out a much tighter security blocking complete immediate shutdown program that I could put into effect on my co-worker one day in the future.

Now though, this needs to be said right here, right now, and that is Delmonti was a one-of-a-kind super smart guy that I respected and liked a lot, but over time he was more vocal and unabashed to say in his rants that he was upset the way politicians and prosecutors abused their positions.

I really didn't disagree with him, but at the same time my employee became a hypocrite himself, in so much as he was abusing his position with a one of a kind spying program I taught him everything about. You know, so.

Years after my original creation and before he went rogue on us, he helped me every day upgrade it to be more undetectable, plus do more to advance its already amazing capabilities. Unfortunately, his cunning was running wild and to be honest, he outfoxed me because I really had some built-in guards, encrypted locks and keys as we called them, and with other tight security measures, well I just thought all that would make it impossible to work somewhere else besides being in the lab area.

Sorry for all that personal digression, but it needed to be said. Anyway, thirty-six hours earlier than our phone conversation, making that date September 13<sup>th</sup>, David was really put over the top when during a joint session of Congress, a representative from South Carolina, a man named Jose McWilson spontaneously screams out when the president was speaking about the affordable health care act, 'YOU LIE!' Hearing what this man said just stopped David in his tracks, and now he wanted to get deeper into what made this guy so emotional to yell out at Zero-44 like he did.

And going a step further of what Delmonti had picked up, kind of going along with the theme of the 'YOU LIE' guy McWilson, we learned about another fella named Gruber. This guy was going in and out of the White House dozens of times for meetings, and the end result for his task was to go out and promote to an unsuspecting public a whole lot of confusing double talk on the so-called hyped up and 'UNAFORDABLE', again, so-called '*Affordable Health Care Act*'. Yeah, that was a big mouthful of information, but that was all about some serious not so honest political gamesmanship going on against the public.

This guy Gruber was given the title of, '*The Health Care Architect*', and there were others too assigned the task to get on all the national media news Sunday talk shows and pump this American Health Care Act up, because the president was pushing his people and telling them he wanted this ill-advised health care bill passed.

There was another time Delmonti again was unable to control himself, and let out of the bag with a phone call to me ranting about capturing dozens and dozens of times the so-called famous dude named Al Sharpentonslickster, ending up in the White House, working with his buddy and chief con artist to push the hell out of what they knew was a total unaffordable bogus health care program.

David likes it when I let loose with being more verbal and descriptive and showing some spirit and good humor, but it's really not my nature to be so forthright and such, but hey, just letting out a little steam myself, because I have to admit I learned a lot from Delmonti about good old mister 44.

It all became public knowledge how many visits this man Sharpentonslickster made to the White House, but it just boggled our minds the BS that was talked up and going on to set the wheels in motion to sell this pump and dumb future medical insurance disaster on the American public, as David explained it to me.

This would upset D so much and he'd say to me, why can't human beings do the right thing unto each other, and where do they draw the line with respect and honesty to their fellow man. And you know what, my trusting friend was and is absolutely right.

And to bring David's point home about doing the right thing and telling the truth, Zero-44 or let me just say it for now, Obla bla bla happily faced the cameras starting in June of 2009, and repeated the mantra of *'If you like your Doctor, you can keep your Doctor'*, and lots of other big fat ongoing bogus lies to go with that, as David would say.

Summing up all my shared time here with you all, let me just say that because of Delmonti's occasional outbursts to me, we all knew none of what they were preaching to the public about the so-called affordable health care had even one ounce of truth to it, seriously. Just a political con game at the TAXPAYERS EXPENSE!

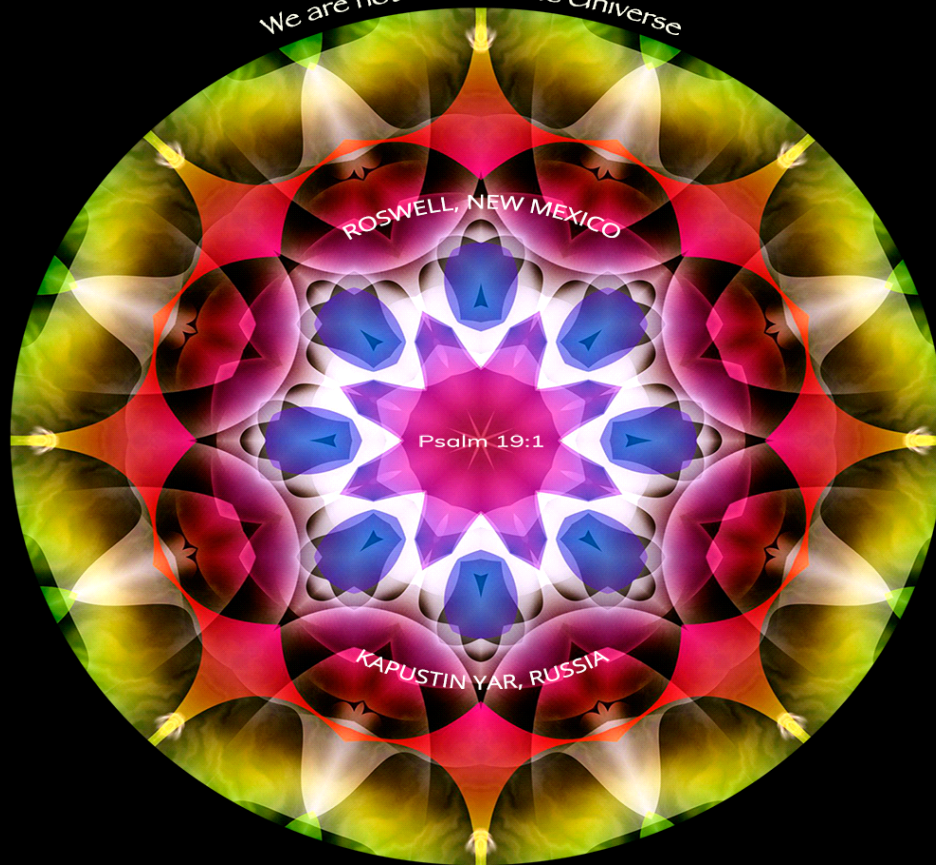
Well so anyway, here we are again, deeply wondering,

***What is Delmonti going to blurt Out NEXT!***

***This Completes **Book Two*****

# Thoughts Manifest Energy

We are not alone in the Universe



...Cooler Heads  
Must Prevail



# 'In A Blink of an Eye' 2050

*THIS TRULY CAN HAPPEN!*

~ ~ ~

*As you read these words*, just realize that North Korea is very capable of secretly launching a sneak **EMP attack**, and obviously, NOT JUST ONLY THEM. Much lesser powers and even 'Rogue' floaters could carry out such an American country wide devastating attack, & this is no secret to our military &-& intelligence agencies, & maybe it is time the entire country understands the severity of what an **EMP** attack can do.

We've been here before but let's be very clear again, such an attack can wipe out all the electricity for hundreds of millions of people and odds are it could take years before any kind of normality of electricity is flowing again. Gas powered generators will only suffice for so long, then that salvation is over, and then what! YES, , WHAT!

And if you really want to get down to earth and talk about contingency plans and backup ideas for such a massive **EMP** disaster on a scale I said of hundreds of millions in America and even BILLIONS around the Planet could avalanche into the same state, well then ALL will be instantly affected, PERIOD!

**BUT PLANS! <> NO, THERE ARE NO SUCH PLANS, NONE AT ALL**

So just imagine the reality of no electricity for the basic needs we all just take for granted during our comfortable everyday routine of life, day after day AFTER DAY.

WITHOUT ELECTRICITY, there is no power at the gas stations to pump our car's gas. And how about our homes with all the important items we use electricity to run our daily activities. Just your old or new refrigerator alone will be a key breakdown and life support mechanism affecting millions of people's everyday lives.

And if there is no electricity, then that means no power at diesel fuel terminals to power up the trucks that move food to super markets to restock the shelves, and within a week the hoarding will have by then emptied all the stores of necessities and then the nation's food troubles will really begin.

There is no need to go on with more examples because I've already drawn a clear understanding picture that any twelve-year-old can grasp, so this punctuates even more reasons why our elected politicians need to get on the ball and draft a bill to get our electric grids from the East coast to the West coast fully protected as much as possible, and reduce greatly the effects of an **EMP** attack.

Looking down from 2050, our tight little group back in the day knew of something else very intense going on with North Korea, and it worried us greatly. We are talking about their two orbiting satellites that were high above us in 2014. From our position back then, we talked amongst ourselves that the highest level of a United Nations meeting take place, then we thought some serious like never before back-channel efforts be made by China. The idea was for them to pass on quite literally that those orbiting satellites needed to be taken down peacefully by North Korea, but if not, then the United States should shoot them down without any more wasted gibberish taking place in the United Nation or anyplace elsewhere for that matter. For us back then it was as simple as that! No more chicken crap KICKING the CAN down the EFFIN' ROAD like Oba bla bla wanted to do, AND DID!

Point of fact back then, was those two North Korean satellites were in a high rotating orbit that passed over key areas of the United States in a twenty-four-hour period and this very dangerous activity had the delivery mechanism capability of an easy sneak attack. It would be a very simple task for them to drop a mounted nuclear-**EMP** out of one of those satellites and then gravity would simply take over and at a certain altitude in our atmosphere, that bomb could be signaled to trigger a very sizeable (**EMP**) electromagnetic pulse. After that pulse takes place, it is more than likely going to destroy most of our unprotected electrical grids and that will be the beginning TRIGGER POINT of retaliatory thermo-nuclear strikes that changes the planet and all of mankind FOREVER in the worst possible imaginable way.

This is the attack (EMP) that no American citizen will see coming, and make no mistake, such an event like this could happen **'In a Blink of an Eye'**.

**Let's hope that 'Cooler Heads Will Prevail'**

*More*

***'Blink of an Eye'***

***2050***

*Is Coming*

~ ~ ~

*Please Scroll Down*

## **‘It’s not ‘IT’, its ‘IT’S’ - April 9, 2004**

*TB and Stealth are having a mid-day meeting in Miami Beach, sitting on a blanket under a large palm tree that is almost completely shading them. The big guy had the blanket stashed in one of his Harley’s saddle bags which he used just a day earlier when he picnicked with his favorite Latin honey-bun, and they too were under the same big shady tropical tree. Stealth brought along an ice chest filled with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, plus Oreo cookies and four cans of Michigan Vernors pop smothered in ice. Aside from being set up well for their own style picnic, there was some serious business at hand the boys wanted to iron out, but they’re each calm and cool plus enjoying the sights of the pretty bikini clad young ladies not too far away.*

*This meeting today is a rehashing of some tried and true ideas from the past work involving TB and his specialized activities, but now Stealth wanted to share some strategical changes he thought his friend should make for an upcoming operation.*

*We’ll pick up as T is doing the talking but then Stealth jumps in, reading instantly his friend’s mind knowing full well what he always says during their planning missions for TB’s medium size but potent off the books contracted government guns for hire business.*

*After hearing his friend’s words, the big guy breaks out into a full-on smile, then without pause he does a major change of subject about something sincere he wants to say;*

*“You’re an organized deep natural thorough planner, and I’ve been hearin’ and feelin’ for a long time your frustration bout’ all the death and maim happenin’ right now in so many different locations over in Iraq. And because of that horror shit show goin’ on, I know you have a new near and dear secret project in the works down in cousin Fitz’s lab, and I think it’s really an excellent one for all the future warriors fightin’ for America.”*

*“Well, I guess Fitzzy never could keep a secret and hide anything from you T.”*

“You’re right, cause in this case he’s really excited you brought em such a tremendous challenge to work on and he said he just had to share it with me.”

“Well, I kind of knew in the back of my mind this was a big-time special project and Fitzy being Fitzy, would eventually spill the beans your way.”

“As usual, you peg your subject matter pretty accurately but I know how you think, bein’ you wanted me to learn of it when it was complete and operational and not still on the drawin’ board, but in this particular case I’m like my cousin, I mean I’m super pumped just thinkin’ and waitin’ for it to be in action.”

“I dig what you’re saying T, but I have to correct one thing, the IT is actually IT’S.”

“Yeah, right, technically there are two.”

“But not mincing any words, hopefully these super miniature weapons will one day stop the horrible maiming going on and possibly save our soldiers’ lives on the battlefield.”

“Fitz thinks your creations will do all that and more, and he’s totally into this new wild challenge you’ve put on his work table.”

“Well Roger That about challenges because any and all such activities keep us sharp,”

“YO, no question bout’ keepin’ us all on our toes and like I said, Fitzy especially loves what you’ve come up with this time.”

“You know ever since I first grasped what a pure genius Fitz really was, it then became my desire just like yours over the years to fully challenge him and as we both know he figures out everything we put in front of him.”

“Heck yeah he does... Hey, I almost let this slip by,”

“What’s that T?”

“Fitzy told me you named those bad boys, Super Killer Bee Drones, right?”

“Yep, and truth be told, that name just popped in my head, but more importantly my visions tell me many miniature type tactical potent drones are going to be the weapons of the future.”

“Well, those bad asses are goin’ to be front and center in my activities one day too, so.” Stealth’s creations and ideas were always fully appreciated by his friend, especially when they could help save lives, along with being excellent offensive arsenal tools of his trade. TB goes on.

“Hey, they’re both solid and stealth just like you.”

“Well thank you mister wise guy.”

“No seriously, I tactically see your design purposes because the Killer Bees initiate the first wave of literally shootin’ their way through wherever the battle field is, then killin’ and flushin’ the enemy out, then your second specialized Bees hover and blanket the area and act as our eyes and ears securin’ the first wave of our ground soldiers’ takin’ over.” You could feel TB’s words rolling around in his friend’s mind, then Stealth jumps in.

“Pretty much that’s my concept and goal I’d like to see go down.”

“Well Fitz and I heavily talked it over, and he think he can make this happen, and from an efficiency stand point, I especially like your design and idea that one person at any central command location can control a swarm of these bad boys.”

TB pauses a couple of seconds to gather more thoughts, then heads up more.

“Makin’ every~thing miniature has always been a big part of your plans and goals, just like your mini micro film dot readin’ creation from years ago, but these designs of tiny mini receivers and transmitters with state of the art micro camera sensors in the Bees, with each havin’ two guided mini lethal explosive weapons, are the bomb man, , pun intended. I mean these guys are gonna be practically unstoppable mini heavy stealth weaponry, and you’ve been tellin’ us for years this is what you see comin’ for all our militaries.”

“I feel Fitz can punch out all my visions & ideas for my techno-mini-James Bond gadgets, & after all these years, I’ve come to the conclusion that nothing is impossible for him.”

“Nothin' man, absolutely, and that’s why you guys are such a great workin’ team and you’ve both proven that point many times over.”

“No-no brother, it’s all Fitz who’s proven it can be done, you know, seriously, it’s not me.”

“You’re bein’ humble and that’s good of you Stealth, but for the record when you came to Fitz back in I think '96 or '97, with your wild idea of turnin’ a basic light plate switch ‘screw’ into a workable miniature microphone audio sound pickup apparatus plus havin’ a spyin’ eye mini cam built in the head of the screw, we both thought you were out of your friggin’ mind,”

“And that’s my point exactly T, Cousin Fitz delivered.”

“Yeah-no, he makes your ideas happen... Yo, I gotta tell ya, I’ve always thought of Fitzzy as a wizard with Einstein’s brain power, but takin’ it up a notch to  $E=MC$  squared multiplier range,”

“I like that Einstein  $E=MC$  squared wordology big guy, , yeah bro, you’re cooking today.”

“Well thanks, and you too with that new word ‘*WORDOLOGY*’ creation. Yeah, that’s a good one too.” Both friends break out in a light laugh, then TB keeps flowing.

“But I say that brain power compliment cause Fitzzy took your wall light plate screw and first created with his electronic genius a miniature circuit board and then a custom home-made chip able to tap into any house electric current used for the light switch itself,”

“Yes, but Fitz’s real Einstein genius design was the custom packed screw with the built in mini-microphone audio pickup sensors and the special mini camera that really was a big deal to configure and create, and then after all that, his digital mini component transfer mechanism was another work of pure genius, because without it, nothing would function and be at all linked up to his other amazing creation, which were his outside super power junction relay transmitters.”

“BINGO, right on my stealthin’ brother cause without a doubt you laid on me a total mouthful and you nailed it all... So yeah man, it is all a~bout’ his E=MC Squared brain MINI-MINI-MINI geniusness creations.”

“Yes-Yes, like you say, his geniusness’-ness.”

“We’re rockin’ and groovin’ today with all kinds of new words and phrases, and I’m diggin’ all this techno talk too. Okay D, keep goin’ and let’s keep comparin’ notes on the screw and the bee’s.”

"Funny, , That's a Good One. . . Yeah, so listen to you big guy..."

*TO BE CONTINUED*



## **‘That is one Ugly Beard’ - May 21, 2001**

*Katie and twin sister Joanna are together in Royal Oak Michigan, going over ideas for the Trilogy that TB and Stoney want to see if they can have published one day. It's totally up to the guys how everything will be laid out, but the girls help is greatly welcomed.*

“So Katie, I think this is the right point in the book to write about the boys and one of their so called resolution solution activities.”

“Are you talking about the most recent mission when TB asked David to put off shaving for many months and fatten up a bit too?”

“Yes my dear, I am. I gotta tell ya sis, these boys are creeping up in age to be living so wildly, but they just keep on keeping on with their adventures.”

“Joanna, if you don’t mind, I have to ask you why do you say their adventures? They don’t think of their work as adventurous, because it’s pretty serious stuff. They always speak in the way of military talk and I remember David explaining to me once that TB many years ago put the word equipment as the choice of words when their talking about guns. So no, it’s no adventure, they aren’t having fun or playing games out there. It is very real, ,very!”

“I know sis but the boys aren’t living in your average Joe’s way of life, and I think I’ve heard you say David’s used the word adventure over the years describing their work.”

“Alright, adventure or mission, whatever works when needed.” The sisters smile with agreement and then Katie continues. “So how do you want to write about this adventure?”

“For this chapter I think we have a clear picture of what to do if we follow our notes and recordings along with our memories and insight. So next, I think we should from our perspective, place David as the story teller in the first person and let the reader feel the goings on from his real-life vantage point.” Joanna kind of shrugs her shoulders after her thoughts come out, and then waits for her sister’s response.

“OK, I think your idea is good but it will be up to David and TB to figure out what to add or subtract from this chapter after we finish writing their, , their,”

“Their adventure! You see Katie, you just kind of tripped up and didn’t quite know what to call their secret world.” Now both sisters are lightly laughing.

“Sis, pardon me for asking, but why was David in town a couple of weeks ago? You said he didn’t have that adventure beard anymore.” Joanna’s voice had an inquisitive tone.

“He was here for his friend’s Jay Jay and Cary’s wedding. He was definitely clean-shaven but I would have liked seeing him in that wild out growth, rather than the pictures he showed me. He said he felt like a fat old mountain man and couldn’t wait to shave it off.”

“Yeah, you don’t want to go to a friend’s wedding looking like an animal when you’re usually the clean-shaven type.”

Katie is shaking her head in agreement, then she says, “Things worked out though, being the timing was good and the boys adventure or mission, as I think it should be called, was quick but as usual kept them on their toes as a team.”

“Katie, you told me David though he’s getting too old and feels his heart more and more now thumping around oddly inside his chest, and admits he’s not staying in the best of shape, and that he’s actually thinking about giving up these adventures with TB.”

“Your memory is accurate, but the big guy always has a way of getting him into saying OK, I’m in, just let me know when you need me. David would not go along if he really didn’t want to though, but his deal is he just flat out loves the action and is totally at ease and comfortable in the secret world TB flies him in and out of.”

“David’s definitely not a follower and I agree he goes along because he loves the action with his buddy, and remember he told you he’s a down deep closet adrenaline freak.”

“TB’s way of life is always surrounded in some serious heavy action, and when David joins in, my man changes from David to Stealth, but I don’t believe he’s at all like T, in the total

sense of action, danger and death, at least dear God I don't think so. But what I do know, is he's TB's key field Marshall planning wizard more or less three or four times a year."

"Okay then Katie, let's put David and his alter ego Stealth in the driver's seat like we first talked about, and write this chapter like they asked us to."

The sisters are in total agreement and another adventure of the two old buddies begins: David's Penthouse, David speaking...

My phone rang on May 12<sup>th</sup> at ten AM. I had been expecting and waiting for this call for the last few days. The second I heard my wild friend's voice my gears in everything that runs my mind, body and spirit were turned up a notch with a big smile all through me. It was really good to hear him again because it had been a long time. The last chance we spoke was this last November in Miami Beach across from Johnny Rockets restaurant, sitting on the beach wall together. So here we go starting with my friend, TB;

"Hello *Senior* Stealth. What's up my man?"

"Amigo, good to hear your voice."

"Oh man, same back at you. It has been too long!"

"Roger That. So Bro, when do we go to the party?"

"It all starts tonight at 8 PM. I'll pick you up personally at your condo."

"Great, you can finally see my pad... By the way, my beard is so ugly that only for you do I drop my razor for this long a period. I did this for you a couple of years ago but not for nearly as long."

"Yeah, I remember, so I can't wait to see this one. The last beard grew for a month but I remember your dad asked you to shave for your mother's sake, to make her happy because she thought you looked like a wild man in it."

"Well, that was the point of why you wanted me to grow it, right?"

“Yeah-no, exactly, and you did look somewhat wild, so your mom was right... So let me tell ya D, I remember the occasion was your niece’s Bot Mitzvah, and I know you were under the gun with your family obligations, but things worked out for our operation, albeit just barely, but your mom was happy you came lookin’ like a clean-shaven son.”

“Yes she was, that I remember, and everything worked out well and the effects of shaving that beard didn’t deter our action one bit,”

“Cause we were able to pull off another one of our great Lon Chaney moves, and that disguise I totally believe was the best of the best we’ve ever done for ya.”

“Oh man, Mr. Chaney would have been proud of our work.. Hey T, not meaning to change the subject, but mind telling me about,”

“Soon, soon.” T’s voice flying in quick.

“Sure, , okay.”

“Hey, I’m really lookin’ forward to finally seein’ your place tonight. And the deal is, I’m allowin’ us a twenty-minute window so I can actually see it from inside, not hoverin’ outside in my helicopter lookin’ in at ya.”

“I remember that day you did that, and that was so cool. I’m telling ya T, sometimes you really crack me up with your unexpected moves.” That drew us another quick laugh.

“Hey big guy, you in the mood for a couple of your favorite Kosher hot dogs tonight?”

“Oh man that would be such a treat! I was actually thinkin’ bout’ that last night.”

“Good, and I’ve got that spicey mustard you like plus an ice cold Heiniken on hand.”

“Right on, but now if you don’t mind I just gotta say these thoughts again to ya.”

“Go on, get it out of your system.” Now we’re laughing again, then TB speaks his mind.

“Stealth my stealthin' maestro, you are one part time slow agin' closet adrenaline junkie monkey, and me and the boys just wish you'd just open up and let freedom fly with the truth of the matter bout' ya come outa ya...”

TB paused a little bit right there and the phone silence was doing the talking if you dig what I mean, then T breaks out laughing and saying,

"Well holy shit, that was a mouthful, and I know you don't mind me lettin' loose, but seriously my man cool, I got it out of myself, and it felt good, if ya know what I mean!"

“I do, and I feel ya about sometimes just letting things fly and feeling good.”

“Ok cool, thanks.” TB paused after that for a quick minute, then,

Brother D, truth is now I'm just lookin' forward to a tour of your pad and some good kosher dinner sharing action with ya later.”

“Absolutely, for sure brother T, , and okay, you win, so please tell the boys I'm admittin' it, full on, I'm an adrenaline junkie, closet or no closet!”

"FANTASTIC, , and later you can tell the boys yourself, , but bite your tongue and let's say no more for we've been too hot on this phone line just in case, ya know, PorFavor."

"Roger That, no hay problema, but I'm gonna tell ya I'm totally geared up and stoked to the brim about whatever's on the horizon we're dealing with tonight!"

“Well, I'll tell ya what David, hold that fire, cause it's gonna be one wild long lastin' late one.”

“Ten Four, no worries.”

“So movin' on David, I seriously wanta suggest you try takin' one or more of your patented long naps early today cause once we leave for our target, we'll be immersed in the operation until at least 12 noon tomorrow... In other words, we're gonna to be up for a

long night and day, plus all the special air travel time it's goin' to take to get to our destination!"

"I hear your tone about getting well rested, so thanks. I'm good at that, which you know."

"Yep, I know how all your nappin' seems to help recharge ya, so Bro, keep on doin' em and stay healthy."

"I don't know exactly what it is T, other than I'm being kind of out of shape and my recouping or recharging ability just seems to takes longer and longer. I hate to say it, but it's like my hearts a battery that's just not able to hold the charge for very long anymore."

"You told me years ago how you burned the candle at both ends as a kid, and I saw how you went a strong steady hard chargin' sixteen hours a day in Acapulco."

T pauses a brief few seconds and then finishes his thought.

"I guess after we met, I added some unplanned hours a day of go-go-go, and some of that was serious adrenaline action that I know stressed me out, so I know it had to kick your ass too. So I'm at fault and I'm sorry and need to man up and take some of the blame for your hearts tiredness."

"T, buddy, come on, cut the crap. No runs, no hits, and no errors, , meaning nothing to worry about, seriously. It was the *free will* path I absolutely chose to take, and so sometimes there's consequences that happen out of one's actions."

"Consequences for our actions. Yo, come on D, don't get me started bout' thinkin' our world over so deep."

"Yeah, sorry, I guess I got a little heavy there. HEY, how about we change the subject!?"

"Right on, good timin' and call on that one, so consider it DONE... Okay, so regardin' tonight and bein' straight up with ya Mr. Stealth, I've purposely kept ya in the dark bout' this destination and action, but every~thing will be laid out, so keep chillin' and barin' with me."

“I’m good, I’m good.”

“You always are!”

After T’s compliment there was a comfortable silence, then I went on.

“I’ll be well rested and ready, and as always I look forward to these adrenaline filled get aways you include me in on.”

“Are you kiddin’, you’re always so humble with your included in on thoughts, but believe me, you’ve always played a key roll on all of our shared action, , seriously.”

“Yeah-no, thanks. I think it’s a case of me being so pumped up to see you again and tonight’s operation, well what I’m trying to say is I think I just had a case of my brain and mouth not being totally in sync.”

“Hey, the whole damn worlds got that ***ignorant at times foot in the mouth disease***, includin’ me big time, so don’t give it another thought. Okay Bro, see you at eight.”

After those last words we both say our goodbyes and after that I start swinging into action preparing for the next twenty-four hours or more of adrenaline pumping times. So the first thing I did after hanging up was take out three frozen Kosher hot dogs. Two for T and just one for me. Then I made a note for myself to remember to take later on some of my powdered formula to balance out my PH in my gut and then begin my first nap. After a good napping recharge, I went for a brisk walk on the beach and then came home and worked out with my weights and did my usual ten sets of fifty stomach crunches. I remember having some of my typical nervous energy building up in my mind, so the working out was kind of a stress releaser.

Whenever TB would call me with advance notice about an upcoming non-military type event, war room needed planning or not, I would lose some extra weight and body fat. Seems though like when men hit their late forty’s, most start fattening up.

These adrenaline filled wild activities always sharpened me up both mentally and physically, because knowing what was needed motivated me to get in better physical

condition, just like the past good old days of the night time corn field weed golfing action with O'Dool, and other great partners I had before him.

Around 3 PM I laid down on my bed again and put my eye shade blinders on to turn a sunny afternoon into darkness. I did some deep breathing exercises because that helped put me to sleep. I woke up two hours later and was feeling pretty darn charged up.

Still with plenty of time before TB arrived, I took another walk down to the beach and sat in one of the very comfortable hotel lounge chairs under a shady palm tree and just relaxed and even kind of half-way napped a little more. I was now into a good rhythm and felt a nice at ease vibration, and this was always very important for me. Keeping on, I walked back across the street and went back to my penthouse and then put a large towel on the living room carpet and did some basic but helpful loosening up stretching exercises for about ten minutes. All systems were getting lined up, and that was always vital!

Then I went back to my bedroom and did some odds and ends plus called my mom and dad to say Hi, and then took a refreshing cool shower. I could feel I was getting in my groove and that was something I had especially been doing from day one after meeting the big guy.

Yeah, no doubt I could feel all systems were coming together and lining up for tonight.

T had told me in one of his scrambled messages via a stock message board communicate, to dress in blue jeans, with any shirt that was comfortable but well worn, plus wear tennis shoes. I always paid attention to his details, always. Everything else would be taken care of at the appropriate time and that was our typical procedure for these flash moves that took place over the years.

Time was moving along. I put a Heineken in the freezer because it was now 7:30. I didn't think it would freeze and explode in thirty minutes, so I felt it was a safe move. My buddy loved his beer cold, but back in our old Mexico days he would be lucky if it was even just cool when he ordered and received one in a restaurant.

TB told me we had a short window of time at my condo, so I would time everything accordingly. I'd start baking the Kosher hot dogs at 7:47 and by the time he arrived, the table would be set and the dogs plump, juicy and ready to explode and his beverage of choice, just right.



Exactly at eight o'clock my phone rang and it was him on the building intercom calling from the front door. I said a quick HI and then buzzed him in and in less than three minutes the elevator brought him up to the top floor. I was right there when the elevator door opened and it was just like old times all over again.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

## **Alzheimer's Disease: 2007**

Here I am in 2007, now living in Costa Rica, walking around the capital, San Jose, and almost regularly thinking out of thin air about cures for the Alzheimer disease. During the walks I'll make it a point to stop at this one particular park and take a seat where I can look out and see the beautiful mountains stretching as far as my eyes can see the horizon. As I'm doing this, for some strange reason it almost always became the norm for my mind to drift back to almost forty years ago, when I was working in the oceans of Acapulco. And as I went back in time, I would recall my experiences seeing these magnificent florescent fish, which I could practically see right through. That's when I was originally fascinated by the idea that whatever was causing this amazing inner florescence to glow, was possibly something that could be used to experiment on inside a human's brain.

My idea was simple, inject this glowing substance into healthy functioning brains and then map everything out in a grid like way with a specialized safe x-ray or technological machine. Once completed, then do the same with patience with all kinds of brain injuries and diseases, and then do comparisons looking for areas of abnormal shapes or blockages.

I'm no scientist by any means but my own mind was digging and pushing to figure out could it be possible for the brain to be somehow truly mapped out. I remember from watching some amazing TV Learning channel shows in America, how they are literally doing brain surgery on patients while they are awake and asking them pertinent questions, which had to be aiding these doctors in the mapping out process of the brain.

I am beginning to believe that the world's scientists are going to be creating super x-ray machines one day, that will be able to see right through the working entanglement of the brain, and then will be able to hopefully see the steps needed to prevent Alzheimer's from even beginning inside us.

There is an area in the brain called the hippocampus and through years of delicate brain surgery, with the patient being totally awake, they were able to find out this hippocampus area was one of the critical parts of the brain for forming memories.

The researchers are beginning to understand that the billions of brain nerve cells are constantly under attack, and the neuron transmitters (brain cells) are dying which causes other parts of the brain to be affected.

One of the enemies for aging humans all over the world is the unexplainable shrinkage taking place of their brain tissue. In tens of thousands of increasing cases, the Alzheimer disease is reaching the stage of ravaging these innocent people of the use of their brains, thus their future normal functioning lives are no longer there.

From the research that has been done, damage to the brains cognitive skills and memory loss don't show real signs for a decade before the Alzheimer disease appears, but when it noticeably arrives, all the loved ones of that person will sadly know it.

{This statement is key for you to understand}

Worldwide pre-clinical trial research done on brains of thousands of persons over sixty, show the disease seems to exhibit patient's symptom free, but sadly there are toxic changes happening inside the brains of these brave volunteers.

These slow changes are where abnormal deposits of proteins form the plaques and bundle fibers that play a role in stopping the once healthy firing and normal functioning neurons. To begin losing those all-important critical connections with the millions of other firing neurons, is sadly describing an individual's beginning death of their brain, and more to the point, the slow passing of their entire being.

***Steadily more research and updates will Appear***

***This brain disease named Alzheimer is not***

***Under control whatsoever, and God Forbid***

***It could strike out of nowhere and Effect***

***An Elderly Loved One in your Family***

## **‘It’s not ‘IT’, its ‘IT’S’ - April 9, 2004**

Conclusion

*We left off where TB and Stealth were having a talk about how proud they were of Fitz’s amazing talents for building super techno spying gadgetry, and now he has the biggest challenge ever put on his plate, that of the Super Killer Bee Drones.*

*We’ll pick up where they were comparing notes about the home and office regular wall plate normal appearing screw that was a little handy work of genius that had state of the art audio and video pickup capabilities.*

*We’ll continue with Stealth talking;*

Once he compiled all the miniature designs he figured he’d need, Fitzzy told me he then went to town experimenting, and he said nothing about that project was easy, since he was dealing with super miniature components and circuitry, but his wizardry is world class, as we’ve seen for so long up close and personal.”

“I clearly remember the first day he successfully had the screw workin’ to perfection.”

“It was a thing of real pure genius, , I mean a thing of absolute *freaking* beauty, especially those all-essential custom copper connecting filaments. ”

“Roger That, , but David, I remember it was you who kept the heartbeat in our ears about usin’ copper and iron as the needed energy connectivity force to the house wall plate switch electric supply. . .”

“Well, all that came from my in and out library life back in the day. It seemed every type of Digest Magazine back in those times had articles about copper and iron and the energy power connection those elements produced, that is under the correct power circuitry.”

“And that’s where your secret other element for your cancer research figured in, right?”

“Yeah, , yeah, , fortunately.”

“I mean that was the missin’ link that sealed the deal for the operation completion. . . And from those final two pieces now all twenty-seven and more planned for the future are still in operational mode performin’ perfectly.”

“Like I said, my copper and iron idea came out of my years of library hopping, and eventually my mind started figuring out how all the Blood and cancer research connected the pieces together,” TB jumps in after that immediately.

“Very cool brother, but dude, how does it all fit? I mean Fitzy taught me that those two elements are on the chemical element charts, but you baffled the shit out of us connectin’ it all to your Blood and cancer research projects.”

“It is somewhat basic but at the same time it can be complicated,”

“Like you man, , but hey, please don’t take no offense, ya know!”

“No, , don’t worry, none taken, , but just believe with me that God has given me all the patience one needs, along with constantly helping me figure things out with the cancer and Blood research path, , and there’s not much more than I can say about it all.”

“Keep it up David, okay, and any fuck~ing money you need for whatever, , well you know the deal, so. . .”

“I know man, and thanks T. . .”

There was a comfortable silence right there with the two best friends, and then David went on.

“I just have to say that sometimes I don’t know how and where it all connects inside my uneducated brain, you know, but it just does, and then *these* energy waves feel like they are going off in mind and body, and even my spirit. . . It’s all just so incredible.”

“Yeah, it is. . . It’s beyond incredible and more, much more, like in amaz~ing.”

“Hey T, can you believe how fast the time has flown since the electric plate screw project began? I mean its just crazy, like in a blink of an eye!”

“True is true bout’ time flyin’, and sometimes when there’s moment like this, just thinkin’ back to all we went through in Mexico and then all our wild times back here in America, well it blows my mind, and cause of you I thank God for all that’s happened in our lives.”

“We thank him together big guy, always, and you know I’m pumped up anytime I hear you speak that way about The Man.”

“I’m a believer Bro, cause you got that ball rollin’ a long time ago. . . Yo, tell me somethin’, are Mo’shee and Yoni aware of the Killer Bee’s yet?”

“I just read you like a book because I knew that thought was coming. And yes, the boys are totally up to speed and loving it.”

“Excellent on all fronts, and thank you. So anyway, I’m glad to hear that cause they’re great guys and I’ve always appreciated them lookin’ out for us, especially the Iran-Contra debacle I almost got us all snared up in back when. . . Yeah man, we’ve all developed over the years into a tight workin’ unit and it’s been great.”

“We’re all watching each other’s backs because that’s been our unwritten code of Brotherhood since our first hour together, plus especially applying the absolute golden rule of forever having Fitz’s back, no matter what happens in our dealings.”

“Thank you David, I’ve always appreciate your carin’ and concerned feelins’ bout’ Fitzzy.”

“Well because he’s the best and the sweetest person in the world, and we’ll both protect him and the Israeli boys feel the same way too, no matter whatever might go down someday in the crazy world we all live in.”

“Damn straight, no matter what!”

“And you know T, I don’t care how shy he really is because we know he comes especially out of that mental protective shell with his genius working for us like a true daredevil shot out of a cannon.”

“Yeah man, cool. I like that description of my cousin.”

“Because it’s totally true... Okay brother, not to change the subject but I’m gonna slightly digress.”

“Digres~sing is good, yeah, we both like digressin’.”

Now both friends are laughing at each other’s light-hearted banter going on. They settle down and Stealth picks the conversation back up.

“Listen T, the boys from Israel are wondering if their own teams are working on this same kind of battlefield technology also.”

“Oh, I’m sure they are, and you and I both know that every major country is spyin’ on your favorite government agency to try and capture any kind of great hidden ideas.”

“DARPA, the eight-hundred-pound amazing secret in the room that the public has for the most part no clue about.”

After the mention of DARPA, the friends went quiet, then TB jumped back in.

“That agency puts your mind in overdrive my stealth friend, especially when that crazy cell phone city-wide Interceptor idea hit you, and that all went down when Motorola first created those giant hand-held telephone contraptions.”

“Yes, but that project got put somewhere on the back burner in Fitz’s lab,”

“But not forgotten Stealth, no-no. You thought up an amazin’ super wild spyin’ tool that could be a major game changer in the right and wrong hands, seriously.”

“I hear ya, and maybe one day we’ll have em, but I’m sure the government already does.”

“I agree, but way more important than that wild idea, is I can tell ya Fitzzy’s big time determined to get the amazin’ Killer Bees up, flyin’ and fully functional as soon as possible, but it’s the most difficult challenge you’ve put in front of em, but he’s all in.”

“Good, good to hear. T, my gut tells me he’ll succeed in figuring out all my details and tweak many of them quite readily. The catch is those non-lethal Uranium miniature batteries to run and fully operate the Super Bees, and then I believe the rest will fall into place.”

“You know this has been a pretty serious conversation, and a good one, but wha’ da’ ya’ say we get out of here and break out the Whiffle Ball and bat over at that church field with that perfect fenced in backstop and go a~nother round.”

“Are you kidding me man, , absolutely T. It’s hotter than a bitch out here on this sand, and I’m ready for some Whiffle Ball anytime you want.” David was out of his stealth mental mode and pumped up now like a little kid now.

“I knew you’d like it.”

“Yeah man, you know me T, let’s get out of here and go have some real kick ass fun... Hey, I got news for ya, I’ve gotta new curve ball that will kick your butt and leave you standing flat footed at the plate.”

“Yeah, well last time you couldn’t touch my killer knuckler if I spoon fed it to ya like a baby.”

*That day the boys left their serious talk behind them but not forgotten and went off to enjoy their Whiffle Ball action, something they’ve been doing since their Acapulco days and picked it all right back up when they returned to America, so many years ago. This was always their healthy way of having fun and letting go of stress, but it also took them way back to old good times as children. They didn’t grow up together but you can damn well believe back in those days as kids, millions of boys and girls just like them played Whiffle Ball.*

*They really dug playing their special style home run derby games and they played a free wheelin, fast pitchin’, knuckle ballin’, special spit ball splitter droppin’ slow wonder pitch that would just fall off the table and leave one another swingin’ at air and in awe of what just went down. Every second of their time playing was all smiles but each pitch was*



*made with real serious concentration and competitiveness, and the craziness of verbal jabbing got intense with any good pitchin' or home run action taking place.*

*Whenever they played it was like a championship duel, and they loved the action because it was their escape from the world, so definitely from their point of view and way of thinking, of course, PLAY BALL, damn straight!*

*OH, and those sandwiches along with the Oreo cookies and good old Vernors, well the Big Guy happily gulped down two Vernors and devoured the entire cookie package, aside from the two Stealth slowly enjoyed.*

*So Yeah Whiffle Ball, you all Remember,  
And if not, well then you should try It!*

*Yeah Baby, Batter Up!*

Conclusion

## **‘That is one Ugly Beard’**

**May 21, 2001**

*TB and David were standing at the elevator, shooting the breeze about how good it was seeing each other again after a long time apart. We’ll pick up with TB;*

“Man oh man Stealth, you lookin’ like a real wild man with that beard. Yeah-no really, you do. You look older, uglier and I’m more in love with ya now than ever.”

We both started cracking up. To hear a giant of a dude saying I love you more than ever, well you would have had to be there to understand and relate to our long funky wild and sincere friendship.

“I haven’t shaved for over three and a half months, but look at you dude, I mean you look like your just out of GQ Magazine, and as clean shaven as a baby’s ass. What’s UP?”

“I hear ya but I just came from a long ago planned out important meetin’, so I had to get spiffy and cleaned up appearin’. I’ll be changin’ in the hanger right before we get on the jet but listen my cave man friend, where we’re goin’ later tonight I won’t at all be out of character from when Howie, Jacob, Cowboy and me originally started out with this Op.”

“Well first of all, I’m glad to hear the boys are with us as usual, but now you’ve got me more confused and curious as ever, but I’ll keep chillin’ for now, but it’s not easy.”

“Hey Bro, everythin’ will be fine in due time, but come on, show me your pad, and YO, are those Kosher hot dogs I’m smellin’ up my nose here in the hallway?”

“Yeah baby, you got that right, but damn T, it’s good to see you again. What’s it been, seven or eight months since the last time we hung out?”

“Seven and a half, but who’s countin’.”

“Yeah right, but hey man, seriously, you really are looking and sounding good and I’m pumped up about all of us soon being together in action again.”

“Absolutely, right on.”

“I love it, but hey, Nuff Said T, so come on and let me lead the way to give you the quick tour and then we can chow down.”

“That sounds great but I gotta say that beard really turns you into an altogether different lookin’ guy. And that extra weight I asked you to put on, dude, you are really stealthin’ even on me, and that’s even knowin’ ya all so well.”

“I know, it’s a bit freaky looking in the mirror when I’m brushing my teeth, , but only for you T, , only for you.”

“Cool, really man, cool. Okay, time for a change of subject and the subject is, , this condo. You always wanted to own a Penthouse and you set your goal years ago to someday have a place like this, so congratulations.”

“I got lucky.”

“No way! You started savin’ over twenty-five years ago. I remember you always talkin’ bout’ Napoleon Hill taught us both to first conceive, then to have faith and believe and then set out and achieve. Well my friend, you really did all three, so more power to you.”

After those kind words there was an easy standing silence, then I had to speak my mind.

“Let me be clear with you my good friend, you’ve helped me so much along the way with continual motivation and lots of pep talks, so as always, we’re a team.”

We both knew the deal how we benefitted and supported each other, so no more was needed to be spoken. I guess I got a bit sappy there but sometimes in life you just can’t help it. Before our walk through I went and got TB’s cold Heineken, then we did a quick tour and after that we sat down on the porch and ate our Kosher dogs sitting on my cheap plastic poor man’s not so comfortable chairs.

“Hey Stealth, I see you’ve gone exclusively modern with this porch to die for furniture. I mean it’s just top of the line plastic.”

As usual T's humor was spot on and I started a light laugh and so did he. That was always the best part of our chemistry from day one in Mexico, our easy ability to joke around with no-offense taken.

“Man, this is a great view up here and I see your office desk right in front of that huge glass corner slidin’ door. No bullshit now, you went first class with that desk and chair and what great views you can see while working there. You just need to finish this place off with some nice porch chairs out here.”

“Your right, no argument from me, and you know what, you sound exactly like my brother and sister-in law. They are all over me to get some quality nice stuff out here.”

We both laughed and joked some more and then we got into a quick very serious vibe when T wanted me to fill him in more about a major what I think was a break-thru on some information I picked up on some intriguing long-time goings on inside DARPA, but I was super tight lipped unless seriously eye to eye.

“Listen D, I know ya *well enuff* when ya got sumpin’ heavy but won’t even in the slightest way break security-purity protocol,”

“Yes, correct, because unless we or all of us are together face to face after any of us captures something big, , I don’t want anyone to screw up because then clumsiness sets in, and you know what loose lips can possibly end of doing, so, ,”

“No-No, you’re right, so no harm and no foul. Your diplomatic tones for years got all the Boys and me mentally remindin’ ourselves a~bout keepin’ our mouths shut, until we’re eyes to eyes as you’ve always insisted.”

“I’m not trying to be a dick, but, ,”

“You ain’t no dick David by any which way, and we’re cool like always, but talk to me Bro, what the fuck is up?”

“Well I think I caught the mother load and its all about something very heavily compartmentally set up in DARPA with code names or maybe actually physically dealing with a vault, and a number system within it, , but I’m still gathering intel and trying to figure out a lot more.”

“Well where do you think its goin’ to lead to, , I mean,”

“T, I have no freaking idea, but I’m feeling this vibe that its some heavy off the books or any kind of paper trail visibility programing at the highest level of their security purity protocol.”

“Well you’re my specialized warrior mini DARPA self-contained pentagon all in one program, so keep on spyin’ on big brotha’, and doin’ your thing, and fill me in whenever you got more info and we’re as always eye to eye.”

“Of course T, I will, but I see this as interesting as the UFO’s droppings I occasionally come across, and that stuff freaks us and chills us out more than just about anything.”

“Fuck an A on that Bro, , for sure.”

Before we knew it our twenty-minute window to chill was just about up, so it was time to get ready to head out.

We each took a bathroom and did some quick business and then I put on my old but comfortable New Balance tennis shoes and then double checked to make sure I unplugged my little toaster oven and shut the fridge and freezer tight. Then dropped some food pellets into my Siamese Beta fighting fish bowels and then double locked up behind us.

A member of TB’s vast network of working associates was parked outside in a guest spot waiting for us. We arrived at the Boca Executive Airport in about thirty minutes and as always, his driver was well trained and grilled on driving as carefully and safely as possible. No need for any mishaps or snarls right before a mission.

When we got to the airport, we went to an entrance gate for vehicles only. It was closed and guarded by a man who opened it up very quickly after T rolled down his window and communicated with him.

We then drove past some very expensive jets of all types and drove inside an opened airplane semi-dark hanger, which was closed behind us the instant our car was clear. Like all TB's operations, everything is well planned and organized and this was no exception. As we exited the car I was getting that pumped up special feeling coming over me. It was like old times and I liked it. Not a minute out of the car I turned my head in the direction of some voices I quickly recognized. Sure enough it was my three old friends, Howie, Jacob and Cowboy.

I had known, respected and been involved with these good guys myself over the last twenty-five fast flying bye years. They were and let me be to the point, very tough dudes who were thoroughly combat tested and at times extremely dangerous whenever necessary, just like T, even at this stage of all our aging lives.

Being TB's closest and most trusted long time working associates meant that all of our activities coming up were very important and with the possibility of danger. But then when wasn't there that way of life with hanging out with Howie, Jacob, Cowboy and T.

First to greet me was Howie. This big soft-hearted guy was a gentle giant with a great disarming smile, just like T, but now sporting an ugly beard like mine. To this day I still think of him back in his prime-time because he could have been the heavy-weight boxing champion of the world, , seriously. This dude knew how to box. He had tremendous size and reach plus amazing power, and strength and grace and lightning speed, along with a jaw made of steel. Man, he could take a punch and kick-ass big time.

Then there was Jacob. Very big guy too with extremely thick bones with muscle on muscle everywhere on his body. He was completely bald, but on many occasions TB had him sporting some of the best wigs and facial disguises Hollywood would be envious of. This was a guy who always wanted to take the lead point position, I mean tough and brave as anyone but whenever we were together and had quiet down time, he always was asking

me to talk to about Jesus and God. Whenever we spoke spiritually together, just like with TB, there was a calming effect that took over and it was very real for all of us.

Last to shake hands but not least was a good man named Cowboy. All of us guys were just about the same age, but Cowboy's life was that of hard times and sadness and unfortunately it showed. He was probably out of all of TB's men the most inwardly angry and dangerous, and I thought he should quit the life he was living in with TB and the boys and settle down on his ranch in Montana. His situation though, was that he wasn't a quitter and he never wanted to let T down, but sometimes a man has to know he's reached a point of letting go or when its time to just take an inventory of life before its too late.

I felt bad for him and over the last couple of years whenever I saw him, there appeared to be more decline in his life and it was hard for him to smile much and find joy in living. He seemed like he was on some kind of automatic pilot with his eyes shut and a high-altitude mountaintop was soon approaching and he didn't care if he crashed into it or not. I know that sounds truly terrible, but it was what was happening in his mind's world.

I want and need to say this, and that is he and I really had some deep spiritual talks about life, and he confessed he wished he'd just break down and once and for all seek real professional mental help, but he just wouldn't let himself do that. I was always there for him whenever we were together and he knew I'd meet with him anytime, but he expressed to me he'd be alright and just keep on living life and have everyone's back at all times. And that was the real beautiful thing about Cowboy, he really was one of those human Angels that watched over all of us.

I hadn't seen these three guys in about nine months, since we all were together up in the mountains of Bogota in early September of 2000, and then a little while later, when we were beginning a major mission information operation sweep on Wall Street banking criminals. But hang on, I'm getting way-way ahead of myself, and digressing too much.

TB is constantly in search for adrenaline raising fast good money action and his tough as nails 3 Amigos have always been right there with him. My close nit buddies had some heavy contracted action going on in Venezuela that T as always organized for them, and

after that, all four were continuing on with a scouting OP in Bogota, where I had met up with them previously, and now the same mission has some new twists and turns since the surprising Bush presidential unexpected victory. This particular night time OP for us was another off the book's assignment set up with a deep entrenched hidden pentagon cover company we designed back in the late 70's.

TB's various airfreight and para-military companies were all just another layer of many different kinds of operating contractors who were working for the pentagon in clandestine ways, so the big house would never get accused of being involved with any form of their hands getting dirty if something went wrong. Layering was the thing everyone contractor just did for personal preservation sake.

So yeah, this was all your typical standard operating procedure of unofficial nonmilitary combatants being used for all sorts of needed work, back then and probably more so even now.

I suggest taking notice all the continual wars that seem to be starting in places all over the beautiful planet, that maybe our country had and **HAS** no reason for being there. Well anyway, I'm NOT just sayin', NO, I'm DEFINITELY SAYING!.

Moving on, T and myself decided to write this frank openness without putting in any layers of our own cover story we could use to hide within, for those were the real life and times of what was going on back in the days, and like I said, probably more so even now. And so now that brings us to the conclusion, or shall I say as far as we want to go into what was eventually going to go down that long night ahead of us, but you can be sure we'll come back another time and definitely lay out and share the rest of that mission.





## **‘I know a Little Bit about a Little Bit’ - Feb. 25, 2015**

*David is making a spontaneous personally needed secure call to Fitz. Stone starts with none of his normal greeting pleasantries. Let's pick up right out of the chute;*

“They’re lying their frickin’ asses off Fitz, just like I told you months ago, and the whole damn nuke negotiation is a complete shit sandwich give away to Iran.”

“Hold on D, come on man, slow down and take it easy. Who is lying?”

“That weaselly double-crossing bastard.”

“Focus on my words David, which bastard?” Fitz shouts out.

“That total low life inexperienced good for nothing joke of a human being, who they gave the title name of National Security Advisor for Strategic Communications.”

“Well that sure took a while to spit out, and mouthful. But yeah, I remember you teaching me all about him and his so-called long moniker of a title given to him.”

“This is insane what’s going down Fitz. It is absolutely a fact he’s feeding all the media a pack of lies and we know that for certain, and they know it and they’re still putting it out!”

“Delmonti was phishing on him deep for the longest time, and he finally bit, right D, right?” Fitz was angry, and way out of his normal character self.

“Well basically yes to that question, but he’s become so cocky and arrogant, that many stackers like you and Delmonti know about his boast up close and even more. It’s wrong and it should be criminal how he’s able to continue to mislead the country through his national media press echo chamber games he and his boss are manipulating and playing.”

“Well wherever Delmonti is in the world now, he keeps calling me or encrypted slam messaging me and destroying this guy about how arrogant he’s become over time.

He calls 44 the liar in chief just like you, and he talks about how the president is practically encouraging him to boast about his increasing power he's having over the media."

"The whole things become a slick joke to them, and they don't care. They both continue on with the damn lie that the six countries negotiating the deal are only talking with the Iranian moderates, not the hardliners that we know are controlling the entire situation."

"Take it easy David, and remember what you dad always said to you about staying cool, and I'm a hypocrite myself at this moment, so, ,"

"My Dad was always right, and I'm really trying to channel my thoughts with him, but this is super serious for our country's future safety. . . To be straight with you, I'm channeling or it more feels like Sun Tzu, Zapata and Genghis Kahn are channeling me, and pushing me to do battle, somehow, , someway."

"I know you David and your feelings regarding every human having something inside of us that is there for the good of ourselves, so I follow what you're saying, I really do."

"Yeah, right, and sorry for being a bit gruff but this is big, and a future disaster is the way I sense and see it playing out."

"Stay cool David, , and I'll do the same, but keep talking to me, please."

"I love ya Fitz, and just please keep keeping me on point, yeah-no, always do that. . ."

D paused and then,

"The world knows Iran is lying to us about the moderates, but the two swarthy lying women, Reice and that Val Jerarete women, and that scum bag weasel want to be novelist, along with their coward in chief two-face boss in the Oval office are pimping out the same damn nuke negotiation lie, day after day, and again Fitz, they're all getting away with it."

"It is totally wrong what they're doing, big time, no doubt... Hey, I read that Israel's prime minister is coming by invitation to speak to congress next week, you onto that?"

“Yes, totally, and the man’s worried to high hell that Obla bla is about to make the deal, and the dumb ass goof ball Secretary of State leading the negotiations seems to be agreeing and giving Iran every damn thing they’re asking for, , or I should say, WANT. What’s been leaking out in the news about the negotiations has become mind boggling to Mo’shee and even Mason and his team in England. It’s insane what’s going down.”

“Yeah, I understand all our guy’s worried points of view.”

“This lying creep is nothing but a super glorified speech writer, and he doesn’t seem to have a clue what he and his boss are about to let Iran get away with. And excuse me because I’ve said this before, but God forbid if this is something much more diabolical going on here, and it’s all not just a huge mistake they’re making. This is absolutely turning into one bad deal for everyone, except for Iran.”

“I know you D, and I have faith in your judgment of character, and I’m saying that because I know you’ve done your homework of collecting information on the one with the long title, and those other two women in the White House, all the way up to the top.”

“None of them can be trusted, not one iota. It’s insane the nerve of the moves that they’ve all grown accustomed to getting away with. And thank God these two men weren’t in the White House during the rise of Germany or we all might be speaking GERMAN, and I’m damn serious.” David was straight forward and pissed off.

“Hey D, no kidding now, that’s one scary thought. Okay my friend, let’s lighten things up a bit, and let me tell ya I like the names you gave all of em.”

“Twittily Dee, Twittily Doe and Twittily Dumb,”

“Yep, that’s them, and you can mix, match and move those names around on any given day to work easily for each one of them.” After Fitz’s comment he paused a bit but then,

“Hey David, didn’t we uncover Twittily Doe was put in charge of controlling the generals in the field that were fighting ISIS, or something like that?”

“Yes, in a word and she’s as easy to forensically human breakdown and read as they come, and I mean AS THEY COME!”

“Meaning she’s a pathological and sociological lying and manipulative control freak from what you’ve studied and read from her tells she’s giving off?”

“Roger That Fitzy, but she’s even worse than that. She is so hated now by the Intel community for all her illegal demands and doing so with an increasing fowl nasty mouth over the years.”

“You’ve got her nailed down pat.”

“No actually, she’s nailed herself. The fact is we’ve picked up on her outright mean bossy human behavioral traits and tendencies, and I can see all that on her face and uptight body whenever she’s on the Sunday morning TV news shows, or wherever I catch her.”

“Yeah David, she definitely come off as a rigid cold calculating liar.”

“Oh hell yes she does, but you’re being so kind with your words. She’s a lying fucking full-blooded bitch, but I’m proud of you Fitz with your human traits you’ve picked up on her, so you’ve learned well,”

“Because I’ve tried to be a good student.”

“We’re good students of each other Fitz, and that’s the fact.”

After that comment there was a short gathering of a thought pause, then David went on.

“It’s so obvious they trot her out in front of the cameras to cover up all the double-crossing internal lying and spying that her boss and others have been doing, going back to the Benghazi mess, and actually even before that, but they just go on using the complicit media to keep brain washing and dummifying down the whole frikkin’ country.”

“It’s truly incredible and sad that most of the main stream news outlets are just letting them get away with it all?”

“Damn straight on that fact, but some real serious payback Karma one day will hail and thunder down so strong on all four of them, that the American public will be shocked to their core to learn of all the political espionage and criminal activities being sanctioned to take place starting at the top.”

“All those particular words plus much more are strongly in your visions, and I remember all that you’ve spoken to me about.”

“They are in my visions, and what legal jeopardy will happen to all of them someday will be from their own wrongful outgrowth of unbridled power. All four starting at the top, don’t seem to care about anything normal that a true descent humble person but with amazing political and worldwide far-reaching power, would behave so criminally like.”

“Alright my friend, your intensity is palpable, and your frustration isn’t going to do you any good, so for your health’s sake, you need a time out right now. Will you do that for me, please?”

Now Fitz can hear his good friend breathing in through his nose and out his mouth. He knew his close buddy was way over the top and beyond pissed off but for righteous and good reason, yet also knew he always listened to his good advice. In less than twenty seconds David was calmer and back to his thoughts.

“These nuke talks are going to one day change the world in a very negative way, and make what I began fearing come true ever since we all learned decades ago from TB about the three missing Russian nuclear suitcase bombs.”

“David, you never forget anything and bring all things forward and connect new dots that come into play.”

“This is almost close to becoming a no brainer because of clear recognizable signs by all of the reckless and arrogant acts of the three and their boss, and that big tall stupid ass face fool representing the country at the negotiating table.”

“Well, it must be very serious from Israel’s point of view to have their Prime Minister coming over here to speak directly to the congress about these nuclear negotiation talks.”

“He’ll be here in less than a week because it has become that deadly serious. This is such an important issue for all Americans to understand, because without a doubt before the end of October of 2025 like I’ve said all along about Iran, they will double cross everyone, especially including Russia like I told you years ago.”

“Yes, I get it. These negotiation issues speak to the heart of every living sole on the planet, because if Iran gets the opportunity to covertly produce the nuclear materials for themselves or secretly sells them to other bad guys, then your visions will happen and your words of no one will win a nuclear war will ring true.”

“Exactly. The American people have the right to know the truth about these poor negotiations, especially about the lack of onsite inspection on demand without any given notice to Iran being needed.”

“D, if what you say is a fact about Iran having free reign to do what they want without inspections, well, that should be an immediate deal breaker.”

“It should be, but a very serious tell for me happened in the exact opening seconds of the start of those incompetent negotiations by our American side.”

“What do you mean?”

“What I mean Fitz, is those entire damn talks should have started in the first place with the long pale face bicycling peddling fool representing us, absolutely demanding the immediate return of all four of our American falsely held prisoners, or we should have walked away from the table and initiated even stronger stringent sanctions and punished Iran even more severely with them.”

David pauses right there to catch his breath, then continues.

“Most of the American public had and still has no idea how financially broke Iran was back then and still are, so it’s not too late to use all our leverage to get our hostages back and get all the inspections we want.”

“David, honestly I didn’t know anything about all that.”

“That’s because the coverup and lies have been going on for years, and still are, plus something is definitely wrong with the main stream media for not picking up on that.”

“It was bad enough the president lied about his health care plan over and over to the public, but from what you say about all the lying and misinformation to the world about the nuke talks, well the whole idea of it all is just incredible.” Fitz’s voice had emotion.

“This Twittily Dee boy player is a slick speech writer, I’ll definitely give him that, and he’s become one very smooth-talking dude with wordsmanship that make people pay attention and then end up falling for his entire line of bull crap.”

“Yeah, he’s smooth, and you just sort of kind of nailed em!” Fitz’s voice was emphatic.

“I think so, and after he’s done his writing deed, he hands his crafty worded speeches over to the president and we all know what a great smooth lying orator he is, and so the two of them can put together anything they want to sell the public via the complicit majority of the media and the White House web site they’ve mastered.”

“So more or less, this is a repeat just like they did with his health care plan, but this nuke deal has obviously far more dangerous consequences if it becomes a done deal, right D?”

“You’re damn straight and to the point on that one. . . Fitzzy, Iran is very devilishly smart, knowing how to gather their chosen allies, while outfoxing other thought to be ones, only to be ready to strike at them later as their poison is being mixed and readied for future use to be delivered to their prime targets and unsuspecting ones.”

“That’s one scary scenario you paint.”

“Listen my friend, the fact that Netanyahu is coming here to talk to our legislatures speaks volumes, and after laying out his points of reason to our congress not to do a nuclear deal, he should fly soon after to Russia and have one heck of a conversation with Putin. No matter what the totally bias press says about Putin, I’ve studied him enough to know he’s a reasonable man, and he thinks and absolutely knows no one can win a nuclear war, , NO ONE.”

“I know you’ve been studying Putin since early 99’, after the Israeli boys asked you to use your forensic analytical skills to help them out, so when you say to me you feel he’s a reasonable and tactical, and precautious man after all these years of closely observing him, I totally trust your evaluations and judgements.”

“I’m gonna tell you something Fitz, the American press uses Putin as their forever villain and if they had their way, they’d love to create enough friction and even hate over the airwaves and print, so they could develop more headline news talking about we’re on the verge of going to war against Russia.”

David pauses after finishing putting some of his serious feelings out there to Fitz, but he had more in his thoughts and his dear close buddy could feel his friend’s mind moving fast with more he wanted to open up about.

“You know what, I think Delmonti was basically right on the money back years ago when he told you about that junior senator running for president.”

“I know exactly what you’re getting at.”

“I knew you’d pick up what I’m putting down.”

“I’ll never forget his comments that the dude was inexperienced, out of his league, and that Putin would mess with him like a big cat plays with a field mouse, then eventually take a good death ending bite, chews around and then just spits it out.”

“Your memory is excellent, and like I said, Delmonti was right.”



“Yeah-no, he was David, and I sense so are you about Putin and the nuclear war no possible winner outcome thoughts you two share.”

“Yeah----yeah”. . . David was shaking his head in kind of a disbelieve reality check thought way. He’s had this unsettling vision for a short while now and he’s not able to shake off what he saw in that clear vision. It was all about deadly tactical suitcase bombs being planted in Israel, the United States and Russia. The conversation goes on but David did a quick personal admitting change of direction.

“Hey Fitzy, I’ve got to say this out loud, and just open up and tell ya that now my eyes need constant resting so I can’t read for hours on end, but I’m always doing my best to keep pushing to stay on top of things and keep growing with knowledge to know a little bit about a little bit, because it really matters to me, and, , ,”

“Oh I know you D, and I know you’re always seriously trying to learn a little bit more after you’ve already soaked up a lot of stuff on top of a lot of stuff already, so, , and not to tell you what to do, but you’ve got to take care of your eyes man, seriously.”

Fitz stopped talking but he just deep down had this need to speak his shy timid mind, and he did. “I mean I see more red than white lately whenever we’re together, , and its not that often like the old day, and, , and that just ain’t a good sign for having healthy eyes... Sorry David for being so direct, but I’m worried about you, , so...”

“It’s cool, , it’s cool, I love ya Fitz, and I sincerely appreciate your concern about my eyes, and I’m gonna try to lighten up on them from all the micro-film and laptop reading.”

“Just please do your best to take care of them, that’s all I care about. . . Hey my friend, tell me more about what you think regarding Putin playing with Obama like a big cat plays with a mouse.”

“Right, , right, and I think it’s already been going down that way ever since in 2008 when Obama took office, but just as important in a sense is my latest vibe I’m picking up from the ignorant foolish greedy corporate media pigs.”

“You and Cousin T taught me so much, and opened my eyes to the Mocking Bird Media.”

“Mocking Bird alright, but just a slick name given to the serious game of the off the charts never imagined mind control ideas even before Hitlers rise and use of it once in power, , so yeah my friend, Mockingbird is a broader and more tyrannical monster brainwashing program on a massive scale, and I have no doubt and some proofs its going on world-wide too. . .” David pauses for a second, then just fires away.

“Fitz, taxation without representation is in itself a massive brainwashing evil exercise. . I mean just think about it, how can a government rob the people of their hard earned money while recklessly waste and have so much fraud going on daily inside the massive unelected bureaucrats. . Never forget the Boston Tea Party and what it stood for. And staying on point to this discussion of mind control, think about what you are hearing on the main stream corrupt media right now with their beating their war drums day and night with their slick lying Wolf putrid Blitzer types out-front day and night, with the hopes of enticing Russia or us to start something, so afterwards they can go wild with their sick twisted war time news money making coverage.”

“I hear ya loud and clear D, but you know what my dear sweet friend, I want to do one of your quick change of subject moves because I think it’s needed, , so is that cool, , or?”

“Oh yeah man, please, that’s a good idea and actually good timing to cool my over heated and pissed off mind down. . But I’m gonna end my rant and tell ya we’re heading in another ten years or less to another American Revolution against the pieces of shit running and totally ruining America, mark my words. . And if my visions come true about the suitcase bombs, well, , well, ah fuck it, let the chips fall and settle where they settle, and in my humble opinion, just like TB and I thought about for one of the titles of our books, ***Survival of the Deadliest***, but it really has nothing to do with mankind, no, , it has to do with The Lord Almighty showing who is really in control.” David settles and chills for a quick minute and then shoots out, , “That rant just flew out of me, so absolutely please do me the honors and for sure do one of our change the subject matters before I start ranting again.” Right there both friends start a light laugh over their special secure phone setups, then Fitz goes on.

“You got it David, and I know you’ll dig what I’ve got to bring you up to speed on.”

In less than ten seconds of getting his change of subject thinking cap on, Fitz hits it.

“David, do you remember back somewhere just before the Twin Towers NINE ELEVEN DAY, when TB and you and me had that conversation about when we were young kids around ten or eleven years old, living in total opposite worlds from each other, and you and your brother and T and me would fly in a constant circle those little loud noise making motorized airplanes that were attached to those light gauge metal double wires?

“Oh for sure, I remember that conversation.” David pauses for a thought, then,

“So my friend, where are you going with this model airplane change of subject story?”

“Glad you asked, and I’ll get right to the point. . . You see after the three of us had that old childhood memory lane trip, you and Cousin T challenged me to create on the drawing board some kind of tactical optical and audio spying plus military mini-weapon gadget.”

“Yeah, exactly, , both having the capability of both those tactical usages.”

“Right, well so for years now there’s been plenty of government super drone like flying large size tactical gadgets and they are little by little getting smaller, faster and more tactical and efficient, , you know, so to the point, some bad ass tech shit like TB would always come out and say,”

“Right, right, I’m with ya, , but, , so,”

“So sit tight my friend, because I’m going to wrap this baby up right here and right now. . You see I took that challenge serious, and for years since then I’ve been tinkering with the idea of a super mini drone that had both the capabilities you and T asked for, and I’ve made a prototype for a future swarm of mini killer bumble bee drones.”

Right there in that flash instant moment the second Fitz finished saying *‘prototype mini killer bumble bee swarm of drones’*, David’s face smiled, his draw dropped, then lifted up and at the same time had this kind of puzzlement look on his face.

Then D being just curious, asked Fitz the question of what would be the military DEFENSIVE answer to a swarm of these mini killer bumble bee drones?

“The answer to that would be a very large specialized gun or actually even something with a much bigger barrel attachment that would have to be outfitted with a tight nit strong but lightweight metal mesh like netting that could be the bumble bee’s capture, take-down and neutralizer.”

This conversation went on and on about all the different kinds of technical aspects of this swarm of killer bumble bee drones, and the boys were both having and taking turns with having wild and fantastic ideas popping out of their heads.

Somewhere in this conversation David had to thank Fitz for this great change of subject move he made. And this change of subject question posed to each other was something that David and TB started doing with each other back when they first met in Acapulco, and then Fitz and The Boys all carried on this much needed and appreciated way of being able to have a great open minded buddy-buddy life-long got each other’s back friendship.

*So like the title of this chapter says, humbly speaking,  
I know a ‘little bit about a little bit’,  
scary suitcase nuclear visions coming in the exact  
window of 2025 between March 17 to October 17.  
And the future will have tactical swarms of  
Mini Killer Bumble Bee Drones and, and Lots of other  
Small, Medium and Big Interesting Out of This World  
Dangerous and Live Saving Things, , and Much More!*

## **‘My Personal Earthquake’ - April 19, 1974**

### ***Some Events in Life You never Forget, here's Mine***

My work day started out normal like most times in Acapulco. I came down my little apartments spiral staircase heading for my ninety-foot away patch of the Acapulco Bay area waterfront, to go check my overnight laid out fishing lines. Most of the fish I caught were edible including a stray Barracuda now and then, but I always knew I'd catch plenty of other good sea blessings, so I invited the two divers who worked with me the day before to come over for a fish fry breakfast and they said sure, and thanks.

The not so normal early morning cook out worked out well, so the day was off to a good start, but the day before was anything but. There was a guy just a few years older than me who was flat out a good for nothing human being trying to get me to become part of his small drug smuggling operation. His plan to use me for moving his drugs was very simple.

He wanted to pack his heroin and cocaine in the bottoms of my styrofoam shipping containers that were going to the States and hope to get past the wildlife inspectors with my fish in plastic bags filled with a small amount of water and oxygen.

This was all a normal known shipping way and many others from all over the world were doing the same thing, but now as far as this guy, like I said, he had other plans. I had heard believable rumors that he had done some real bad deeds in his time but for what reasons I never found out, other than he wasn't one to be messed with.

Well anyways, I told him over the past couple of weeks on two different occasions, NO. That's not what he wanted to hear though and this was a dude who usually got things done his way. This guy's presence flat out worried the shit out of me because this could turn into and be something serious in a very bad unknown way. Yeah, this was a bad deal all around, with no other way to think about it.

Meeting this guy a few weeks earlier all started out innocent enough, in that in our first simple chat he just somehow started talking about how he could help catch beautiful little

fish for me, and afterwards he was explaining how he could have them all packed up and ready for shipment to go to the states.

Believe you me, it all sounded good but after very quietly investigating and learning more about this guy, none of his words coming out of his mouth could be trusted.

So on that day of diving all things went reasonably well with my two helpers, albeit the oceans currents were a bit rough so that made it harder to catch fish with our little nets and ourselves being swept around quite a bit.

By the time we finished it had already been a long day and it was just past 2:00 pm and I was a bit tired, so I went back to my little room and rested on my army cot. Right around the time I felt like I fell asleep, I heard a loud whistle and a fairly faint sound of the word 'GRINGO'. I had no idea who was out there making all that noise but I had to go check it out. My little room had no windows so I ran up the spiral stair case Mexican tile steps to the top floor where there was a wide-open viewing lounge area of the Bay.

On the very last step I slipped and I'll never forget that because I fell really hard on my knee cap of my banged up leg. MAN, a real shot of pain rushed from the knee site up to my brain and I was instantly in a lot of distress and quickly ended down on my left side.

I stayed like that for a minute, hoping the aching would subside while rubbing it intensely, trying to get some blood flow happening to begin the healing and reduce the pain. I then made it up off my knees and onto my feet, then limped to the open-air lookout but all the while my knee and brain were now throbbing. The whistle came from the bad guy who said he could help my business with supplying me with beautiful fish. He spoke more or less descent English and he was telling me to come down to his boat by waving his arms and saying words I couldn't really make out, but I got the gist of his sounds and arms waving body language. I didn't need this aggravation and crap, especially at this time but I went anyway.

It took forever to limp down those narrow spiral steps and then slowly walk over to his boat. Once there he tells me he wants to show me an area around the bay that there are some great species of tropical fish that I might want to use for my business. I had heard

about these so-called areas but never had the luxury of a small motor boat to go search in and check them out. My first instinct was to say no and make up some sort of excuse, but I have to admit the best of my curiosity got to me.

My thoughts were clear though, nothing would change what was his final goal, that being to use me as a drug smuggler.

In his boat was another guy who once worked for me but I had to get rid of him because he was useless and a complete big-time jerk even though he spoke perfect English and once was an exchange student in America. This punk being there was a red flag in and of itself but I still boarded his open end to end seventeen-footer and once in it we took off. The ride was about ten minutes and we went to a scenic calm area around the bay where he shut off his engine and raised the propeller out of the water. Then his man with one long paddle rowed us into a shallow area and right practically at the surface looking down about two feet, there were all types of yellow colored species of very small to medium small fish, that were perfect for my business.

After a little awkward silence, we then headed out going towards deeper water and far from the shoreline. What came next was right out of a horror movie script but this was very real, no acting and nothing written for anyone to read, just the sensational reality of the next minutes of my life were going to be possibly hanging in the balance.

This creep shut down his motor and then we just drifted for a minute, no talking whatsoever, and all I could do was keep my eyes on both of them and wonder about some not very good thoughts. I was right, because out of nowhere he has in his one hand this six-inch wood grip and its connected to a real nasty looking long and sharp J-Hook style steel fish mover, the kind used on fishing vessels to slosh the catches along on the galleys.

Instantly I realize this is a real bad scene, and then in the most threatening tone he says, “We are in some very deep and dangerous shark and Cuda filled water and you are way over your head man, , do you understand what I’m telling to you?”

Yeah, no doubt was what ran thru my mind in a flash, but I didn’t blink, move around nervously or show any signs of panic and I didn’t say a !\*c+i@k word. I kept as humanly

calm as possible, made no frightened gestures and just waited with my eyes sizing up both of them. Then he goes on speaking again,

“This is the last time I’m going to ask you to do business with me, and it better happen starting this week or you’re going to become fish food someday out here.”

Once I heard even before he finished all his threatening words my instincts took over and I started looking for anything near me to use as a weapon. All my life survival skills were kicking in and I was internally getting really angry but still showed no signs of any emotions, or any kind of troubling body language.

But the fact was, offensive plans were quickly formalizing in my brain to attack them both if I detected any such reason to do so. I didn’t know what was possibly coming, but I was in gear preparing for anything, right then and there.

Outside of having a gun, I instantly saw the weapon of my choice that would give me the most powerful tool to do some serious fast and swift harm to both of them. It was the long wooden ore used to paddle us into shallow water and it was right there just a few feet from me. I could see the leader’s punk ass sidekick had a good size knife in a sheath running through his belt, but I felt confident I could get to the ore and get a strong grip and quickly swing it brutally across the side of his skull and then go after the other one.

The combat options were flowing in my thoughts and so was my adrenaline, and now my mind was locked in to do whatever was necessary if I sensed an attack was coming.

Fortunately, his tone and his next words that followed gave me the vibe that he wasn’t going any further than this verbal bombastic threat he just made. He was intimidating in a nasty way, and I’m sure it was all done to get me to cooperate after this day.

So after his little speech we drifted in utter silence with a very serious deadly vibe now discreetly simmering deep down inside of me, but mentally controlled and masked from them. They might have thought they had me under their control now but they couldn’t have been further from the Almighty powerful truth.



Finally, he started the engine and we began heading back to my place. Now during this entire boat ride I never took my left eyes peripheral visions ability off of them because I didn't turn my bodies' position fully facing forward, instead sitting half on the boats narrow aluminum gulley with my legs straddling each side.

I was in a keen and strong vision war time stance, and my mental focus was keying up for the purpose of just in case the boss man switched his thinking to me not playing ball with him in the future. My body was strategically positioned to move as swift and fluid as humanly possible to get my hands on that long ore and fight like hell to do whatever I needed to do with it, but that never came about.

We finally made land and after getting out of his boat at my building's shoreline, I walked straight forward and never looked back at either of them. I was angry, pissed and feeling a bit crazy actually, but as always in my life I became as this instance put me in, fully engaged in the human life self-preservation mode.

I feel it would be important to explain something valuable that would put things in context about my mental state of mind on that boat. You see back when I was just a young kid starting at seven and a half years old, the senior and younger lumbermen who worked at my dad's yard took me slowly under their wings and for many years they methodically began the physical teaching lessons of toughening me up and showing me how to fight and defend myself. All this was happening three to four times a month and it was great. In their eyes and the fact was, I was a slow physically growing very undersized kid and they thought these lessons would be wise and give me a helping hand that would carry on and to stay with me forever.

I remember how they first started explaining and showing me the best ways to use my fists and wrist action. It might come off strange but I mentally connected at a young age how best to gain the most force out of my upper bodies tiny little muscles.

They educated me about how my back muscles combined smoothly with my shoulders, would be the true anchor for then using my long arm muscles and my forearms. With that power supply source, a coordinated rhythm was now set in motion to come out of my wrists and connecting into my clenched and sometimes unclenched hands.

Over the years another valuable lesson they gave me was how to use balance and leverage when grabbing an object. One of the prime examples they used regarding leverage, was using long pipes and after that I graduated to eight-foot-long, 2 by 4-inch wood boards.

If you can imagine, it was like a person learning how to swing a baseball bat but these heavy long thick wooden boards made bats to me eventually feel like simple twigs, almost feather weight like, but those lessons over time made my arms and forearms stronger, and even my upper body felt powerful in ways I never knew I was capable of. All that education needed one component that was totally missing in my weak little body, and that was building and toughening me up from my wrists, to my entire hands, bones and knuckles.

The process of that goal started by pounding into and on plywood, which slowly toughened my knuckles, then in a years' time they pushed me to begin speed attacking those plywood boards, moving my clenched fists with my thumbs out, faster and faster without worry of harm happening to any of my entire hand area. I was realizing and feeling what they taught me was slowly connecting in my brain and after months, then many youthful years going bye, my focus of the power in my body was getting keen.

During all the process of my maturing, they slowly graduated me to pound on thick 2 x 4-inch wooden boards. In comparison, this kind of wood was much harder than plywood, so the toughening up of my skin on my hands pounding on them would now go to another level. They didn't start me out with direct contact on my knuckles, just open palm action and that went on for months, but it was wise to learn and repeatedly practice this action because I felt a strong hand strength developing and that was a confidence booster.

This was all taking place over many years but I didn't care because my mind was focused on just learning, no matter how long it took. I knew clearly what all these lessons were doing for my life because over the beginning years I really could feel and sense a more positive difference in my mental state of being.

Hitting on those boards took time and patience to learn because at first I was timid to pound on them real fast. Point being, they were a much smaller target than plywood and had the top and bottom exposed edges that doubly hurt when I missed the middle fat

sweet spot I needed to aim for. Over time my eyes developed a targeting method, and I'm sure that's where my hand to eye co-ordination really started developing in my life, plus all the while, I gradually built-up tougher skin and my knuckles seemed able to handle all the abuse with relatively no physical damage over time. The bottom line, something definitely was happening and I was all in!

During all of this board training, they pushed me at the same time to begin lifting forty-pound bags of sand or cement that were in the yard, and over the years added lumber on top to gradually increase the weight and test my mind and body to balance everything.

I was eventually dealing with amounts of weight making it more than three quarters my body weight when I was nine, ten and eleven years old, but I managed and kept pushing myself to do more, and even more until I just couldn't do anymore.

They also educated and encouraged me to begin as often as possible to squeeze tennis balls to strengthen my hands, wrists and forearms and that became a routine I got into for years and still try keeping it in my workout routine.

The guys had it all going on to help strengthen my outer body and in unison, all that physical work strengthened my inner mental core to be more confident moving thru life. Their kindness and caring to toughen me up over the years were big factors that changed my life and I am forever grateful to all of them who cared to take their time to teach me. Early on during that period of all the training, my dad learned about what was going on from his top elder in the yard, and he thanked him and his men for the lessons and care they were giving me, his son. You must understand, this was great Karma and vibration energy placement for the future going on all around, and I was so pleased that my dad had such good-hearted men watching his back and now I must include mine too.

My body was tiny but it was strengthening and I'd be a liar if I said I didn't notice a positive difference over time. I still was short but no longer bone thin skinny and weak.

Another valuable lesson I need to mention happened after meeting my adventurous American new wild friend, TB. Early on in our time in Acapulco we began some self-defense lessons at his cabin, because he wanted to educate me about how to harness the

adrenaline surges of strength that came instantly when a person came under duress. I had never heard of such a thing but I was completely open minded to learn from him, just like the men at my dad's lumber yard.

TB's teaching me this harnessing lesson took time and needed at first my utmost mental concentration to kick in, so the mind, body and adrenaline could work together. Our one on ones were beyond difficult for me because he's one big bad kick ass dude and the obvious size mismatch was always a challenge, but a really serious way for me to learn.

I was all in on every work out battle we had, but mind you he kicked my butt up and down routinely, but like my dad's lumbermen, my friend taught me valuable life lessons that stayed with me and were always there to be unleashed if ever necessary. I'm sitting here with a very peaceful smile happening from those great memories from so long ago.

TB always used to say to me, that I'm a deep and curious but also strange thinker regarding my strong opinion that our lives could possibly be having other spirits from past lives all around the Universe, entering into our present new lives.

Think what you may of the above personal belief of mine, but going even further I sense starting with centuries ago from my own families passed on down DNA dormant genes now planted deep inside of me, along with those valuable childhood lessons gifted to me by my dad's caring men, and then TB's adrenaline mastering lessons, I'm gratefully left feeling at times within myself a new priceless life energy source of survival.

And now I wish I could teach these same mental and physical energy sources and strengths to all the young people who want to uplift their total inward and outward well-being.

And taking all those years of combined valuable lessons one step further, I felt at an early on age like I had a heightened sense of planning skills and an awareness of trained past warriors, capable of whatever required if and when called upon.

My wild and dear trusting friend TB, was out of Acapulco for a lot of periods of time and one just so happened to be was when this situation with this drug smuggling prick

occurred. This problem would become something that was fully in my own life's hands of destiny but I'd been in tight situations before and I fortunately prevailed.

Now far and safely away from that boat and those two thugs, my knees aching started to kick in again as the flow of my adrenaline settled and slowly melted away. I went into my small apartment and hit up into my army cot to rest the knee and just think about what the hell just happened and what future options I might need to do.

As I lay there, I was all about living and not being threatened or intimidated into doing something I didn't want any part of. Thinking bluntly to myself, I was now planning to take ruthless but guarded measures of this deadly threat against my life. It just seemed from the very beginning of entering into this foreign country, that I kept getting challenged mentally and now physically to comply to all these heartless low life human greedy pigs all around. And seriously, the truth was I'd had enough!!!

A few months earlier learning from TB the skills of using a long-range rifle came very naturally to me and now the thoughts of such a weapon were strongly back again.

The when and where part of this do or die just hatched survive at all costs plan was not coming out clearly at all in my thought process, due to my restless and pained body shutting down and wanting to so badly fall asleep so it could begin trying to heal itself.

The life healing preservation modes from my brain were commanding all of me to calm myself and rest now, so I can prepare with new strength to fight another day. I was beyond spent of all my energy and yet had the sense of knowing some kind of serious storm was definitely brewing.

Drifting slowly asleep, my last thought inside of me was there would be no turning back and as much as I wanted to best let it be, I was becoming unchained, and set for battle.

*TO BE CONTINUED*

# 'Blink of an Eye' 2050

*{Being anonymous for many years with others truly Anonymous, wasn't Easy}*

The blind eyes of justice that provided an ongoing obvious pathetic Double Standard to protect so many malevolent acting traitors, finally brought on the righteous beginning fight of the millions whose eyes were finally opened wide to the true corruption that was deeply going on in Washington D. C.

{From my visionary position of 'Blink of An Eye', I saw Patriotism in late 2024 gather amazing strong steam, and the evil establishment gaslighting the sheep even deeper}

*I learned a little bit* about a little bit regarding political espionage at twenty years old, along with vast ways of using blackmail from real life personal experiences gained from my naïve and young hippie Watergate days. But now in this time of my life's old age and looking back many years to 2016, I can assure you that the only colluding that took place with Russia was with the pathetic shrillest looser pig queen bitch, and their entire parties' gang of scoundrels and literal thieves.

And in that mix were even more thieves, liars, lobbyists, aiders, abettors and worse, but even on top of that, were more despicable's who they rubbed elbows knowingly with, were dastardly people beyond your worst nightmares, known as the dwellers of the dark pedophile secret Island world.

*{Will a new Spiritual beginning help cleanse America of such Debauchery!}*

And so long ago as events unfolded, practically all the main stream corrupt bias media attacked the winner of the presidential election with colluding with Russia, but they were as wrong as *WRONG CAN BE* and covered and lied continuously for the real colluder.

It will all come out in time, being that the plan to subvert and steal the election was attempted by the HIGHEST OFFICE IN THE LAND, and carried out through deep rooted entrenched government operatives who plotted and carried out the devilish plans, but thankfully failed after being trapped and captured and several singing in the end.

AND THE SAME ACTIVITIES WERE IN MY VISIONS FOR 2024, BUT EVEN MORE BLATENT AND IN OUR GOD FEARING FACES!

So be informed, for it was those thought to be of the highest moral integrity in the land who were held in high esteem to guard the sanctity of *Justice for All, but they DIDN'T!*

*{Perhaps Divine Intervention had a Hand in stopping these evil forces in America!}*

These so-called top echelon leaders of their agencies who were thought to be unbiased ethical stalwarts of the justice community, were light years far from that. These criminals and possible thought by some to be traders, set in motion the disgraceful tarnishing of the innocent good names of the tens of thousands of FBI, CIA, and NSA working men and women in the ranks and file. (You will see in your time how that all plays out)

*Will all this FILTH at the top running our so-called Justice system get away with their bias corruption, and be allowed to go UNPUNISHED for their serious treasonous behavior? And who was this large ring of nefarious characters trying to protect and see placed on the crowning seat, so to carry on the coverup & evil plans for America's future? The name of this world wide recognizable American loser but thought by many to be such a queen, was Miz Co'insadencia Shrillery Often, and her husband, Jack Often, LOL.*

*A pair for the ages that maybe one day you'll decide if they almost destroyed America!*

*Could their greed and severe treasonous crimes one day be thought to be the most heinous acts done in modern history, and even go so far back to the time of the long ago Great Roman Empire, before it fell from its own greed and weight of corruption?*

*Thinking out loud for my close now passed on dear friends in this year of 2050, not giving away the ending with our final-FINAL future book, ask yourselves, will the Deep State and corrupt media cover up still be entrenched & going on in your present time of 2016?*

*Well, I don't want to give this Horror movies ending away, so*

*I'm going to enjoy my Popcorn and watch the Show,*

*but know this, more is definitely Coming of,*

**‘In A Blink of an Eye’**

**2050**

Please Scroll Down



## **‘Request from TB’ - Feb. 8, 2001**

TB spent one week in Tibet and his time there made him feel great inside. He flew his own special rigged chopper in and now it was time before he would fly out, to do another one of his very serious mechanical check-over activities and then say his fond goodbye to his old Monk friend. The time went by really fast but the trip was more than a success, it was a blessing for the man. During his stay the two very good friends traveled many miles and each place they stopped, left a lasting impression on TB.

While flying out, he was thinking to himself about all that he had just experienced and seen in Tibet. Etched in his mind were thoughts of this country as being the highest land on the earth and also the most isolated and secluded location with tucked away hidden treasured places one could only imagine. There were breathtaking unbelievable snowcapped mountains all around, and the land everywhere you looked was so beautiful and lush and waterfalls that you only thought an artist could Invision on a canvas.

In their last hours together on the long drive back through the mountains and villages, the two old friends had quality time to go over everything they previously talked about, including all the clandestine tracking down and then targeted killing that TB and his men just experienced in a various dangerous areas in Latin America. This discussion wasn't hard for him to talk about because he specifically justified all the killing of the bad guys as a necessity in order to protect all the good and innocent people of that country who were being terrorized. Both men knew the true reality of war meant human beings were going to die, and this recent work of his was nothing new or surprising to the Monks ear's. He loved and respected TB and the feeling was mutual. Because of the great peaceful feelings that he came away with from this fantastic experience, he told his Monk friend that he would be coming back in the future and that quickly made TB's friend very pleased to hear and know. T was totally at peace but actually had a sad kind of feeling come over him because it was time to go, but he knew he had to keep moving on, so that was that.

As soon as TB could he sent a long and heartfelt pre-arranged and untraceable stock message communique to David, and it was all about explaining the wonderful places he

went with his friend and all the positive feeling's he came away with. T explained he felt a cleansing and an almost like purification feeling coming over his mind and body.

He also talked about how time seemed to just be standing still and how everything felt so calm and tranquil. He did though say in the communicate that now he was traveling back to do another assignment in the Colombian jungles and that he must not for a second let his guard down after this humbling spiritual trip. He explained in code to David that he would have been better off going to Colombia first before he went on this beautiful tranquil journey.

He ended the message asking for brother D's help in the future when he got back to the United States in the spring. It wasn't very explicit, other than to some maybe a strange request, but to David like so many other times before, felt this favor asked was nothing really out of the ordinary from his wild and crazy closest friend.

The favor was a simple one, that being don't **shave** for about three to four months and be ready sometime in early April to join up with him and the boys for some new action. Also, he asked him if he wouldn't mind putting on a few extra pounds in the belly and cut back a little on doing all the sit-ups he always did over the years.

David without any further explanation needed, never gave the request from TB a second thought, and he did it with a smile, no questions asked.

Knowing oh so well both my big bad ass cousin and my really close trusting friend David, of how they each loved living on the edge, and so now in this moment of life again TB set the table and his closest friend like always pulled up a chair to join with him for something new coming up to feast on.

Yes, that was their style, being fast, loose, prepared and totally ready.

I love them both, sincerely.

~ ~ ~

## **‘My Personal Earthquake’- Acapulco, 1974**

TUESDAY Morning, April 13

The entire ordeal with that thug and his intimidating boat ride experience never much left my mind, and I ended up with a very restless night sleep. The next day came and I had a morning dive and then a planned trip up into the mountains via a long bus ride, to meet with a very nice elderly wise man who had once before made fishing nets for me.

The day’s work in the ocean was not one of my best, for I was tired and pissed off because I couldn’t shake what happened the day before. After the work was done, I crashed onto my army cot and finally got an hour of solid sleep and that did the trick to recharge me. Afterwards, I took off by bus in the mid-afternoon for the long ride up to the mountains to meet with the net maker.

The bus I was on was very old, overcrowded, stench filled like I can’t even begin to describe and with its own tail pipes slightly filtering in fumes along with a few drunk men relieving themselves as they pleased. And even worse than that, was the real scary part of every curve we went around seemed to make the bus feel like it was tipping and after we straightened out, I thanked God for the continuing on of all our lives.

And that true thought came from my looking down at the roadside cliff overhangs and realizing to myself that one bus driver mistake and it’s all over for all of us, that simple!

My patience was running thin and half way there my lungs from the fumes had had enough. As I stood in the crowded aisle my knee was swelling and throbbing along with my head feeling the same because the stinking pea and polluted bus filled air was getting to me. No question in my mind I wanted out as quick as possible now, so I decided to get off at the first available bus stop so I could ride another bus back home.

I really didn’t need the fishing nets that badly, along with all the craziness which seemed to be going on inside this bus. I mean some things in life you can control and just don’t

need to suffer through, and this was damn one of those times to make a positive move of getting off that bus for the betterment of my sanity. I can't express it all better than that!

I waited an hour for the next bus back to town and it was standing room only like the last one and cramped to the gills filled with live chickens and a pig this time, along with at least seven crying babies and situations of men behaving badly towards single ladies.

I was angry, disgusted and wished I could have stepped in and done something to some of these dirty minded cockroach pieces of dog crap, but I was outnumbered and my knee was in bad shape. I could feel my physical nature wanting to take over and help the girls, but this was a true case I just had to mentally hold myself back.

There's a time and a place for everything, and this was a moment just to believe someday Karma will befall those selfish human male disgusting pigs. Standing there alone, my thoughts went into a vision of they will truly get the punishment they deserve in this lifetime, and then the after, so that is the way I had to rest on my faith and belief.

When I finally got off that bus, I walked, well actually more like limped about a quarter of a mile back to my apartment. Walking up my spiral stairs to reach my front door, my knee each step rang out pain but I just pushed on.

Upon entering my locked door, right away I could see something wasn't right. As I slowly went in I heard noises coming from my little bedroom around the corner. This was not good. I quickly searched in my mind where some sort of hand weapon in my house was nearby so I could get armed, but the situation gravitated quickly to a one on one face to face with a thief now standing six feet in front of me.

Turned out this was the punk from yesterday on the boat, the same guy who I fired weeks earlier because he was such a complete jerk, always acting stupid and disruptive for the other couple of good guys diving with me.

He and his criminal boss must have watched me enter the bus and did some homework with somebody from my diving crew and found out I was heading up to the net maker. That turned into a valuable lesson in my life, of which being don't let people know of my business or comings and goings, especially in any foreign country.

Had I not cut the trip way short of the long destination, this thief would have had my little apartment for hours to himself and cleaned me out. It was already bad enough though, in that he still had a whole lot of my things stuffed into my army cot's pillow case, and he's right in front of me.

He must have heard me like I noticed his sounds, and just like that without any hesitation from me, the fight was on. Our eyes were locked onto each other, but my peripheral vision kicked into high gear and I saw the whole scene and everything around me locking into my brain. My hands were free but he had one hand gripping the full pillow case, but for once in his stupid life, he had the good sense to drop it and then lunged at me.

We kind of weakly tussled and then he bolted around the corner into my little kitchen. Next thing I know, he's got a table steak knife in his right hand and coming at me fast. My big American friend's self-defense and controlled adrenaline lessons months earlier now were at the forefront of my mind.

He once clearly said to me, being here in Mexico as gringos, he wanted to be sure that if he trained me with some lifesaving moves and fighting techniques, I'd have some of his experiences and usable knowhow which might benefit me if the event of a face-to-face encounter ever arose. And this needs to be said right now, his lessons saved my life!

Fact was, I trained hard with him. I paid close attention to all of his details, and I pushed myself as if it was always real combat. Only when we first originally started this serious training, did I let his size mentally affect me, but soon after I never gave it a thought of how much bigger and more powerful, he really was, because I made up my mind that you can become as big as you want and need to.

The reality though, was my friend was not big, he was incredibly large. Huge rock-hard hands, knuckles that seemed like they were wrapped forged steel, with unbreakable thick boned wrists. My friend, my teacher had massive shoulder strength with arms and forearms to match, and upper body muscle explosiveness beyond most power weightlifters. He talked about his good fortune of strength coming from his incredible balance.

My friend always emphasized balance, and his grew out of his wide muscular inner core, supported by his thick tree stump thighs and legs that could release energy to his feet that had unimaginable kicking speed with powerful force when needed, capable of targeting the enemies face for a knockout blow. He was unmistakably very big, at least six feet eight and a half inches tall he once told me and, in my estimation, easily three hundred pounds of all muscle and strong thick bones.

When we trained, he showed me so many techniques to disarm, hold at bay and the ultimate lesson, the kill zones. Obviously, I was no match in those training times but like I said, I became as big as I wanted and prepared my journey through life to always be ready and aware that way.

One of the most valuable lessons he drilled into my head was to counter attack and at the same time, think strategically with every optional type contingency plan available, and even if not, think quick and make something out of nothing happen.

So all those combat valuable training lessons were now kicking in inside of me in my little tight cramped apartment.

I moved quick and without any kind of pause. My counterattack was deliberate, that of grabbing onto both his wrists and used all my strength to keep an unbreakable grip on them and not let go, NO MATTER WHAT!

All that and my other focused strategy was very clear in my mind now. However possible, I was determined with all my might to take him down to the water's edge and get him deep into the bay water, and there use my superior water strength from hours of diving, to drown him.

But we were a long way to the water, but I persisted, keeping my balance, slowly dragging him out of my kitchen, then around the corner to the little narrow living room, heading for the front door. My spirit was in a total life self-preservation mode, and I was using all my body's strength and holding onto his wrists for dear life, literally step by spiral step now.

He struggled and fought me hard all the way, but I finally made it down the twelve winding steps, continuing my vice like grip on his wrists and holding that knife at bay. He was kicking at me and I at him, but eventually we both stopped. My adrenaline was in full throttle, using it wisely like I was masterfully taught and giving me far superior strength and pushing through my aching swollen knee. I was in a raging mindset killer zone now, innocent albeit, but still, setting him up for the drown.

I could see his eyes with growing fear in them, surprised at my steady surge of continuing control over him. He never stopped fighting to break my grip on his thin boney wrists but that was my lucky break because my hands practically wrapped and fit tightly all around them.

As I was dragging him down to the water, he was trying to kick at me again, so I kicked back and finally caught him in the groin. That took a lot out of him and now I could feel I was the true aggressor, yet I used the breathing techniques TB taught me and didn't take anything under my control of this guy at that moment for granted.

Maybe he sensed what I was planning next because his eyes seem to grow wide with now a new intense look of fear in them, but I didn't give a damn what he was thinking. He initiated the attack and after that I went into full survivor mode with laser focus.

He was totally in my grip, but that knife was on my mind every second because he was constantly making evasive moves to get free. Now we're getting closer to the water's edge and out of nowhere we both trip over my bar-b-que rock pit. That could have been his lucky breakaway move but I gained back my balance and continued my iron grip and march us towards the now nearby Bay.

We're finally there and my tennis shoes were ankle deep, feeling slushy inside my shoes but protecting me from the semi sharp rocky pebbles. I kept dragging him out into the Bays water a little at a time, and he was now at a disadvantage because he was barefooted and I'm sure he was getting somewhat cut up.

With my hands still like welded steel to his wrists, I could sense he was in a disbelief state that he couldn't breakaway during all that time I first grabbed onto him, but there wasn't any letting my guard down at any point, no way, no how.

I now though needed to free one of my hands to make my next move that I started planning a minute or so earlier as we crashed through the apartment houses back door.

I let his left wrist go and my right hand became free and in one quick sweeping move I threw an open palm hard boned upper cut that was so crisp connecting, that I heard his teeth do some sort of crunching noise in his mouth, and saw his head pop up and then he made a quick pained reaction look and sound. I then quickly in a tight jerking motion yanked downward his right hand that was holding the knife.

These two-handed quick moves caught him by surprise but he never stopped fighting back and somehow one of his slashing motions penetrated my skin horizontally about a quarter of an inch deep into my right arm, starting three or so inches above my wrist. Then somehow again, he connected in another slash just above my left wrist at a critical artery area but luckily my American friend had given me a few months earlier a leather wrist band and that knives deadly edge was totally absorbed by this lucky piece of leather I was wearing. I was bleeding but the main thing was I was still the aggressor.

My only thought now was I had to get back control of that knife. We were in knee deep water and he's free to continue to slash at me, but his foot work was hampered by the sharp pebbles and I wasn't having any such problems. I made my move with my legs, pushing off with my tennis shoes, to leap on top of him and get him under water. I now had to take the crucial gamble that he wouldn't stab me in my exposed body.

My planned lunge caught him just right. I was able to get more than sideways to his body with my left forearm wrapped perfectly around his throat, tightly under his Adams apple. My choke hold was not that well locked in and as I tried to get a tighter fit, I took us under water and then brought us back up, catching some air for myself but I could tell by his gasping for air he was being affected by my half working throat grip I had on him.



At some point I realized I needed to maneuver completely around to his back side, making it harder for him to have any frontal stabbing attacks possible. Within seconds I completed that move but I tried my best to get a serious tight forearm under his throat, but it just wasn't happening.

The knife never left my mind and right from the first lunge to get my left forearm around his neck, I was chasing with my right hand trying to get another grip on his right wrist to nullify his desperate thrashing attempts. Everything imaginable was going on during all those seconds of action. I could feel his feet doing everything they could to try and push him upward and at the same time, trying to break my throat grip and get some more air.

Somehow during all this insane action, there was a split-second point when I thought I finally had a real death grip under his Adams apple, but then out of nowhere a body I didn't even hear or sense near or far from me, comes flying into mine, knocking lose both my hands from the grips they had. This individual wasn't an enemy or party to helping this punk, but just there to prevent me from going over the top, he later explained to me.

Perhaps he was right to stop me but the lecherous prick slowly gained his wind and some strength back and then took advantage of his freedom as we were all awkwardly dredging through the knee-deep water. I never took my eyes off of him and I noticed this creep maneuvering his way around the guy who stepped in, trying to get closer to me. I started positioning my feet in a defensive position in the soft sand, and then this thief lunged at me again, like he did in my small apartment. I was just as ready this time but maybe even better, with a well-trained move of bracing my back-left leg and shoe in the waters sandy edge of the Bay, and with my right foot and shoe semi dug into the pebbly sandy bottom. As he came at me I adjusted my back legs position just enough to have the right angle I needed, then I swung fully around with all my force I had in me, a round house wide left-handed sweeping hook, connecting and going across his entire cheek and jaw bone area, and after that he went down right there in a thud, *face first*.

He started convulsing immediately in the sandy water's edge in front of me and other people too saw what was happening, along with the individual who had knocked me down

less than thirty seconds earlier. This was all crazy stuff happening, I mean a pure real-life nightmare and it seemed like it was never going to end.

The guy who stepped in quickly motioned for a friend of his to come over and help him turn the thief onto his back and drag him out of the water. Then he came over to me and in a broken but understandable English, said that I better think about getting out of here because this situation could cause me some very serious police problems and it could go down quickly.

Things were happening so fast now and I recall him saying to me that this guy I just nailed was crazy, but worse, was a relative of some high-ranking positioned guy in the police force around town and this was the bad situation he was talking about.

I didn't know what to believe or think but my gut quickly told me to trust him. He said he could help me, telling me he knew a friend who I could trust and they could together put me in a safe place to hide.

His eyes, I, , I could see he was worried for me, and really cared, and that was how I came to interpret in my deepest working mental instincts I could truly have faith in his words. He seemed like this Angel out of nowhere but that may sound too hard to believe, but for me he was acting and doing what Angels are thought of as, meaning coming to the rescue of us mortals in a time of great need. And that's exactly what this kind soul did for me.

First though I told him I wanted to get my things, as much of my possessions as possible, for my survival mode now was telling me I wouldn't ever be coming back to this place and actually a flash came over me that I really needed to leave the country as soon as possible. There was some serious new adrenaline pumping through me now, but I needed to stay calm as possible and keep my cool as my dad always in his own way preached to me, and so I did my best.

***TO BE CONTINUED***

## **‘How Many People Have This Kind of Talk?’**

*Howie, Jacob, Cowboy, plus TB and myself, I’m David, were all back together like planned the next night after our amazing 4<sup>th</sup> of July gathering in 1975.*

*Last night TB shocked us all with some information that first hit us like a ton of bricks, but then we all decided to just let the idea of three missing nuclear suitcase bombs simmer, just for the rest of that night but to be picked back up in less than twenty-four hours at our next campfire dinner.*

*I had thought about it though all day at my work in the lumber yard, and I wanted to talk to my brother about what I learned, but the big guy expressed for all of us to never speak a word of it to anyone, and that was that, my lips would be sealed until we both decided to write our book many years later.*

*The second night of our gathering together was a good night for all, with a lot of laughing, stories being shared about their Viet Nam days and TB’s and mine too from our wild times in Mexico. Somewhere along the line my big buddy brought up another unique subject that was very personal for all of us to speak about, but each of us was willing and able to do so.*

*From that night on for the rest of our lives, this difficult but personally very heartfelt topic began the most unusual kind of caring and trusting endearing friendship that created a pact that was made by all of us. Here’s the story behind it;*

“Somethings been botherin’ me for a while and I need to talk to all of you guys.”

“What’s going on Boss?” Howie first of the group to ask TB.

“No secrets between us, right David?”

“For sure T, speak your mind.”

“Good. So I want to tell ya I spoke to the boys here bout’ your good friend Marty and what happened to you in the hospital with his mom.”

“Yeah David, we were all sad to hear you experienced what you did,”

“Jacob’s right, and none of us could ever imagine what you went through.” Howie speaking up.

“We were all in California, gatherin’ together for our last distribution move, when I just had to let them know about who really is the guy that turned my life a~round, and indirectly change all of theirs too.”

“You should have been there that day David, because this bad ass dude was as soft and at peace with life as we’ve all never seen before, telling us it’s all over, we’re all going to be retiring, , finito’, done, over and out with the Acapulco Gold weed world, , and then when he opened up about your friend’s mother telling you to pull the plug on her son, well that touched us all beyond words man,”

“And Cowboy, that’s why I have to speak to you guys today.” T jumping in to say.

After T’s comment the fellas stirred around a bit but quickly one by one told TB to speak about whatever’s on his mind, with holding nothing back, and he did.

“David’s friends’ mother was probably in the most tortured state of personal mental pain any person could ever be in. She was screamin’ at David, *‘My son is brain dead, what don’t you understand?’*”

“TB told us Marty passed on his own a few days later but we totally understood how she wanted her pain to end right then and there, and that’s why she came to you David, to help her do what she wanted.” Jacob quietly speaking.

“I remember that moment like it’s happening right over there, and I’m watching it all unfold again, while sitting on this log.” David was pointing to any empty space just seven feet away.

“I didn’t mean to bring back your pain.”

“No-no T, I’m fine, and now my recollection and senses are telling me where you’re going with this conversation, and I’m getting it, so please go on.”

All eyes were on me at that moment, and my three new friends were getting to know me up close and personal. Then TB took my lead and went into the teeth of what’s been in his thoughts for quite a while.

“I told you guys that David admitted back when it happened, he couldn’t literally pull the plug on his friend then, but after all the crazy action and adventure he and I shared together in Acapulco, he’d gone through mental changes and was toughened up and now could and would do what Marty’s mom asked of him.”

“Excuse me T, but didn’t you say that David talked about the idea of shouldn’t there be some kind of mercy clause or some form of a legal medical decision to end one’s life if they’re brain dead? Sorry David, if that sounded wrong or,”

“No problem Howie, because that’s how I feel, but we all know this is a heavy subject.”

“It is, but David again I’m sorry and the boys are too for the strain and sadness you must have been under from your friend’s situation.”

After Howie’s words, everyone just took it all in and then after that pause, TB picked the conversation right back up.

“D, you need to speak to the boys now, cause you’re the one who’s given me this particular information, so its best you talk to em bout’ it.”

“Yeah, okay, you’re right. Well from the basic research I’ve done, I’ve found out it’s a complex and entangled mess, and what I mean by that is, each state has different laws set up on how to handle the various traumatic medical brain situations that arise.”

“I’ve got to say something.” Cowboy now, with a strong sincere tone and the look in his eyes of sadness. He goes on.

“Originally when I heard about Marty and even more so now, I can’t stop thinking about the pain your friends’ mother, and you David, must have been in. And the idea of what if he wouldn’t have passed naturally like he did, then everyone’s emotional suffering would have continued on. So I’m sorry you guys, but I have to say and be brutally honest about it, what’s the point to let someone who’s brain dead just linger on?”

“Cowboy’s absolutely right. If there’s no hope, then doing something merciful for the sake of ending the suffering for the family and friends, is just the right thing to do.”

“I’m with you on that Jacob, and Cowboy’s right in his brutally straight forward feelings about what’s the point.”

Howie usually the light hearted one, had a look and sound before and after those words of one sincere caring human being. After his thoughts I needed to open up more.

“Listen guys, remember I was very naïve back in that moment in time and pretty heavily drugged up on pain meds for my knee, and up until Marty’s mom made it clear to me that her son was brain dead and screaming at me that there was no hope for anything to change, well it was after she let my shirt go, did I really start to understand the fact that he really wasn’t with us anymore.”

“Every friend and family member of Marty must have been in so much pain, and each one of them was inwardly screaming in their own way, wishing for mercy.”

“That’s true! Cowboy’s words are sadly how it was, and this for me was a real case of knowing everyone in the family would be grateful for some kind of quick and merciful ending taking place. But I just couldn’t do it at the time fellas, I just couldn’t.”

“Hey David, we totally get it,”

“Absolutely we get it, because Howie speaks the damn truth man. So don’t be so hard on yourself and believe me, we’re all with you.”

“Thanks Cowboy, and you too Howie.” In that moment I was truly feeling emotional with these new developing good friends.

“Why shouldn’t there be some kind of peaceful humane act allowed to end the pain and sadness.” Howie now with strength in his words.

“Not to draw any kind of comparison, but we euthanize our loving pets when there’s no hope left, so why can’t we have the right in a case like Marty’s to do the same for our loved ones.” Cowboy speaking in a soft but deep heartfelt manner.

“And this is why I wanted to have this talk with you guys tonight.”

“Let’s have at it Boss, we’re all ears.” Big Howie now totally in gear.

“You got it partner. What I didn’t tell you guys was the talk David and I had bout’ if such a terrible fate fell on one of us, that the other would pull the plug and end the lingerin’ and sufferin’ our families and each of us standin’ by the bedside would be in.”

“That’s pretty much how the words went down that night at one of our rare but bizarre campfires T and I had up in the mountains.” I felt so calm as I spoke.

“So I get it David, and you too Boss.” Jacob speaking and nodding affirmatively.

“Me too.” Cowboy now.

“And count me in too brothers!” And Howie rounding out the trio.

“Okay boys, that makes five of us who totally agree to where this little discussion just went.”

TB’s words were clear and agreed by all. Now Howie continued.

“Listen guys, I want to propose some kind of pact being drawn up between us, right here, right now.”

“I’m in.” Jacob speaking up.

“Howie’s right, a pact.” Now Cowboy jumping in.

“And I’ll say it to you guys, just like I said it to T in Mexico, this is all about ending the suffering for the family, and I hope this doesn’t come out sounding selfish but also ending the suffering for ourselves too. What I experienced in that hospital room seeing Marty hooked up like he was, and, and,”

“Nothing selfish about it my new friend. Hell man, you were there up close and personal and you saw and I’m sure picked up and felt everyone else’s pain around you,”

“Jacobs totally right David, and T’s told us you have a knack for picking up human vibes good and bad, plus peoples auras they give off and feelings and such.” Howie now.

“Look it guys, what if there was such a crazy thing like I discussed last night, I mean what if there really was a nuclear attack!”

“That’s some scary voodoo T, I mean mighty nasty, and God help the world if such an insane event ever took place.” Cowboy chiming in to TB’s comment, and as he spoke, we all could here that sad tone that came with the sadder look in his face.

“I know it is, but what if it really happened and any of us were horribly hurt, disfigured, and never goin’ to be anywhere near ourselves again.”

“Well now Boss I can’t speak for you guys but I don’t want to keep on living if I’m so badly burned up from the radiation, or in any form suffering from some kind of brain injury, , or lets be real and raw to the bone here, any kind of totally negative life changing event.”

“I hear you loud and clear Jacob. Man this is tough guys, seriously.”

“No doubt a~bout it David.” TB coming in quickly.

“But listen fellas, I’m not opposed to making some kind of pact that if something so bad were to happen to me, and any of you somehow find out and T’s not there, well,”



“WOW David, and all you guys, we’re all getting so heavy here and I get it, because this is no joke whatsoever!” Cowboy solemnly speaking but his words came out very slowly.

“I told T about my conversation with my brother regarding this very topic. I said to him if something so horrific happened to my brain like it did to Marty, then he’d have to take charge and pull the plug.”

“How did he respond?”

“Well, I don’t remember anything specifically being followed up with about it,”

“Why not?” Cowboy with real curiosity.

“We’d been driving for days to get to the Texas-Mexican border and at the time we really never got deep into the subject and then I never brought it up again, but I should of.”

“Like David said and TB agreed, this really is a tough one.” Cowboy honestly and easily speaking his mind now.

“Tough one or not, this is to my own choosin’ that I asked David in the mountains a while back to pull the plug on me if it ever should be needed, and most importantly, he and I are totally without question together for each other on this.”

“But what about our families, and shouldn’t something be put in writing. I mean there’s so much going on with this situation,”

“You’re wise Jacob to think and speak to us so honestly, and something should be put in writing.” I eased in to say.

“Listen guys, I know if any of you were askin’ me at your hospital bedside to do such a deed, then I’d face up to it and carry out what you wished me to do.”

“We all know you would Boss, no doubt about it.” Jacob speaking straight up.

“Hey T, I know you don’t like talking about it, but you risked your life over in enemy territory in Nam when you took your whirly bird in and rescued plenty of guys, and those

were total strangers you laid your life on the line for. But what we have here is maybe deeper than your rescues you pulled off.”

“Cowboy’s point is right Boss, you risked your life, so now this idea to give a merciful passing for one another if it is truly to the point in any of our lives needed, I’m in you know, so yeah, I really am because I just keep going back to Marty’s mom’s pain.”

“Howie, I have to admit it’s really hitting me now too, so I’m in all the way and my inner feelings tell me there’s no contract needed between any of us,”

“Jacob’s right, we don’t need any kind of document, we just need our solemn word, and that’s all!” Cowboy speaking his mind while passing his eyes onto everyone.

“I wonder how many people out there have this kind of talk amongst family and good friends, before the need really arises. . . Guys, in my heart I feel there’s nothing wrong with being open and honest about this painful subject.” I remember my voice was calm, and I felt so at peace with my new developing friends.

“The reality of some horrible medical situation happening to a loved one in a family has got to be happening by the thousands everyday around the country, and this very down to earth thought what we’ve been talking about here must be crossing to some degree the minds of every one of those family members, plus all their friends gathered around in the hospitals too.”

“Howie’s on the money again, no question about it. I agree there has to and must be unimaginable horror takin’ place every day all across the country’s hospitals for families like Marty’s, and it all comes on without any warnin’ whatsoever, and then the sad mentally torturous family vigils begin.”

TB speaking from experience shared by our sad talks about Marty I had with him.

“The reality that faces those family members who are suffering while watching a loved one slowly dying from old age, or some kind of brain damage, or all the different cancers out in the world that are slowly killing millions of people, but they’re still lingering on, , I, , I just never really thought about it in depth until tonight.”

Jacob somberly speaking up to say.

“What a tough and sad but absolutely needed conversation fellas, you know!”

“I tell ya what T, it’s been a rough one for sure, but I’m glad you brought it up.”

“I agree with Cowboy, so you did the right thing Boss, no doubt about it.” Howie speaking and looking straight into the eyes of his big buddy.

“Merciful euthani~zing action, or whatever you want to call it, but one thing for sure I can say, is that this would be the utmost deeply felt kind of watchin’ over and havin’ one a~nother’s backs you could ever imagine, you know!”

“No question about it T, this brutally really is the bare raw facts of putting in the hands of a trusting friend your last wish, if so required.” Those were my heartfelt sad but truthful feelings I had to say to my dear close and trusting friend.

*So that day myself and my four friends made a pact and swore that if ever needed, we’d be by the bedside to carry out the final wish for one another. And days later, we added our dear friend Fitz to our pact because all throughout his childhood and adult life, you couldn’t ask for a greater devoted cousin than TB to forever have his back to the very end. Then a few days after Fitz wanted to be a part, he had the heavy talk with big Freddy, and the big sweet man wanted to be part of our pact too, and all of us were pleased he joined in.*

*Please understand this is a very tough matter to talk about and deal with, and I’m hoping none of you will misunderstand all of our heartfelt feelings on the matter.*

*The bottom line for all of us, we were dealing with it head on and in our own way, legal or not.*

*None of this is easy to write about one bit, but people need to know that any kind of brain disease could happen to them or a family member, and maybe these chapters would be a starting point of informational learning that might help them, and even greater, all of society to open up and talk about.*

*And being truthful, that's the real bottom line of what TB and myself wanted this chapter to be about. The country needs to have a serious debate about the matter, and maybe one day a referendum of allowing a true-life choice be allowed for each and every one of us to decide a merciful ending to our lives.*

~ ~ ~

Think carefully about this, that if you should become in any way brain damaged, or so horribly burned in some manner, or, or whatever is so demonstrably life changing for you, and you just end up not having any quality of life to look forward to day after day, then don't you feel in all frankness, that,

**'You should have the right'** to choose to have a merciful ending given to you?

This is cousin Fitz, and I'm going to put the final touches to this down to earth chapter that is for all of Americans to think and speak about.

For many years after the boys made that faithful amazing campfire pact between them, David began to make part of his studies he did to begin learning more in depth about the human brain, not monkeys or other animals, no, just the human brain. That was never his primary reason for going to all the various libraries, but by 1987 he was becoming well versed about a disease that really never was being talked about that much in the media. It was the disease of the brain called Alzheimer's, and you will learn more about it yourself from my two best buddies' Trilogy plus-plus future books. (That was their future hopes) They believed it was more important than anything to make the public well aware of facts surrounding this (ALZ) brain destroying disease.

And as the years churned on, TB and myself realized that David's visions of the future were slowly one by one happening. We clearly heard our friend's thoughts about his nuclear war footing feelings, but it became even more scary when D would educate us on the unbelievable increase of Alzheimer's disease happening to the American public, plus the increase of the percentage of the population being born with Autism.

The projection of numbers David envisioned suffering from this disease was staggering, and unless a cure or some kind of totally breakthrough could be made, his deep concerns that the Alzheimer disease would rise, sincerely worried him for all of mankind.

My friend was right that something must be discovered immediately to stop the pace of this affliction that is getting a foothold into the American population over sixty-five years old. But he also talked about the night of that hollowed pact that came about from the conversation that TB started and then came full circle that night, that there should be something for all people of the United States to decide for themselves to mercifully do, if any kind of crisis like the boys clearly talked about, should arise in your own lives down the road.

And from that, it was David who wanted to see a nationwide referendum be written and legally drawn up and allowed to be voted on, with the clear and unambiguous intent to give all American citizens of clear mind the right to sign for themselves the path to be EUTHENIZED if the time really arose for their lives to be peacefully assisted to pass onto eternity with grace, honor and dignity.

And David and Cousin T gave it the name after a lot of back and forth thought;

## ‘The National Empathy Marty Act’

*So now being real, we truly wonder how many People*

*And Families and Friends*

*Really have had this kind of Talk?*

## **‘My Personal Earthquake’ - Acapulco, 1974**

Continued

### SAME DAY, TUESDAY LATE AFTERNOON

Within an hour, this caring young man had me situated in his friend’s small home, not far from the main road named Miguel Aleman but many miles from the scene of the fight.

I actually knew this fella taking me in, and that was very comforting. I was at a party with him many months earlier and I now had no reservations about everything going on.

He spoke very good English so this was very important for me because I really needed to converse about my situation, especially with someone I could trust. His mother when I first walked into their home saw my arm’s cut dripping blood and with such kindness and grace I can’t express enough, took care of the wound.

We only communicated with our eyes but she put a little helping strength into my tired spirit. I was a total stranger and I could only offer her a heartfelt smile of thanks for her care and love which I’ll never forget.

All this sweet goodness from her was so the opposite of all the insanity that started yesterday afternoon with the boat ride with that killer, then the horrible bus ride up into the mountains and then ending with me turning into a potential killer myself.

I was getting tired but felt weak and hungry too, and she again saw my signs and condition and went into the kitchen and brought out some delicious hot and spicy soup and after I finished that she offered me more but I said softly no thanks and smiled up at her and said thank you with my tired eyes and muted spoken words. Then she motioned me to follow her into this little room with a real bed. I saw her son waving me to follow her and he was proudly smiling because of his mother’s tenderness towards me.

I barely had the strength to take my wet shoes and sox off, but I did and after that I just fell right into the mattress. I took two really deep breaths of air in and out and began the

unwinding process and it really was feeling good, yet I was so exhausted, I just had enough energy left to wave goodbye and faintly smiled to her as she walked quietly away from me and gently closed the door.

The darkness was comforting, yet my eyes felt so tired and my body too. As I was resting my head on the bed's comfortable pillow, I really started trying to fully relax and unwind all the tension and tightness that still remained in all my stressed-out muscles.

I was really in need of some deep healing sleep and I slowly started drifting away. Hours went by but not having any idea of how many, I awoke feeling some new energy and power coming into my total being. I thanked God with words spoken in my mind and out loud, then along with my simple prayer, I started thinking about life and all there was to live for at my young age, and that seemed to be that push I needed to be strong and keep it together and have faith everything would work out.

I slowly got out of the bed and heard my hosts talking in the other room. It was late into the night, well past their normal bedtime but the mother and son I learned later, were talking about my life's situation. They greeted me with smiles and their eyes spoke volumes. My young friend asked me how I felt, and I told him the hot spicy soup and sleep gave me the strength that I needed and now I can carry on with a much clearer mind. After speaking with him I looked over to his mom, smiled gently and thanked her again with my eyes and then in her language. She smiled back and I just held my eye's gaze on her and that's when I felt like I saw an amazing Angelic spirit all around her.

It was beyond words, a true beautiful moment and I'll never forget it but it didn't last long enough because then her son and I began maybe one of the most important conversations I've had up until that point in my life.

Late into the night we talked about everything that took place and options that I should consider. I began rolling around in my mind so many different important kinds of contingency plans that I needed to put it all on paper so I wouldn't leave anything out.

This young man really proved himself to be a friend and a sharp one at that too. You see, Acapulco as vast as the lay of the land was, really was a small world for those in the know

and this young man was tapped into it all really well. He was calling many friends he could trust and asking them to begin collecting information for him about what's going on with my situation.

A few times out of nowhere whenever I was around this good guy in their home, I would have flashes come over my mind, saying that this young man was a real earth Angel, and I kept thinking about the idea that he was a true Godsend of help, just like the other young man who broke up the fight. What else can I say because that's how I truly felt.

It was late into the night now and calls were coming back that the guy I beat down was seeking revenge and using his uncle, some kind of big shot high ranking police officer, to do his future dirty work on me after they capture me. The word was that they were drawing up assault charges and making accusations that I was a major American drug dealer and they were going to upon capturing me, say they busted me with ten thousand pounds of weed. Whether any of this crazy and scary information that was being told to my new friend was true or not, there was only one decision going through my mind now and that was I had to leave this country as soon as possible.

After speaking together about all of what we learned, the young man hiding and helping me totally agreed I needed to escape out of Acapulco because he believed all the chatter from all of his phone calls were reliable and that my life would be in very serious danger if I didn't get out as quick as possible.

There was one reliable friend at the airport I believed I could trust and help safely get me out of Acapulco and back to America. My thoughts quickly went into gear that I had to get in contact with him but discreetly. His big airline company where he had a managerial position in, were the shippers of my fish boxes, so he and I had talked before about the criminal activity of the original freight shipper I had to deal with. This airline friend knew all about how the freight guy was overcharging me, plus also I told him months earlier about the insults this coward spewed at my dad when we were at the freight office trying to pick up an inflatable raft my dad brought for me.

Thankfully my trusting friend at the airport was a blessing that even years later whenever I think back on those times, I'll say in my heart, 'Thank You'.



This friend's name at the airport was Pedro and he and I had always had a good guy to guy friendship. His phone number was easy to obtain, being that he worked at the biggest Airlines at the big International Airport.

The next morning after a few hours of on again off again restless sleep, I called him and told him the entire truth about my situation. He said he would be getting off of work at three PM and that we should meet at his home after his workday finished.

I knew where he lived because a few months earlier he invited me over to a very hospitable family dinner. I told him I would be there waiting for him and I must have thanked him maybe three or four times before we said our goodbyes. Believe me, I couldn't stop thinking how fortunate I was to have met and made such a trusting friend with Pedro many months earlier, and now he was going to help me with a plan to escape his country. My feelings after some fifteen minutes of damn serious back and forth exchanges of zeroing in on his really good ideas, made it very clear that I came to the right guy to safely get me out of the country with as minimal risk as possible.

Nothing in this plan could have happened in this day and age of computer security measures and multiple identity check points and bar code identity boarding passes. So thinking back to all of that lacking heavy security of today, I should say some luck was on my side for living in the times of that mess I was in. So AMEN to that!

And let me say humbly, until something like what was happening to me falls in your lap, then there's no way you'll have any idea how your life can truly be put in a precarious position, and all of it happening out of thin air.

It was the middle of April of 1974 and Pedro and myself were seriously setting in motion a simple and reasonably save manageable operating plan. We agreed to make a one-way ticket to fly out on his work place big airline, and the plan was for Friday morning's eleven o'clock flight. That day and time was picked because there definitely was a need for speed to get me on that plane and safely up in the air and far away, so that said, we were at just a bit less than forty-eight hours and counting for the entire plan to be in motion.

With Pedro working at the airlines, I was going to fly out of, this helped immensely have some real control of watching critical data coming through the front counter system that he or his co-workers would have a view of. He was the boss so that was super important. None of those people would know of me or the situation I was in but just to be doubly sharp, our plan was for Pedro that morning to be right there at ground level to hear if anybody might know something about police questioning anyone looking for my name on the out bound passenger list. But we had that covered in our back-and-forth thought-out plan, and this was a key part we worked out at our first meeting.

It was a very manageable plan that we hoped no one could ever catch on to in such a quick and short period of time since the actual fight at the water's edge occurred. The deal was, Pedro entered and secured a seat for me but with the name of Pete Smith or somebody like that, just anybody's name other than me. It was too long ago to remember certain exact specifics, but I'm sure you get the point, but all the escape particulars are clear in my mind. And I can say, that first meeting with Pedro truly felt like some kind of military planning operation and I was so grateful that I was working with someone of his mindset. We both kept each other sharp and went back and forth with a couple of key components of my escape but since he knew the lay of the airport land much more than me, I agreed with almost everything he laid out. He understood my reasons for trying to achieve perfection with every move I would be making once the exit operation began.

Being realistic, we both knew that things happen out of nowhere, so we worked on back up plans for the critical acts I would be doing to get through the procedures to eventually get into my assigned seat. Bottom line, I felt our final plan was excellent with contingency backups that felt just as good.

We made a great team interacting throughout our discussions and we were getting thoroughly prepared to send the USA bound package, off safely, and with no joking meant, I was that package!

Concluding our meeting, we agreed we would meet again at his home tomorrow, Thursday after his work day and I would have everything of mine in one suitcase. The only problem was I didn't have a suitcase, only the pillow case the robber stuffed and another pillow case I hastily jam packed myself with my final odds and ends from my little apartment.

Once I explained my situation to Pedro about my two pillow cases, he had that issue taken care of with the greatest of ease. He had so many lost and found suitcases at the airport that were just collecting dust, so it would be no big deal in his supervisor position to bring one home for me to put all my things in. This just brought more appreciation I had for this good hearted and soulful man.

So after that meeting I took a bus back to the safe house of my new friend and his mom. I was so lucky to be brought to them because as I came back there, she greeted me with such kindness and support with whatever my basic needs were. And what I needed when I entered her home again, was more rest, and this time it worked out with a couple hours of some deep peaceful sleep and I figured that happened because I felt good about the plans now in gear with Pedro's wise help to safely get me out of Mexico.

I remember after waking up it was in the early part of the night and stores were still open, so I walked over to the local people's food market and bought all kinds of items for the sweet lady to make for her future soups or whatever she'd like to whip up in her kitchen. It was the least I could do but I remember at the time wishing I could have done much more. She was very appreciative but I'm sure you can imagine it was my deep pleasure.

#### THURSDAY MORNING

Luckily, I got a descent night sleep of five hours and as I awoke, I could smell some good things in the air. The Senora was awake and in the kitchen at six in the morning and she made me a nice complete breakfast of scrambled eggs and tortillas with two different sweet jams I picked out the night before, and a fresh glass of squeezed orange juice.

This sweet older woman was waiting the entire time for me to wake up just to take care of me. Her meal was perfect because it gave me the source of energy I was going to be needing throughout the long day that was ahead for me.

I'm on schedule, arriving at Pedro's home early, even after a long out of the way taxi ride, who eventually left me off in a back-route area where then I walked a short distance through a few bumpy alleys to get very close now to Pedro's home. I came with my worldly possessions stuffed inside the two pillow cases, but I had them camouflaged with a white

thin blanket over them and all tied together in a neat bundle, using some fifteen-feet of white close line. I bought those two items the night before when I went shopping for the senora, and they worked out just like I hoped they would.

The whole idea of the camouflaging the pillow cases and hand wrapping them so artistically, was so no cops who might be on the lookout for me or catch on to a suspicious guy walking around with stuffed pillow cases, well there wouldn't be anything like that to see anymore.

Once inside his home, he told me he respected how I was being very careful with each move I made for security purposes. I had too, this was a survival situation and I was determined to prevail, all the way back to my country and family.

We packed all my belongings into a really nice suitcase he brought for me plus he also had a really neat leather carry on that I could put my cameras and valuables in, rather than chancing some baggage handlers rummaging through my new suitcase and ripping me off. That would be something that was unfortunately almost a routine and expected to happen back in those days if you were dumb enough to pack valuables in your suitcases.

Like I said a while back, Pedro knew the lay of the airport land and its entire goings on. This was another reason I appreciated how he was looking out to protect my items from being ripped off, plus more importantly, helping me escape from a really bad situation. So moving forward, the plan was he would take this suitcase to work on Friday morning and have it quietly preloaded onto the loading dock area with the tags and everything needed for my specific plane I was going to be flying on.

This would be one less heavy burden for me to carry, literally and figuratively, and that too was part of the heads-up planning Pedro figured out.

On the day of checking in before boarding, Pedro would take charge of everything by being positioned right there at the check-in counter. He explained whatever funny business we did to avoid any name recognition of me by any police somehow that were routinely there, we hopefully had that covered pretty well. This was the key to the entire plan that my

friend thought of at our original first late afternoon meeting and I liked it the minute I took it all in.

Oh yeah, I mustn't leave out the fact I would be doing a little key disguise work too and when I told Pedro my idea about that, he was kind of dumbfounded but really liked the concept completely.

What that is all about, comes from an old Hollywood actor named Lon Chaney who my big buddy and myself were fans of when we were kids and we both without knowing each other, learned a thing or two from this old-time interesting actor.

To pull off the all-important needed Hollywood move, it all would depend on me getting to my friend's secluded hidden cabin where all the makeup and unique disguises were located.

Why he had all these bizarre sorts of off the wall Hollywood tools of that great actor's trade was because my big buddy at various times used them too for his line and trade craft work also.

Nuff Said on that matter, at least for now.

***TO BE CONTINUED***

## **{The ‘T’ Word-Red Flags, Algo’s & Putin}**

*It was April 19, 2015, and almost three months has passed since David and Fitz had their last serious talk about the Iranian nuclear negotiations going on. David just couldn’t let go of what a one-sided good deal the President was setting up to give to Iran, and he was also curious and baffled how Russia was poorly in his mind playing their hand. We’ll pick up there;*

“Fitz, there’s no doubt for me that if Iran gets this nuke deal, they’ll turn around eventually and double cross every one of those foolish Oba bla bla negotiators and easily and willingly do the same to Russia.”

“Which has always been your second primary point,”

“It really has, and I can’t help but wonder what are Putin’s tactical end game thoughts, because he’s allowing Iran way too much latitude and within less than eight years, they’ll be able to go full on out with a nuclear war head building program, but I think they’re hiding a few military building facilities somewhere right now and they’re operational too.”

David pauses, and quietly thinks about his own past words. He then continues.

“Putin came out a hero by his action to get Syria to make the move to get rid of all their deadly chemical weapons and other stock piles of arms,”

“That’s right, and that was a good looking worldwide political move on his part.”

“Oh for sure, and now Russia seems to be stepping up their game in more ways than one to really try and show they’re the big bad bear in that huge middle east neighborhood.”

“Well for what it’s worth they are, but I see how your mind is thinking D from the lessons you’ve been steadily giving me about Russia, and it makes sense what you’re saying about all the potential double crossing you’ve taught me to look for by Iran.”

“Good. The fact is with Russia cozying up to Iran, and the double-crossing liar in the White House thinking he’s such a big shot leader of the world with this bad nuke deal, my visions see the U. S. and Russia being set up and nuked within seven years if this deal gets done. Unless something changes immediately for allowing unfettered total free roaming access to all the sites for inspections by the IAEA without any notice to Iran needed or given, the fate is sealed for an apocalyptic nuclear WWIII.”

As soon as David finished all his deeps thoughts, he paused but Fitz knew he had more to say, and now he could hear over his Sat phone his friend start pacing and then he heard the mixing in of clenching teeth and footsteps. He knew his friend well, and right on cue, his buddy fired another point.

“Did you know that Syria played America for fools also, with that deal to turn over to Russia all their chemical weapons?”

“I had no idea, so what are you talking about?”

“Oh, nothing too serious or much to worry about, unless you’re a sworn enemy of that stone cold fella in Syria.”

“Well your sarcasm is running a bit thick D, so could you thin it out with some facts?”

“Sure, but this too is just another sign of the weak and pathetic negotiations going on by our side who think they’re doing really well. Seriously, how could Zero-44 and his lead negotiator, Mr. sophisticated bike rider himself, fall for such a slight of hand trick!”

“Nice, I caught that pun. Seriously though, talk to me D, explain it better but first chill.”

“Yeah-no, you’re right, sorry. So getting to the heart of the matter, that pathetic chemical arsenal negotiated deal came up way short of the handing over of all the stockpiles of weapons. And Fitz, furthermore, Syria’s head master, Assad, had plenty of extra deadly nerve weapons and gases secretly hidden away while the world, especially our two top negotiating geniuses thought he was relinquishing everything up.”

“Where’s that information coming from?”

“Israel’s Mossad and our connected inside player actually, but the public’s never gonna hear about any such thing, you can bet on that. It’s bad Fitzy, it really is, because the two-faced lying gift giver along with the media continue to give him all the cover he wants and aren’t allowing the truth to surface of what’s really going on inside those negotiations.”

“Okay, so now what, I mean obviously like you’ve been telling me a long time the president is not being smart about anything going on with dealing with Syria and Iran, so. It all sounds like we’re continual being outfoxed and giving away and over trusting the bad guys at every bend in the road.”

“Well yes and no, so permit me to clear the air and break it down more factually.” Fitz perks up after hearing that serious tone, then comes back, ‘*Sure.*’

“Okay, so Syria for the most part isn’t really outfoxing us, but Iran like I’ve been saying almost for the last two years, has been receiving a huge constant gift at the tables because the guy in the White House is a complete coward and capitulator, , or , even much worse, he’s a very well disguised traitor. Now let me be real here because I know that sounds crazy and out of bounds, but something really stinks from all we’ve known a long time about the front and back door dealings going on with Obla bla bla and Iran.”

“I hear ya, but let’s not go any deeper about that subject on our chat. I have all the confidence in my technical handy work with our new upgraded special Sat phones, but the T word just mentioned is a red flag and could somehow be caught by the NSA’s algo’s.”

“Ten-Four man, my bad. But hey Fitz, what I can safely say though is our intelligence agencies and Mossad know that Iran is arming Hezbollah and Hamas, and other deadly factions of Jihadists, even including the dangerous ones known as the Russian Chechens, who are one of Putin’s own countries biggest interior terrorist known threats.”

“There sure seems to be a lot of cross lateral mind games going on, I mean,”



“I like your choice of words Fitzy, and let me take it one step further, and that is we all know Iran’s threatened to blow Israel off the face of the map multiple times, so put that in your pipe and smoke it.”

“Oh no, I don’t think I’ll like that flavor.”

“Cute, good one Brother Fitz, I like that subtle humor because you’re right for trying to lighten up this bummer of a talk we’re having, but I have to say this to me is a perfect developing case study of traitorous criminality, but not simple by any means.”

“How’s that?” Fitz responding with a deep voice of inquisitiveness.

“Well aside from the giveaways by our side, the pieces are shaping up that show me Russia is failing to see the devilish long-term game plan and intent of Iran.”

“Wait a minute, hold on David. Lay that out more clearly.”

“Yeah sure, okay. So like I briefly mentioned before, we know Iran has deep and well-hidden military nuclear bunker facilities already in production and I guarantee their going to somehow keep those locations off the table for any real kind of surprise inspections... And for what it is worth, those deep bunkers will need to be destroyed within six years, or my visions really will have a greater chance of coming to fruition. Those facilities need to be inspected weekly, or even more than that, like bi-weekly, or *NO DEAL*, , that’s it!”

“Wait, hold on, you just hit me with two heavy points! Get me clear about the first one and then go over your scenario about that guarantee you just said.”

“Sure, that one is easy, well at least from my deductions. You see this is where I humbly feel Putin is being played or set up at the negotiating table, and what I mean by that is, he’s acting like a shield for Iran, by going along with them and not allowing for immediate inspections by the International Atomic Energy Agency verifying Iran’s in total and full compliance with the deal.”

“But if our side knows they have hidden bunkers and they may be working on future nuclear weapons right now, then how can they let that be allowed to happen?”

“Yeah, well go ask that totally obvious and damn serious pertinent question to Zero-44 and the nit wit Bike rider who’s representing the United States at the negotiating table.”

“Okay, I hear ya loud and clear on that, but you’ve also been saying Russia should be worrying about themselves being double crossed also many years down the road.”

“Fitz my dear friend, you’ve been hearing me as usual like you said, loud and clear, and in this growing situation I wish Putin could hear me as clear as you.”

“Yeah, wouldn’t that be something. D, you’re the geo-political student, so tell me about the need for destroying those deep hidden bunkers in your six-year time period.”

“Oh, wow, now you’re really challenging me for an explanation about the future.”

“David, that’s because this is some serious and deadly business we’re talking about,”

“We sure are, and you know what, I like it that you’re being sharp as always and keeping me on my toes as usual too, so touché, and never stop.”

After David’s fun kind of humorous but serious come back, there was a pause by him to think about something else he wanted to explain to his close friend. Fitz knew what was happening in D’s mind, so he calmly waited, then,

“If this nuke deal plays out the way it’s shaping up, then I see Iran’s militant mullahs secretly stepping up their nuclear war head manufacturing plans, and that my friend will eventually foreshadow my nuclear three prong country devastating attack visions.”

“You’re freaking me out again D, but I’ve always been a terrible worry wart, which you know, so.”

“Yeah, I do, so sorry about that but it seems I can’t help myself with my own deep thinking on the matter because of all the paranoid political spying and wrongful past and present bad things going down with Zero-44 and all his dirt bag men and women henchmen.”

“Well, we can thank Delmonti’s rants for all of that heavy inside info,”

“Yes we can, but from my direct take on these negotiations, is Obla bla’s as happy as a pig in mud slop, and the double crossing going on of America is getting more active by his lying tone I’ve picked up, and it all benefits Iran because the evidence of the DOTS are all lining up to show I’m right.”

“I always trust your analysis David, but give me some non-double speak and more clarity of the language you just used, please.”

“Sure, sorry, I’ll try being more precise. So the deal is, besides Zero-44’s double crossing going on against America, I’m going to make a vital point also about the other double crossing I see setting up at the nuke talks against Russia.”

“Wait, hold on D, now you’ve really thrown a monkey wrench into this conversation.”

*We’ll pause here and be right Back, , ,*

## **‘My Personal Earthquake’ - Acapulco, 1974**

Continued

*We left off with me being in need to get to TB’s hidden cabin to get some of his special Hollywood make up items, and anything else that could help me with my escape;*

So after this early morning meeting with Pedro, I took a taxi and got dropped off about a half a mile from my friend’s cabin, but that was the easy part of the journey. Next, I carefully weaved and dodged my way around buildings and businesses and then slipped quietly back to an overgrown trail that led me to my friend’s forest covered location now a third of a mile away. Walking through there always made me a bit uptight because there were a lot of biting insects and creepy snakes, but I just had to suck it up and deal with it.

I knew where the hidden door key was but first I had to deactivate my buddy’s very scary and dangerous front entrance booby trap. It was a devilishly tricky move I needed to do, but it was imperative I get inside his cabin for more than just the Lan Chaney disguises. So first things first, I had to find the carefully covered trip wire that released the dozens of fast flying sharpened wooden spikes at anything or anybody standing in front of that door, and once I did that I then needed to follow the line to the well-hidden high-powered triggering mechanism. After that I carefully had to release the sensitive spring set up, and then, well, , luckily I succeeded but none the less my heart was racing all during and for a good twenty seconds after I finished. If someone were to try and enter his cabin and trip that booby trap spring, those wooden spikes would come flying so fast at their mid to lower body extremities, they wouldn’t know WTF happened, , seriously, simple as that.

That whole process of deactivating the trip wire was something he thoroughly showed me how to do on my second trip to his little cabin many months earlier, and he taught me not only how to disarm it, but how to reload and set it. But you want to talk about putting a guy on the spot, well after he showed me how to do everything, the big guy now put me to task to doing the steps all by myself, and to put the pressure on me more, he backed away after we had one thorough final question and answer run through.

I fortunately pulled off all the right moves that day but now on a brand-new day under some stressful extreme conditions, I had to do this dangerous needed deed, but thankfully the results were the student came out successful, albeit unnerving to say the least.

I recall thinking back on the first day I learned everything about the booby trap, my friend told me to chalk all that devious protection of his cabin up to some of the real down and dirty raw life experiences he brought back from Viet Nam.

After that operation was done, I then went and got the hidden key and used it on the old funky door lock, and now I was safely opening the only door to the place. The first thing I did once inside was go for the nearby flashlight on the shelf, then went straight to the notepad my friend kept on the small rectangular wooden table. There was a pen with an eighteen-inch light weight string tied tightly around the top of it, and the other end of the string was nailed into the table, and all of that was done so the pen would hopefully always be there when needed, like now.

I explained in the note everything that had happened, starting with the boat ride to the next day's break in and ending fight, and after that I kept it very simple with absolutely no other details of the escape plan and the two Angels watching over me. The mom and son were giving me their hearts and every move I made outside of their walls of goodness, were done to protect and shield them from being in any way involved with me.

Now here's the thing of it all, the note to my buddy was done in a coded way, so if anyone besides him got their hands on this paper, they wouldn't have a clue what was being said, and that was that.

Of the several important items on the paper, I told him about the amount of money I was borrowing from his under-ground well-hidden large stash of cash, and I wrote down the other strategic items I also was going to be taking because of my serious need for them.

We had worked on and practiced before our written code method, but now this was the real deal, for damn keeps and I was confident he'd be able to unscramble and figure out what unfortunately was happening in my life.

The one important thing I insisted we both do months prior, was for us to be able to reach one another if we ever got separated and left Mexico in a hurry and weren't going to be returning, just like what's prophetically going down now. So we used our devised coded set up for exchanging our basic contact and whereabouts information, and then each hiding them in safe places. And now the reality of my need to escape with no hope of seeing him again in Acapulco, made me even more careful of getting the coded contact numbers correct so my generous friend would be able to break it safely down.

And the sad fact was, in my quick exit from my apartment after the insane ruckus, I rushed out of that place leaving quite a few valuable things behind, including my buddies coded written info of various phone numbers to use to find him in the states, and that was one of the first things I realized after leaving my place for good, and it was killing me that it happened. This is no excuse, but there was more stress and insanity that day than any other time in my life up to that point, but for what it's worth, I learned an awful lot, so.

I don't know exactly what came over me many months earlier when I insisted we both set up a working tactical coded written message system, but my trusting friend liked it from the get go. The fact is, we both worked regularly and patiently on it every time we were together, with the goal of one day nailing it and I can say fortunately that we eventually over lots of practice, we did.

We were tight and there was no way I was going to allow our friendship to end now under these screwed up circumstances of my bums rush out of the country. The fact that I was getting out of Acapulco in a hurry didn't deter my positive resolve to make sure we'd bounce back one day soon with our friendship picking up right where we left off.

My heart and minds gears were thinking our future together would be even better in our great country, so damn right I wasn't going to let our friendship end, , no way, no how! So, back at the ranch I just knew my close American friend wouldn't mind a bit about all the things I was commandeering from him, and I can truly say I am thankful he had all the items I really needed so badly.

Keeping it real to the end, as I was quickly writing down everything, the last words I wrote on that note and with a smile on my face, was, *'WIFFLE BALL'* and he would know exactly what I meant, and I'd bet it would bring out a big smile out of him too.

Now putting my smile aside and getting serious, I double checked in my mind making sure I had everything I absolutely needed before I exited. That done, I walked over to the shelf where the flashlight rightfully belonged, then turned it off and after took a few steps and exited out the door, but very gingerly because those spikes popped into my brain.

With the door closed, I then walked over with my eyes wide open to set the all-important trip wire mechanism very carefully back to the scary ON position.

That done, I then walked through all the hanging vines and maneuvered through all the rocks again, and carefully filtered back behind all the buildings and then into the street, to nonchalant as possible hail a cab. One detailed point though, before I made my last steps out of that jungle like trail, I cleaned myself off of all the forest like odds and ends that rubbed off and were hanging and clanging to me.

Riding in the cab, I couldn't stop thinking about the booby trap setup, and I worried that maybe I messed up with reloading it, and it would end up being a real danger for my good American friend whenever he came back. One minute I'm confident everything's okay, then those creeping negative thoughts would get inside my head.

Fact was though, I just needed to focus on the next move coming, because I'm sure everything I did was going to be fine and just have total faith in my carefully done booby trap re-arming. I went in and I left and didn't have a mishap and end up getting myself chopped to ribbons, so Amen to those intense adrenaline driven moments. The only thing now was to keep my focus and myself together, period!

THURSDAY MID DAY,

Now feeling somewhat safe in the cab that picked me up, I could feel my body unwinding and coming back down to a calmer much more relaxed state, but yet I wasn't in any way going to start letting my guard down. NO, not one dog gone second!

I gave the cab driver directions to take me to the same busy outdoor market I went shopping at the night before, with the purpose of going there so I would blend in and hopefully get lost in the large afternoon crowds.

On my first trip out of the safe house, I bought at this same marketplace a large brim hat, and I wore it in a fairly low hanging position to as best cover my face.

I needed to be wise and calculating with all my moves in public, so once out of that taxi my eventual plan was to carefully make my way back the long way to the small home that I really started thinking of as *The House of Angel's*.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

Please Scroll Down



## {The ‘T’-Word—Red Flags, Algo’s & Putin}

*We last left off where David is explaining to Fitz what the masterful liar in chief in the White House is doing to help Iran during the nuke talks, and he also just started opening up about more not so favorable DOTS he sees the double-crossing hard-line Mullahs preparing to use down the road specifically against Putin’s Russia.*

~ ~ ~

“So from what we’ve already picked up, Russia is routinely maneuvering to help Iran play their game of keeping those hidden places off limits from any kind of on the spot inspections, and again, the guy in the White House and his fool at the table aren’t arguing about that, but they both sure the hell should be.”

“Damn straight they should David!”

Fitz’s words were literally an outburst, and he’s into now and has more on his mind.

“It’s sick what we’ve personally learned about Obla bla bla over the last five or so years, but my gut tells me one day if Delmonti ever appears again and just let’s out his anger and starts screaming bloody murder regarding all the spying and political revenge espionage he’s picked up going on in the White House, well,”

“YO Fitz, bite your tongue now man and be cool and remember about loose lips, okay, , but be sure and confident the whole world someday will know of the well-kept secrets of this president. The man to me is a closeted paranoid running scared freak, and it’s disgusting to see him talking and acting like a king in the most powerful and humbling position in the world, but the press keeps on anointing and kissing his ass and hardly questions for the most part anything he says or does.”

“They’re tone deaf and in the tank as you say for him. We know he’s getting away with a lot of really serious wrongful stuff, and again the National media never seems to be poking, prodding and questioning any of it.” Fitz was a little animated as he spoke.

“Oh I hear ya, loud and clear. If this nuke deal does get done, then Russia’s leader has proven to me he has made a grave mistake for being too heavily in Iran’s corner at the tables.” David pauses right there, gathers his thought and finishes.

“Fitz, even from our long-distant seat at the table, Putin and his people don’t seem to realize that they’re being totally played, which might sound crazy but that’s my thinking.”

“I’m beginning to get it, and you’re not sounding off base at all.”

“Alright, good, but like always tell me anytime if you think I’m off base.”

“I will, you know that, but again this is some heavy stuff you’re talking about.”

“I know, but imagine for a minute that Iran does get away with the kind of nuke sweetheart deal where they can secretly someday have the capability to build their own stockpile of nukes, and either use them or worse, distribute them to a plethora of a lot of bad actors out there, , okay, so then how will my nightmare of visions be looking?”

Fitz heard every word his friend had to say, and was ready listening for more;

“From a geo-political point of view, Russia is still the big bear in the neighborhood, but becoming intentionally weakened financially by the manipulated low oil prices, and all the heavy sanctions and other growing problems they’ll economically be hit with.”

“Sure, right, I can see that. Keep rolling.”

“Okay, so as Russia internally slowly weakens but puts on a good face and front like everything is fine, but all the while at the same time Iran will be becoming a more powerful and dangerous country because of what Obla bla is planning to give them. And going further and getting heavier, I’m deeply concerned that Russia is missing the future power and huge new developing business opportunities this will do for Iran in the long run.”

“Everything you just said makes the long-range future of Iran look rich, powerful and more dangerous to all its enemies, especially Israel.”

“Your nailed that analysis Fitz, so right on.” Right there David pauses, but then sets up to steps on the gas with his heavy condemnation of the president of the United States.

“We know Zero-44 wants to see the creation of a stronger economic and possible military enhanced Iran, and going further, I’m hedging my bet they’ll mentally gather the nerve and begin thinking one day of being the big bad super powerful bear throughout their geographical region, and believe me, they’d love to have that position of power.”

“Well that was pretty heavy D, and you just might be spot on. Listen, I know you’re keeping a keen eye on all the nuclear negotiations goings on as best you can over there in Latin America, but you’re not linked up and operating at anything near full strength.”

Fitz’s voice was calm and not meant to be negative. He waits and listens for a response.

“I’m definitely at a disadvantage of not operating at all near full strength levels, so yes, on that score I’m lacking, but for the most part I’m basically doing alright under the circumstances of collecting information. It’s regularly coming in albeit heavily coded and I’m having trouble with my left eye keeping focus, so everything is taking longer to accumulate and digest. . . I’m just a closeted work-aholic in my own way, and I say that because with all the other balls in the air I’m juggling, I’ve been steadily studying as best as possible the oil and gas maps and troop movements of all the regional players.”

“Pace yourself my friend and don’t burn yourself out, plus I remember you always saying your eyes are tired, so, yeah David, be careful. . . Hey D, but you caught my attention with Iran wanting to be the big bad bear.”

“Yes, and I make that analysis because it’s clear to me the way the Iranian hardline mullahs are starting to think, especially if they keep getting gifts directed from the White House during each nuclear table discussion.”

“This is all making sense, , sorry to interrupt, go on.”

“No-no, you’re good. Fitz, this insane nuke deal gives Iran the biggest geo-political chess match victory ever, and Obla bla seems to be the master mind and head pimping pom-pom cheer leader, opening the way for it all to one day happen.”

David pauses for a few seconds to line up more of his thoughts as clear as possible. It means a lot to him to get his deep darkest feelings laid out to Fitz because he trusts him and he needs his visions heard so he can get honest feedback. He’s ready to lay out more.

“So as crazy as this may sound, the population of Russia is shrinking, and I know this because I’ve done some deep reading and probing homework on that subject. Fitzy, the bottom line is the young generation absolutely needed to fill in and man up the military fighting forces of Russia, are not going to be there in the next seven to ten years.”

“WOW! Now you’re definitely getting deep.”

“Well it’s true, and let me tell you straight out, that Mo’shee and me talk over that very point in every conversation we’ve been having in these last several weeks,”

“Are you guys using your top level highest Da’Vinci coded dictionary breakdown?”

“Roger That, and right on for hitting me up on that.”

“I think we all need to do more code practice talking because the truth of the matter is, we all need to stay on our toes,”

“Oh I totally agree, no doubt.”

“And David, I don’t have to remind you that you started and in your own demanding calm way back right from the beginning when you and TB left Acapulco, you insisted everyone keep that code learning and talking mantra front and mentally centered, and don’t get careless and screw up.”

“Yep, when you’re right you’re right, and there’s no getting around it.” The conversation paused right there, each mulling over what has just been spoken, , then D went on.

“The fact is from history throughout the ages, we’ve learned that loose lips sink ships, but I’m gonna tell you something Fitzy, all the boys around the globe and a big thank you, thank you, thank you myself, love your new updated Mini Sat phones you sent out.”

“Oh cool, thank you man, I appreciate that.” Fitz’s voice sounded like a proud poppa.

“Yeah, I’ve been meaning to give you the feedback from all the guys, and the deal is, Mase, Mo’shee’s and mine are working perfect, and we feel much safer than using the Internet phone system these days, even when we use your scramblers and encryptors.”

“Truthfully, all that old mini equipment is for the most part become outdated, but still quite effective in a pinch, but these new totally state of the art updated Sats I humbly have to say, are stealth worthy functioning systems that are as close to being impenetrable as I could ever design.”

“You are a humble good dear friend, and I am with you a hundred and ten percent. I’ve got your back like always, and no one’s going to intercept us Fitz, but like we’ve both reminded each other on many occasions like you just brought up, we always need to be taking and doing that extra careful step about what we write on the boards and say in all our chats.”

“Absolutely D, , no question.”

“Okay, cool. . . Hey, I almost forgot, Mason over in you know where, sends his regards and also a big-time thanks for his new Sat version also.”

“Ah cool, , well next time you speak with him, tell em I say Hi and as always, whatever I can do for all you guys is my pleasure.”

“I’ll tell him, and believe me, we all appreciate everything you do for us.”

“I appreciate that D, I really do.”

*TO BE CONTINUED*

## **‘The Nuclear Ribbon Cutter Himself’**

*It's around mid-December in 2013 and David is on a secure Internet phone line talking with Yoni and Mo'shee, letting go to them something that's been bothering him;*

“Obla bla is no leader whatsoever and he hides his head and responsibility in all the sand traps wherever he plays golf. Again, he's either oblivious in the most ignorant way to the Iranian big nuclear future picture, or intentionally trying to bring down America someday with this absolute insane developing terrible deal.”

“It's intentional Boy Chick, you better believe it, but hey, again, take it easy on yourself, you're getting too excited, so just try to continue on but be calmer man, please.”

“You're right Mosh, you're right, but just one more fact. I shamefully admit I fell for his lies and voted for him in 2008. He was all about ‘CHANGE’ and ‘HOPE’ and now all I feel is God help us from him.”

David stops in his tracks but Mo'shee and Yoni could tell he isn't done with his thoughts.

“A skilled orator liar in chief is all he turned out to be and he's taking our country in what seems like a totally weaker position from a military stance and into some kind of an open border world order footprint. Somethings really wrong, and beside all that, I have to say the black folks in the inner cities and all those millions who voted for him, along with the whites too who put him in office this second time around, well he's done nothing to help the blacks and the working middle class to rise up and get out of the world of funk they're all in and even now as we speak, he's creating a poorer middle class with all his smothering small business regulations being foolishly put on the little guy. I mean WTF!”

David pauses right there to catch his breath and all the while his two close buddies are telling him to take it easy, but he isn't done, and then hits the gas again.

“His bla-bla-bla health care was all smoke and mirrors and him appearing on National TV lying to the American public's face, over and over, was a cake walk for em.

There is no question our country has changed for the worse, and he is single handedly responsible. He has lied about so many things, but the media just sucks up to him and say's nothing."

"Most of them give him too many free passes, as your expression goes, that's for sure."

"You're exactly right Yoni. Listen guys, he's been a slick lying smooth operator and manipulator from day one and my countrymen have willingly been buying it, and the propaganda from the media seals the deal for all his constant Bull Shit."

"It's a terrible controlled game man, it really is."

"You're damn straight Mosh, and I'm going to tell you guys this whopper again because I can't believe it myself, but this guy and his White House inside team are up to their stinkin' thinkin' eyeballs in political espionage, and God only knows what's going to come from this activity."

"Okay David, calm down because you've told that thought to Yoni and me before, and we always trust you, but now we have something important to tell you right now."

"First, you're right about me chilling out, so thanks. Okay, tell me, what's up?"

"Yoni and I are hearing about some angry chatter out of the office of Bibi."

"About what or should I say chatter about who? But wait, let me guess, is it the one and only American double-crossing nuclear ribbon cutter dealer himself?"

"Well yes, correct again but that was an easy one." After that come back both guys could be heard laughing and then David let go too. After everyone settles, Mo'shee goes on.

"So listen, all of Bibi's cabinet and many in our nation think your president is just a weak man and shows no leadership, just like you've been saying to us for many years." Mo'shee's voice is emphatic.

“He’s my countries so-called leader but like I’ve said, too many Americans have their heads in the sand from a lack of deep probing real truth coming out from the media.”

“Well unfortunately that gives all the terrorists many more months to strengthen their armies until you have a new strong leader who hopefully will come in and crush them.”

Yoni’s voice is strong with emotion just then. David is listening but not liking what he is hearing. His friends have more to tell him.

“Listen, before we finish there’s something we want to go over with you, because we think it’s important and you need to hear about it.”

“Sure, please, what is it Yoni?”

“It’s something I seem to hear on your American news shows all the time.”

“What’s that?”

“There always talking about terrorist having hidden away cells, waiting for their secret coded signals to strike,”

“I’ve heard that, and sometimes it comes right out of the blue, but so what’s your point?”

“My point is, how come they never ever talk about what you know is a fact that America has their own hidden away cells of trained killers, waiting to strike.”

“Yoni, Mosh, maybe its best they just keep our devoted men and women lying in wait, keeping them silent but always deadly, when it only needs to go down. Keep the firestorm low key, that way our elite teams plus all the cells of ghost and spook killers have that all important surprise element going on in their needed moment of stealth action activation.”

“Your answer parallels with our way of thinking. Back in the day when we all were much younger and always on our toes, that point about surprise element was the key we used.”

“The key for sure Mosh, and it still is the absolute key for now in these times too.”



“Can I ask you David, are you still having all those visions?” Yoni jumping in.

“Unfortunately, yes, and for years they were never very clear, but now, well the stage seems to be getting set with this nuclear deal being hand delivered step by step to Iran.”

“Boy Chick, Mosh and me are feeling the same way about that, and like we said our leaders are plenty worried about what’s happening after each new round of talks.”

“Only God knows, but guys, I just can’t stop wondering what are Obla bla’s true inner thoughts and motivations about giving Iran such a pure pathetic giveaway deal. And then I just sometimes start getting really deep with my thoughts wondering where does he stand spiritually and whose and what kind of God is he listening to.”

“Oh, Boo Boo Lah, you’re getting so heavy on us, but it’s still a good honest fair question, and we have many biblical scholars over here wondering about your same deep thoughts.”

“My cousin Yoni is right on both his points, but David, your thoughts stir our thoughts.”

“Yeah-no, I get it.”

“Well, you be sharp and careful with all your Latin travels David, and stay the way you are, one stealth continually operating deep diving info collecting human machine.”

“I seem to be unable to stop deep diving as you say Yoni, into all these new things that intrigues me. But the fact is, we all need to keep our eyes wide open on this nuke deal. Okay guys, sorry for all my ranting, but it was great being together again, and we’ll do more because I want to stay on top of this to me seems like a very serious matter, so let’s stay operational as usual with the signal communication methods, or if rapid fire is necessary, then let’s use the usual red alert protocols.”

“Yes sir, Roger That, as the big guy would always say.” Mosh having the last words.

*Mo’shee and Yoni are always keeping in touch with David as much as possible and when they do connect, they’re always very careful with any and all of their ‘chatter matter’ as they call it, meaning they never are crossing into what they call ‘quick sand moments’*

*no matter how secure they feel their lines of communications are. They are cautious and experienced and do their best to remain that way.*

*Scroll Down 3/4 of a Page*

## **What Obla bla bla are Your Personal Deep Feeling Thoughts? What, Seriously!**

Are you a deep feeling hating Anti-colonialist from your upbringing, and are you also Anti-Semitic? Come on man, I ask you to tell the world the TRUTH! I wonder how the upbringing you had, tortured your mind and filled it with hate for America! You are so slick until the truth exposes you totally! And you definitely will be one day, no doubt...

I occasionally wonder if you're so intelligent, then why did you allow the negativity of your various upbringing mentors to stick in your brain as an adult, because one would think you'd see a more balanced and better way of thinking.

I'm in no way, shape or form any kind of a racist human being, and I can sure as hell tell you I've always been color blind, and nothing's going to ever change that, so I'm not seeing you as a black man, and the fact is, your loving dear mother was pure white.

A strong leader will be needed after you (44), because you have left the country blowing into a mighty wind ***without*** an honest rudder holding it together. You are leaving a festering mess for the next person taking the oath of office, which you willfully neglected and unbelievably abused with pure out and out political espionage activities, and many other serious bad acts.

We know the TRUTH of what went on, and your paranoia concealment ain't gonna bluff us in anyway or anyhow, PERIOD! Yeah sure, take cover with your scum bag democratic main stream media to spew the continual propaganda, protecting you and the disgusting vile human angry obnoxious lying piggy scum-bag want-a-be fat queen. So be it, ***but not forever*** will her and your lies and real TRUTHS be covered up!

Now directly because of your dastardly deeds and possible treasonous actions, I can only hope my nuclear attack visions never come to fruition. You have single handedly put aside the most important responsibility you have, which is protecting the citizens and borders of the United States.

...Lastly, you turned into the Traitor in chief working for our ENEMY, as far as we see it!

**And now America is in Serious Danger Before  
The end of October of year 2025, because of You!**

Please Scroll Down

# 'My Personal Earthquake' - Acapulco, 1974

Continued

## THURSDAY MID DAY

In the cab ride I began turning my worrying negative thoughts to strong positive emotions of I conquered my fears by completely handling that booby trap, from a safe disarming to a snap dragon reset and all the while making sure I didn't have a mishap and end up getting myself chopped to ribbons.

Those intense adrenaline heart pounding driven moments working on that trap proved to me I was steady minded and in control of my future and was feeling strengthened I wasn't going to let anything deter the mission of escaping out of Mexico.

Now safely in the cab, I could feel my body unwinding and coming back down to a calmer much more relaxed state, but yet I wasn't in any way going to start letting my guard down. NO, not one damn second!

I gave the cab driver directions to take me to the same busy outdoor food market I went shopping at the night before, because I knew I could blend in there quickly as I exited the cab. My goal was to safely thread in and out of the area and watch calmly all my peripheral flanks and carefully make my way back to what became in my thinking as *The Safe House*. Something deep inside of me seemed like it was offensively guiding me on the day's entire long journey, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it, yet I went with the flow.

I can say though clearly, I so badly needed to have another period of time for a deep as possible unwinding and restful recharging for my mind, and then come out with a much more locked in mental focus of the entire escape plan Pedro and I worked out.

As I knocked on the safe house back door, I already knew the mom was there and the son was working. As soon as I walked in she happily greeted me and then began thanking me again for all the food I brought for her last night.

She softly grabbed my hand and led me to the kitchen chair and sat me down, then went over to the little burner stove area and poured a delicious hot fresh bowl of her fresh made soup, then walked back over and placed it in front of me. I could smell the wonderful aroma six feet away, and I was totally ready, spoon in hand along with a true inward and outward feeling smile of thanks.

I was so lucky and I truly believe the safe harbor of her home and her meals saved my life in the overall scheme of things. The impact of all the nutrition she was filling me up with, along with the bed rest, gave me critical aid in steadying my mental acuity and gaining my physical strength slowly back.

I began looking at her as a true-life Angel, gifted to me in my time of dire need and I felt so lucky to be around her. I entered this sweet women's life, so tired, hurt, bleeding and hungry, and now I'm alive, almost like unchained from the shackles of all the bad horror that was dragging me down and even worse, threatening and trying to kill me. Oh, and I didn't forget her son too, with all the good things he did and was doing for me, but she stole my heart and lifted my health to fight another day.

After the delicious bowl of soup, she cleared the table of the uneaten bread and soup bowl, then walked back over and handed me a fresh large towel. She had this cute sheepish grin on her face, so eventually later on it hit me that that was her way of hinting to me I needed a shower. The thing was, I think I did too because I couldn't remember clearly from all the last few days of action, the last time I had one.

It was kind of a funny moment she and I shared with handing me that towel, because as I was thanking her I could see that demure sweet look she tried to disguise on her face. So yeah, like I said, I must have really needed that clean up, and it was one overall fine feeling of getting soaped and washed up from head to toe and with a full belly.

I did though buy a tooth brush the night I went grocery shopping, and somehow a tube of toothpaste ended up in one of my pillow cases, so all that cleaning, grooming and a fresh shave made me feel like a new young man.

After that great refreshing shower, she surprised me again with a fresh change of clothing. You see her son and I were pretty well physically matched, and I'd been wearing the same clothes since yesterday's knife fight, so my things must have been really grungy and smelly by that point.

I was more than happy to trade the new clothes for my old and she also insisted on cleaning my forearm cut and bandaging it up again. During the first time and now this time she cleaned it, I kept thinking about I wish we had some Hydrogen Peroxide, but such is life with and when a person has their own strange idiosyncrasies that tend to come up and out of nowhere from lifelong habits.

She did though have some strategical thinking, because she gave me a long sleeve shirt to cover the bandages and we both understood why she did that, which made both of us have a smiley look and a quick eye to eye sparkle happen between us.

I had learned from her son sometime during the late afternoon when I first arrived, that she knew who was entering her home and what I had just been through. This sweet woman understood the entire situation I was in and she with no hesitation became my biggest fan, friend, healer, and a true ally.

At all times when I was around his mom, you cannot imagine how nice that made me feel that she was a hundred percent there for me. So I have to say this again, to me I saw her as one of Gods Earth Living Angels.

In my comfortable little room, I put all the things on the bed I just took from my buddy's hideout. The items were one of his not so favorite Bowie knives and an old worn-out carrying sheath to use with it. Also, a very strange pair of thick optical glass lenses that really hurt to look through but would be ridiculously effective as part of the needed disguise.

I have to say that my American friend's little shack was stocked and prepared for everything, including an arsenal of many types of weapons he brought in from his frequent trips back and forth to California.

He showed me many months earlier everything that was going on, and I have to admit at first I was a little shocked by all the weaponry, but I got over it. He gave me his devilish smiley quick prideful tour you could say, of how he set up and mapped out everything that was lethal all around us. In his own way, he was prepared for a battle, and we once talked about it and he told me he wasn't afraid if it ever came down to that.

Being straight here, I was quite shocked and impressed too from the slick hiding and camouflage going on inside those layered cabin walls, and even more so all around outside in the forest. He told me he was living and feeling occasionally like he was mentally still in Viet Nam, and the weed business he was now in didn't help lower his unfortunate amped up senses and slight paranoia, but I could feel he was okay and he told me that too, so I never really gave any of it too much of a second thought, , well okay, maybe a little. Safely buried, decoyed, and roped up into some of the trees, were a mind-blowing array of his other military type toys tucked all around the thick jungle surrounding his hideout. I think he was just still playing war games in his own intense at times way and I knew from many conversations he liked handling and quite seriously admired all kinds of interesting weapons. And you know the old expression, *'To each his own'*, well that fits my friend's way of living perfectly.

We used to laugh when I told him how I admired beautiful Latin girls and that he should spend more time thinking about that too, rather than these soldier of fortune ideas he has, along with all his guns and other interesting items. He liked the young women, don't get me wrong but not as much as me, but all was well and strangely I began digging over the months some of his bad ass toys too, so don't knock it till you try it. Sorry, just sayin'.

Whatever slight differences we had, we always carried on fluid varieties of normal and then out of nowhere off the wall kinds of conversations, and all's that did was make our friendship tighter and stronger, with plenty of strait-laced times but lots of humor going on too.

Okay, that said, one last item that needs mentioning that I took, was MONEY, the green engine paper oil that get things greased and done in life, and my big buddy had lots of it hidden in floor boards in and up and around the interior perimeter of his shack.



Money had become no object for him, never giving it any consideration or worry because of how much cash he had already accumulated in his young life. He always would say to me in Mexico and then back in the states, *'Let me help you man, what do you need?'*

So, the last thing I did before leaving that old worn-down cabin was take the crowbar he had hidden away and moved a top to bottom cobwebbed strewn cabinet and then used the crowbar to lift up one specific nailed down plank of flooring where there was a huge stash of hundred-dollar bills, laid neatly in.

Getting down to business, I counted out and took twenty-one of them, and I did it without really having any second thoughts. I knew my buddy well, and if he had been there with me, he would have demanded I take lots more because that's what kind of guy he was, seriously just plain and simple as that.

After that money move, I put the board exactly back in its place, nailed it down and then put the cabinet back right on the old previous dusty marks. Heck, I even blew some dust all around at the bottoms edges so it looked untouched.

I couldn't have been blessed more with a better caring friend, and this was one time in my life that I really needed his money to help and secure finalizing the bizarre coming possible dangerous moves to get me out of Mexico.

So, here I am sitting on the bed with all the necessities I now have in my possession and the magnitude and scope of everything that was happening just really hit me as I was looking it all over. I was feeling positive, just like how I felt in the cab ride about two hours earlier, so it was key for me to remain resolute and not allow any chance of some stickin-thinkin to creep into my head, seriously, no frikkin' way.

And then right in an instant of my positive mental party, one of the good thoughts I had in the cab came over me again. I got up off the bed, then went into the little kitchen and sat down at the dining table with the sweet mom.

I looked over to her and thanked her again in Spanish and tried telling her how much I appreciated all she did for me. I then put in her open hand, five one hundred-dollar bills and she noticed them and then I gently closed her small hand with both of mine.

I then began saying to her, *'ESO ES PARA TI , COMPRENDE? ESA ES PARA USTED, GRACIAS- -GRACIAS PARA AYUDA ME'*.

What I said in her language, was *'THIS IS FOR YOU , THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME'*, and I said it twice, and after that I asked her if she understood me, but that was a silly reflex question in English I asked because of course she realized what I was doing.

And you know, I wish I had taken more hundreds from that big stash of cash my friend had hidden so I could have given her much more at that moment.

Just being with her for those precious minutes, seeing her eyes light up and begin tearing, gave me such a sense of everything was going to be alright, and, , it, , it just was all such a beautiful graceful life feeling.

Her kind smile never stopped and then she put the money on the table and got up and came over and hugged me. It was a very nice continuing shared moment in my life with her and I felt so appreciative how she and her son took such good care of me.

Later on in the early evening her son arrived back home and she was overjoyed to tell him what I was so personally happy to give to her. He came over to me and shook my hand and thanked me repeatedly, and I back to him the same.

Then without pause, I gave him five of my friend's one hundred-dollar bills also. I saw the look of thanks in his entire being, but I was the one who felt such gratitude to these kind wonderful people whom I'm just getting to know.

Sad to say, but these wonderful and kind spirited folks were relatively poor and one thousand dollars was a small fortune to them, and this money was the least I could do to show my heartfelt sincerest appreciation. And while it was all happening, I had a flash of feeling like I was speaking on behalf of myself and my American friend.

You see, I had quickly grown to know my buddy really well and he would have been more than happy to see me give these thoughtful people much more money and I know he would have wished he was there to share in that gracious moment too.

A little while later I sat down with the mom and son and explained to him in English that tomorrow was the day I would be leaving and everything was prepared as well as possible with my contact at the airport to safely get me out of the country.

His mother was carefully listening but more so watching me speak, and I sensed she understood I would be going and never returning, so she gave me a blessing her son translated for me. She also said she would have another nice breakfast prepared for me and then with a beautiful smile and a heartfelt hug, she left the room.

Soon after she left, I asked her son to be very careful with the thousand dollars. I advised him not to go to any banks with the bills, and only break down one bill at a time with someone you can totally trust, and don't do it often.

The last thing I said about the subject, was use the money wisely, and save it for a real needed time in the future. He understood completely what I was talking about and thanked me for my concerns.

After that short but to the point meeting, I needed to say goodnight and go to my room and try and get as good a night sleep as possible. He told me 'Sleep well' but before those words, we made plans to catch each other in the morning before I took off for the hopeful clean escape.

I entered into their home like a wounded cornered animal, but these two kind hearted souls gave me my life back, with wonderful good health healing food, refreshing cold fresh drinkable water, a very nice bed to sleep on and most importantly, they were giving and surrounding me with love.

### FRIDAY MORNING

Before the final moment of all of our eyes seeing each other for the last time, I believe all of our spirits met and we were connecting and wishing each other a good life.

My new friend called an airport ride for me and even negotiated the price, which was another caring and kind act of protecting me from other sharks in the land, dressed as taxi drivers.

One thing I asked him to do was have the man meet me down at the street level, so not to have any trace or address of their home, just in case things went wrong and somehow the police would find out they were hiding and taking care of me. I also calmly but firmly insisted my young new friend put all my old smelly clothes in a bag and carefully throw them all far away from his home. He understood, so Nuff Said.

It was tough and even sad to turn my back on them now and walk down their backside concealed neighborhood choppy road leading to the main city street, but I had to, and I did.

It was time to be traveling on, not knowing next what was coming my way.

As things were unfolding, one point of the staring in my face seriousness of it all was before I left my room in their quaint concrete home, as I tucked my American friend's Bowie knife right in my front pant zipper area and left my shirt untucked to give the big long knife some full extra cover.

I knew after entering that taxi there would be no turning back, and I was now getting physically prepared and psyched up for anything dangerous that might be coming my way.

I was ready though and there was no stopping me now as I closed the taxi door.

*TO BE CONTINUED*

## **{The T Word, Red Flags, Algo's & Putin}**

*We pick up where David is waiting for Fitz to continue on speaking his mind, after just letting out some true heartfelt feelings. Fitzzy begins;*

“I never told you D, but these Sats were a simple uncomplicated deal to reconfigure, then after that I set the wheels in motion to do maximum miniaturizing, and then did some essential upgrading on the mini-speakers, and lastly, double secured the real techie stuff which gives us that end to end excellent secure communications set up.”

“Well, all that sounds like you did a lot of technical engineering, and the bottom line my brotha from another motha, is you did a great job, and for me it's so cool to slowly assemble all the fragmented parts and pieces, and then switch on and see the lights twitching, and then put in the codes and fire away.”

“I really like the way you put that whole last part, , switching, twitching, codes in and fire away!”

“Because it's true Fitzzy, , I mean just looking at mine completely disassembled on my bed after I take the parts out of all the boxes they're camouflaged and stored in, well it all looks like a pile of junk, but that was all by your intentional design and magnificently done, so my hat's off to you on another brilliant masterpiece.”

“Thanks D. Yep, simple, clean, and like you said, looking like a pile of junk,”

“Until you turn those bad boys on, and then achieve our Security-Purity goals.”

“That's it, BINGO BROTHER. . . You know I remember cousin T telling me that purity mindset of your thinking world all started in Acapulco between you two, and that was one of your strong mantras you diplomatically preached to him about security and he became a big-time believer.”

“Yeah, the big guy was all in and for a lot of serious personal reasons, but the bottom line we both wanted, was to keep me as far away and never linked to his weed world.”

“Just like your wishes to run silent and deep back in Mexico, you’ve been tight lipped up until now when you surprised me by opening up about Putin and his involvement to help Iran get this bad nuclear deal done, and then laying out your case how it could backfire on him, and one day become a very serious nuclear threat to his country. What I’m saying is, TB trusted your take on things, and so do I, so maybe one day Putin will need to do the same.”

“Yeah maybe you’ve got a point, but then again Fitzzy, who the F\*!\* am I for anyone to give a rat’s ass to stop and listen to a single word I say. . . Anyway, let’s see how these nuke negotiations eventually play out.”

“Absolutely, but you know and I know from Delmonti’s tone, this bad deal is good as done in favor of Iran getting everything they want, so, ,”

“I hear ya loud and clear, but I can’t help but keep flashing back to what’s in the back of Putin’s mind, you know, but in the meantime, I have to tell you I’ve written to him and told him to be super cautious and not to trust Iran. I think in my own way of words, I talked about ‘Security-Purity’ to him, but from a geo-political point of view.”

“Hmm, I love ya David, and trust ya no matter how much you’re always thinking outside the box, and that goes even further now since this new shock about you writing Putin. I mean I never heard a whisper of that before out of you, , seriously.”

“I guess I’ve never talked about these two surprises up until today because I’m being super cautious with my security-purity and running silent and deep rules, , but Fitzzy, you know the deal, never ever take anything personal.”

“Never, don’t worry, we’re always good. I know how you are my friend, but I am curious, so I gotta ask ya, did you ever hear back from him?”

“No, and I don’t expect to either, but maybe the book one day if it ever gets published or noticed, it will have some kind of momentum and it will somehow reach him.”

“Well TB and I knew you’ve been studying Putin’s history almost a year before he took over Russia in 99’, with the goal of trying to analyze and figure him out, and now in your own way you’re trying to aid him and Russia but not in any sort of traitorous way, or anything bad like that.”

“That’s exactly it man. You know where my heart lies Fitz, I’m all for family, The Lord and our country and flag and all it stands for, along with all our brave soldiers who put their lives on the line, but most important for me, I try to be with God, and open people’s minds to him... The fact is, these are dangerous times and Iran one day will be nuclear armed, and then the whole world better watch out.”

“You can’t get that double-crossing scenario out of your head, can you?”

“I can’t help it. It’s right there in all of our faces, so again, I come back and wonder what’s Putin’s end game at those nuclear negotiations?”

“Since the beginning of ISIS, you’ve always said America and Russia need to fight all the common enemy together, and make a new strong everlasting alliance and peace. But now Iran has Russia’s full backing at the negotiating table and that really has your attention and deepest concerns.”

“Because it’s a simple reality, no one’s going to win a nuclear war, but Iran’s leaders may be stupid enough to start one, or even worse, my real fear will be they’ll have some sort of inside theft ring operating to sell off the critical ingredients for building a bomb,”

“But that’s not the key original worrisome vision you had D.”

“Good catch man, because its not. I see an internal theft operation that ends up selling the valuable deadly made nuclear ingredients to the highest bidder, and then look out, and God help us all. . . I mean I can’t get it out of my head that Iran itself will be internally double-crossed, but with no proof they were, and that will be the costliest mistake their Mullah leaders will ever make.”

***A Serious Snippet of Sat Time Communications, 2015***

## **‘My Personal Earthquake’ - Acapulco, 1974**

Conclusion

*We left off where I had closed the taxi door that was going to be taking me on my final long winding mountain ride to the airport, to hopefully board a plane without incident and quietly leave Mexico;*

Pedro bought and paid for my airline ticket yesterday morning and the plan was I was going to just calmly at the airline check-in counter when we're together, hand him an envelope with the money in it he fronted me.

But the most important of our plans was he put the name I would be going by into the passenger list as Pete Smith or something like that, and it was a vital tactical move of our operation. The key point was that seat for Pete Smith was me, and it would show up in the system that way, with no reference of my real name appearing anywhere. Obviously back then we got away with doing that, but with today's tight security and ID verifications measures, I'd be up a roaring creek without a paddle.

Now as the taxi neared the airport, my heart started racing even more than it already was before I started the ride. Right then I began to calmly breath in and out, and this greatly helped me get my heart rate to ease up and stay in focus for the real final make it or break it event that was about to begin.

Entering the terminal, I quickly spotted Pedro and I knew exactly where to go as per his previous instructions. We had worked out a simple signal system which would alert me to enter the check-in line when it was time for me to link up with him.

My disguise was so good Pedro didn't recognize me when I was at the area he told me to first enter. I needed to get him aware of my presence so I did my best to calmly walk up to the counter area and as I got within ten feet, he caught on to my new unrecognizable look. He tried to hold back his smile because those glasses really were strange but very effective at changing my facial look, but most importantly for us now, was we were in full sync mode. And I have to say, that something else happened because of those funky glasses. I was trying my best to unassumingly look normal, but those thick as Coke bottle



bottom glasses really made folks do a double take to my head area and that gave me cover for the sheathed knife hidden in my crotch, and that was one part of my duo plan for them. So everything is working out so far, from the taxi ride and exiting it and quickly getting situated in the middle of a lot of people inside the terminal, but always making sure Pedro and I could see each other, after he knew my new look.

Maybe less than fifteen minutes passed, when Pedro gave me the all-clear signal, so I calmly as possible got into the passenger check-in area. The line was really slow because tourists buy all kinds of items to return to the States with, and all of that processing procedure just seemed like it took forever to move the people up and get checked in.

When it came near my turn in the line, I carefully maneuvered unsuspectingly around with some other folks so I would place myself to be next in the flow for Pedro to handle my check in. All the while my eyes were roaming over those thick glasses, looking for anything that would represent a problem, but things were fine, all systems go.

As I got right up to the counter, Pedro was a cool calm and smooth dude and even complimented me this time when I was face to face with him. We were the only ones within five feet of the other check in attendants for the airline, so now while he's checking me in, he says to me under his breath that my thick glasses and big hat definitely changed the normal way he remembered how I looked, and anybody looking for the other guy, ME, wouldn't have an easy time figuring it out. His words gave me an inside smile, but I wasn't home free yet, so that fun second of time evaporated and I'm back on red alert.

Just to be upfront, everything was going well, perfect actually but the escape for me wasn't finished until that plane with me on it was in the air and flying for at least forty-five minutes away from Acapulco, heading to Dallas Texas.

Yeah, the disguise was working, I was checked in and things were moving along, but like I said, my guard was still way up because the mission wasn't done, , no, not at all.

The last order of our business, was I handed him the envelope with the cash owed, plus I included quite a few extra bills. He knew what was going on by the feel of the thickness of

the envelope, and after gave me a low key but special look of thanks, but I came back and sincerely thanked him.

As I was getting ready to walk away from Pedro after all our business was concluded at the counter, I slightly dropped down on my nose those thick lens glasses, looked over the rims and said to him *'Thank you'*, and I remember saying those words two times.

He softly blinked and mouthed the words *'Good luck'* and then I ever so slightly nodded my head up and down two times and used my eyes and a soft voice tone to say *'Thank you'* back to him. This was heavy emotional stuff, but I had to be strong. I then straightened my back, lifted my left arm and smacked the counter top with my left hand, then turned as calm as possible and walked away from another Angel who was helping me escape.

I wasn't out of the clear and free of anything, no, not at all, so I had to keep focusing on staying cool as possible and moving on with the plan we had in motion, , and I did.

So, I'm walking down a long corridor heading for the correct boarding gate area, but I'm still in full disguise and scanning and keeping a sharp eye out as possible, without looking paranoid or out of sorts in any way.

I can't say I wasn't uptight but once at the boarding gate I found a chair to sit in but with my back to everyone walking from the front entrance area. I remember using the big glass windows to see the reflections of people entering and walking around behind me. Everything was going well, so I then just buried my face in a magazine that was left behind on the seat next to me, and just did my best to stay relaxed. Reading anything was a good thing for me to do, because it calmed my nerves and passed the time.

At some point I needed to use the bathroom, so I made my move carefully making sure first there were no Mexican uniform or undercover dudes walking or milling around. I felt comfortable the coast was clear and no threats were lurking around me, so I headed straight to the nearby bathroom and as I entered it and saw myself for the first time clearly in the mirror, I thought the disguise was so good I didn't even recognize ME, just like Pedro said. I mean it was one strange moment seeing myself, but seconds after I came back down to reality, and got my focus back.

Once we got past the usual waiting period, boarding finally started and that knife in my pants zipper area was absolutely no issue but I couldn't even imagine today as I type here, what would have gone on with all the security, not to mention my fake name and strange but reliable Lon Chaney disguise.

After getting through all the routine simple boarding procedures, especially compared to today's world, I got as comfortable as possible in my so-called assigned Pete Smith seat. The plane finally got off the ground and somewhere a couple hours later, we were approaching the airspace and vast border of the United States, and that beautiful information came from the captain himself. As soon as I heard that I went into the bathroom with my carryon leather bag Pedro gave me, and put the knife in it.

Oh, and about that knife, I can only say that I felt so threatened by all the telephone incoming information that was relayed to my trusting new friend twenty-four hours after the knife fight, that in my case I had quickly gotten into a mental zone of fighting for survival, even if necessary, while on the plane. I know how insane and sick that must sound, , I do, so I'm sorry, but.

Acapulco Mexico had hardened and changed me in so many ways but I knew I had to keep my mind together and not dwell on the negative and prepare to move forward in life.

I wasn't home yet because we had to make the first stop at the Dallas International Airport. I didn't mind one bit, matter of fact I swear when we got off the plane and were walking down the ramp for the people to head for the immigrations check-in deal, I saw our military servicemen in uniform and I, , I just can't tell you how and what a good vibration came over me. It was all a feeling that was unexplainable, and thinking back, it still is!

It took a total of about four more hours after the International Customs routine and then getting on another plane heading to my destination of the Detroit Metropolitan Airport. I remember once we landed in Detroit, I was waiting in a line to use a payphone to call my folks to let them know that I was on my way home and everything was fine and I'd see

them in an hour or so. They said they'd come and get me, but I had already managed to get a shared ride with someone I met on the plane, so that worked out just fine.

When I finally arrived home and knocked on the door and my parents opened it, I have to say they were happy, shocked, surprised and curious with a lot of questions, but I was beat down tired and they could easily see that. The next twenty-four hours for me was an on and off sleep fest, but once rested up and pretty much recharged to my old self, life began again for me in the USA.

I never spoke about my situation and troubles to them after coming home and settling back to my cozy American life, realizing there'd be no purpose or good come of talking about any of what happened to me, and that's all I can really truly say about that, so that be that.

One last shout out though I have to make, and that is a big thanks to my big buddy with his hidden stash of cash, because had it not been for the money, I sort of you can say borrowed from him, other than something like fifty dollars or so I found in the pillow case that the thief found in my drawer, I wouldn't have had an American dollar to my name. Well wait, that's not technically accurate, being the fact, I had other money in my Mexican bank account, but you can bet your last bottom dollar I wasn't going to make the fatal mistake of going near that bank and taking a chance of getting some money, but instead end up getting caught.

So I'll say it again, I don't know how I would have gotten out of Mexico so quickly and fortunate as it worked out, if it hadn't been for my buddies thing about keeping lots of cash hidden in his cabin.

And if I may, one last interesting and strange event that needs mentioning, was while I was walking through the airport in Dallas, heading directly to the International Immigration Customs check in area, I heard the Mexican bull fighting music that always pumped me and TB up.

Now I have to be honest and say that there was something about that music that always got to us whenever we heard it played at the Sunday bull fights, we saw a couple of times.

Now here on American soil, the sounds of those triumphant trumpet tones helped pump me up and they just seemed to be perfectly timed as I walked along.

It was a beautiful musical event for me and the sounds stayed in my head step by step for quite a while that day in the airport. And even as many years have passed, I still often conjure up that trumpeting moving music and it still easily gives me a little boost and feel-good smile.

Now firmly planted on American soil, I felt safe and thought about how much I loved my country but admitted to myself I never gave that love of country a lot of thought before that moment walking towards the airport terminal passenger entrance doors.

For me, there's just some things you never really forget, , yeah, you just don't. And never taking for granted, I know we have and live in a great country and if you doubt it, then go live outside of America for a year or more anywhere south of the border, and then come back and see how you feel then.

I know we all have differences with our government and such, but when you see the flag after you've been away and through a lot of life changing events, well brothers and sisters, you better believe it's a beautiful sight.

So whenever I hear the words to that great American song that sings out so proudly the melody, '*God Bless America*', well I have to say I truly believe he does.

## Yes, I Believe

# Pardon My Polite Explanation

2020

Are the Old Man's 2024 and 2025 futuristic visions what he talked about starting to set up right now in these times? If so, is their strange novel/Novel writing approaching eye opening truths? Maybe you can figure it out, I'm still trying.

Let me give you one of the Old Man's strong original paragraphs he inserted from when he was in one of his 2050 Quantum portals of time. But before you read them, I want to say in my opinion I think they were meant to be a wake-up call to put some very important points for all the super powers of the world to ponder for the future. So, bottom line there is some very heavy political messages inside his multiple visions.

With all that said, these are the words of the Old Man that I believe were his way of writing and setting the tone of his early on development of what his closest two friends and now myself will call his clairvoyant abilities. Here are his concerning serious thoughts;

*“Now I want to tell you something so important, you might deny and say it's not remotely possible, but it is and you need to wake up. We want all the young people, pre-and post the 9-11-2001 terrorist attacks AND all ages for that matter, to learn and prepare themselves for a truly hard and testing human future existence. Just take a few important seconds of time and look back in your minds at Aleppo and so many other bombed out cities filled with people in Syria, and Iraq too, and then think about the hardships those uninvolved totally descent innocent God of their loving choice fearing human war victims endured and suffered.*

*Very sad to say, this same horrible bombed out and non-functioning lack of all basic survival needs could happen to hundreds of all sizes of cities in the United States, and I'm going to say it loud and clear, I see Russia and Israel in the same horrible future mess. I wish I could unsee what I envision, but for EVILNESS has crept in tyrannically at all the tops of America's power structures, with total disregard for humanity.*

*SHOCKING HUH, well unless your heads are truly buried up and away in you know where, if you catch my drift, then you can't deny this is what hating confused monstrous humans of our modern world want to see happen to all of western civilization.*

*But what is even more shocking, there are known extremely wealthy controlling elite globalist groups that you will learn in time very secretly positioned themselves to be the ones carrying out the nuclear attacks that I envisioned, yet all the world after the tragic mayhem and chaos happens, will be looking at the Iranian Mullahs as the culprits.*

*{You will witness The New World Order (THE DAVOS GROUP), the WEF, the United Nations, and other power groups not getting their original political plans played out after their 2016 self-entitled pig queen evil bitch received her shocking election loss, so then the nuclear weapon atrocities will have to be required to keep their end-run devious plans going.} So that means it's time for a wake-up call to happen for all the extreme Mullah leaders of Iran, for you are being played just like you played with Obla bla bla's help that gave you an incredible nuclear deal but terrible for America, Israel and Russia. But let me spell it out clearer and more precise, and that is now more serious matters are here and it will be up to you Iran to be a big part of turning it all around and reversing what the future is setting up to be. And if Obla bla and bidens crooked back room deals collide with his inept stupidity and greed, then these two men's willful blindness will bring a war footing disaster to America's soil, and so afterwards it all goes down, you will never have a second chance to even think about it, Period!*

*All the millions of people of the nations of Europe, plus Russia and especially the USA, better wake up now, for the time has come to destroy the likes of every single organization creeping in with their billions of dollars being used to sew to the seeds of hatred and chaos, for the purposes of taking down centuries of old established cultures.*

*A country is not a country without having a clear assemblance of tightly secured borders and protecting and keeping its language and cultures intact, Period, Full Stop, Period to the E=MC Powered Squared.*

*And all of you in the so-called main stream lying media who are out there and write and speak your propaganda to brainwash the masses against the basic principles of good, are acting in the most despicable manner, and should be ashamed for whoring*

*yourself out, for the millions they pay you. TRUST comes with respect, but this Evil you wrap into making innocent sheep follow, will one day backfire and your deserved Karma Payback will be truly justified. I pray I can turn the sheep into LIONS~!*

*The borderless country human crossing problems are spreading all over Europe as you already should know, and the long-term globalists plans are for the same to happen even more relentlessly beyond one to fathom for the United States also.*

*The problem before 2019 was growing very serious in parts of Europe, but new strong leaders stepped up and began fighting against the invasions, and rewriting outdated immigration laws, the likes of which the USA should have done itself before year 2000. But Great Britain failed to properly act, and now because of their weak leadership and ongoing ineptness, their fellow patriotic countrymen are paying a steep price for all to learn from and see. And if the leaders DO NOT stop what is happening, that country is done, and my strong same warning goes for the United States!*

*The warning signs of the evil powerful globalist are on full display in all your waking times, and both all GOOD PEOPLE of America, Canada, Europe, and even Russia need to work in harmony to stop all which is setting up in Measures and Rhymes.*

***There is no time for all to waste, and it can't be said any clearer than that!***

*And for those of you who ignore what is being set in motion all around, will wish you hadn't one day, as your sovereignty and once beloved personal life freedoms of yours and your Nation slip slowly away into Tyrannical control. And the powers that be, with this control will own you with unrelenting taxation, and more, until you seethe with anger and wake up and finally fight back.*

*So as I sit in a seat in the future far from your existence now, I will humbly tell you that you are living in times where any kind of an event, such the likes of a subversive government evil trumped up FALSE FLAG can trigger a bigger event, and then life can change for all of you, sincerely "In a Blink of an Eye".*

WOW, is all I can say of what I take away from the Old Man's clarity he's spelling out for the future, but some of which is actually happening now. I mean everything he is saying



is leaving me wondering what is really going on in our world out there, and he is using dates, and this is now only 2018. So I'm left with wondering how much of what he is saying can really come true! I don't know, but maybe we all need to pay closer attention and be a whole lot wiser to the worlds big picture.

*Again, Pardon My Polite Interruption*

~ ~ ~

*Please Scroll Down*

# 'COMET KAHOUTEK'

Nov. 12, 2000 Conversation

*David and TB are just catching up with each other since they met up a few months earlier in the heavy rugged mountains of Bogota Colombia. David's one-week time there was fast, wild and what he described as 'Over the Top Crazy', but he came out in one peace and for him that's all that mattered. Part of that crazy was an out of nowhere attempted shakedown by two impersonating Colombian dudes saying they were the Federales, and they wanted to take him in for questioning. This literally happened as he was at a street light waiting for it to turn green with a lot of other folks, right across from his hotel in the middle of a people packed bustling street corner in the capital of the country, Bogota. Without getting into too much detail by Davids's insistence other than to say, one guy received a defensive throated move without hesitation and the other one looked on and had no physical gesture or threatening comeback, but D was totally even more ready, locked and loaded, and more than pissed off on what to do with the second prick. The people very close and around all this out of the blue action didn't know what to make of it but all that mattered was David knew he had to get out of there so he walked with the crowd but much faster and headed right to his hotel for safety. All was well after he arrived and waiting and watching for about ten minutes out of a safe positioned corner hotel window. His time observing proved to him he picked up correctly it was a scam and even possibly much worse, like a kidnapping.*

*David was told to keep his guard up in the city by TB and the boys, and truth be told, D admitted a few months later at this now present meeting in Miami Beach he kind of did let his radar take a rest, and there was no excuse for that. D was in Colombia for two straight up reasons, one to meet TB and the boys up in the mountains above Bogota, but only for a short while. The plan was to hang together and go over strategic and logistic plans for an upcoming very high paying operation T organized thru his tentacles of business contracting fronts he had developed over the years with the pentagon. He with Davids motivation and many years previously researching in libraries on how to get government contracts for various occupations and such, all fantastically made*

*TB's dreams and aspirations that he began thinking and wondering about while he was risking his life in Viet Nam, come totally beyond a dream, meaning it all became fully active and gradually a very successful business. The other reason David was there was to meet beautiful Latin women, thru an International Dating service he was a member of, and believe me when I say he met lots of good quality ladies, its because my friend doesn't exaggerate about that, but doesn't boast either. He traveled with thirty or so other men of all ages and the deal was they'd all be going together to arranged parties at night and also during the days for those that had that extra energy, there were more planned meet ups with good gals that were registered and vetted with the dating service. It was a totally legitimate quality boy meets girl business, with licenses and all the necessary BELLS and WHISTLES that allowed this type of business to legally exist.*

*Traveling and meeting the girls through the dating service was my friend's cover story he explained to his parents and a very few tight nit friends. David's mom and dad after all their years watching their son grow up, only rolled their eyes when he said he's taking off to Colombia and be back in a week, well they just came to realize their son was a true free spirited individual, and there wasn't much they could do to reign him in after he turned 18 years old, and by 19, he fled the family nest and was off and running wild and free for the most part from then on. That being THAT, all went basically well for the most part on this two-front wild adventure in Colombia.*

*And now we're back in the United States and the two very close buddies are very soon going to be meeting in Miami Beach, very near where David lived on 3<sup>rd</sup> Street and Ocean Drive Blvd. It was the Simone Hotel at 321 Ocean Drive. D would never forget that address and great eye-opening life changing experiences that all were located, principally started, and throughout based there.*

*TB & David's short impromptu but important meeting together in Miami Beach covered a lot of important ground for future and present business goings on, but they also went back in time talking about the great times they shared in Acapulco. Here's a snippet of their chat;*

“David, God only knows what’s lurkin’ out there with all these insane terrorist groups hiding in the Middle East and other nearby countries, but this mission I just came back from in Colombia is an altogether different kind of OP.”

“Oh, aren’t you a breath of fresh air today.” David being his sarcastic self but only when its time, and that come back cracked the big guy up, then T jumped back in.

“Well thanks, I do my best you know, but seriously look at what all our years of experience have uncovered, especially those three Russian missing suitcase nukes back in 75’. Do you remember how we talked about how unprepared the country would have been if only one of them went off?”

“I remember everything, and you’re right, the country wasn’t prepared and isn’t now either, so...”

“Well look who’s being the cheery one now!”

“Touché brother T, nice catch. Yeah, you got me fair and square on that one.”

“Yes I did, but seriously I know that freakin’ scary lesson in our lives kicked off your odyssey about your future visions, and I think they’ll forever be with us.”

After that exchange the boys just quietly mull over in their minds that wild time in their past and after five or so seconds of comfortable silence, TB goes on.

“Ya know what, I know exactly how to get us off that long-ago damn nuke subject, that is if you don’t mind?”

“No, good idea, lay it on me.”

“Okay, Comet Kahoutek, the coolest of all the experiences we shared in Acapulco.”

“Oh for sure T, and that was an excellent change of subject move, so definitely a good call. And yeah, what a happening that was we shared!”

“I hear ya loud and clear, cause that Comet opened my mind to think more bout’ what’s possibly up there in outer space plus all those galaxies, and that all started after you read to me that ama~zing article you found in that New York Times Newspaper,”

“Yes, right, I remember, and after that we jumped in your jeep and drove to a quiet place in the mountains with no light pollution and just stared up at the beautiful star filled sky and watched that little Comet,”

“That’s it, and week after week we eventually really saw it growin’.”

“That was such an amazing experience.”

“Roger That over and over. Hey, do you remember it all started when you asked that old rich guy in the fishin’ pier restaurant if he would let you have his used-up Newspaper?”

“Yeah, actually I do. I mean if I didn’t have that man’s paper to luckily catch that article about the Comet was getting closer to earth, then maybe without anyone telling us we’d have been oblivious to what was happening above us all those months.”

“That’s possible, but I remember you readin’ and then explainin’ to me that the Comet wasn’t going to be visible to the whole world, , and here’s the best part, we were right in the sweet spot cause Acapulco was set up to have a center stage earthly seat.”

“Center stage earthly seat, wow, listen to you. I love it TB, that’s another good one!”

“Well thanks, but seriously, the man and his newspaper,”

“Yeah, you’re absolutely shaking my memory tree now, especially all that stuff about the man and his newspaper because that’s exactly how it all started.”

“David, you made the point to me that there is a totally unknown world out there with ama~zing discoveries that are goin’ to happen in our lifetime. You were so serious and the fact that no one ever talked to me growin’ up bout’ those possibilities goin’ on up and out there until you did, well our little chat had a profound effect on me, and still does.”

“I swear to you, I felt like I saw your mind beautifully awakening to a new idea that night. I mean T,”

“That’s cause your words, the way you simply described the endless possibilities that are goin’ on up there in outer space. You really made a breakthrough on my thinkin’ to thoughts I never imagined, let alone cared a lick a~bout. . . Bein’ straight with ya, since I began flyin’ the birds and planes my mind was sort of open bein’ in the deep blue skies and such, but man, you just seem to hit me up with visions I’ll never let go of.”

“And I began those same visions after my Mom and Dad gave me the best present a parent can give a free spirited mind like mine, that being that simple but amazing telescope. . . That scope changed my life in so many ways, , I don’t even know how and where to start, but that every parent that can afford one, should do like mine did.”

“Yeah-No, I get it, I hear ya loud and clear bout’ everything you’re sayin’.”

“So big guy, think about it, , I mean can you believe how blessed we were being centrally and perfectly located in that time and space of our lucky to be alive lives, watching that unbelievable huge Comet night after clear night.”

“Damn sure were, and it was growin’ a little bit each night after night, and it really got to be noticeable to, I especially remember that. . . You know, it was such a natural peaceful high and now when I’m flyin’ round up in the beautiful world up there, I catch myself lookin’ past the clouds and wide-open skies thinkin’ bout what’s possible in the vast unknown up and out there.”

“I come to believe we all have one of those life moments when something brand new hits us right between the eyes and opens up our thinking like we never could have imagined.”

“Yeah man, for sure, like how bout’ when years ago you said to me, ‘*We’re not Alone in the Universe*’, I mean come on, could you have hit me more between the eyes!”

“Sometimes thoughts really can make a person stop and think about new possibilities.”

“Damn right, and you and Fitz over the years talkin’ bout UFO’s and all that unknown stuff up there, well I have to admit I listened well and I’m a believer now.”

“I know you are T, but we both still really want to have just one real up close and personal experience, and then we’ll be like so many others who’ve been truly baptized by their own real-life experiences, and now are beyond faithful believers.”

“Well, that’s a mouthful, but I can’t argue with your point. I’ll never forget like I was just sayin’ how you turned my brain upside down after your talk bout’ the wild blue yonder and then you said those simple childlike but sincere words, LOOK UP AND DREAM.”

“TB, how lucky were we to be in Acapulco, and on top of that have such good timing to experience a once in a lifetime Comet so close to the earth.”

“Ten-Four and Roger That big time man, and it never gave us a letdown cause like I just said minutes ago, it’s shinin’ light strength seemed to be a touch noticeably bigger and brighter night after night.”

After TB’s interesting words, the boys went silent for a bit, then he went on.

“Who would believe our story and not want to be right there with us enjoyin’ what we were witnessin’ nightly. . I mean it would truly be an Astronomers dream to be observ~ving, and we know hundreds if not thousands of folks had their telescopes out.”

“Yes, , absolutely, well said, but we saw all of it happening naturally with our own eyes. . Oh man, what a breathtaking celestial gift we lucked out to enjoy.”

“Nice, that was a good way of putin’ it, , right on brother David. You know if I had never met you in Acapulco, I probably wouldn’t have ever known a lick bout’ that Comet.”

“No man, you would have found it, or maybe it would have found you, so,”

“Well, all I can say is, that Comet was one amazin’ treat and watchin’ it night after night gradually grow to at least thirty-five percent the size of a full moon and become as shinin’ if not brighter too, made us feel like two lucky guys.”

“Your dog gone right, and you know what else old wise tales have passed down and said about Comets, is they really do bring people good luck.”

“Hope so, but I’ll tell ya what D, you’ve been my good luck since the moment we met.”

“Well you’re getting a little sappy on me now brother, which is very cool, , but yeah man, back at ya too with you being my good luck since we met, and without a doubt, a big thank you and shout out to Comet Kahoutek too.”

After those words there was a short pause, the boys enjoying the moment, then,

“D, years before the Internet, somewhere around the late 70’s or early 80’s, , I can’t remember anymore, but anyway I remember by accident you found somethin’ odd and then you started diggin’ in to that bone, and like the hound dog that you are, you discovered the pseudo cover company that was really just a front and back door used by DARPA to get their spies bits and pieces and leads of information on pretty technically scrambled and coded micro-film thru a wide vast swath of strategically located network of libraries all over the country, , and,”

“And if you recall, all the entire information relay was done that way we figured so all the field operators didn’t have to come in from the dark so to speak and get themselves exposed in Washington D.C. or wherever a discreet field operations office was located and under observation by the opposite equivalent spy group of sorts.

“Hmm, nicely put D, , and yeah, it was all pretty slick, bein’ those operators just doin’ their thing in plain sight at all the libraries a~round the country with all them mags and some with micro-film readers to add the finishin’ touches of info collectin’,”

Yep, it was some wild free spirited dicey action going on, and very cool it was happening in my home state backyard. And come to think of it, I wouldn’t doubt if some of the players were keeping an eye on the possible lingering activity from the Black September past.”

“And a lot of other clandestine action, we can be sure of that.”



“No doubt.”

“But the fact is bout’ it all, nobodies suspectin’ or havin’ a~bout what the hecks goin’ on at any time at all the possible sporadic libraries located all over the map, , but you my man eventually figured it out.”

“It was just sheer luck and by pure accident that I came across the hidden tip off of how the vast zig-zagging trail worked, but you and Fitz helped in that process.”

“Bullshit, , it was more than luck brother and nothin’ to do with us helpin’ ya... It was some serious focus and you payin’ a~ttention to any kind of detail, , no matter how large or nothin’ one might think was much of a big deal, but you did, , you scratched every surface, and that’s what it was all a~bout for you Stealth, pure and simple.”

“Well it all started out innocently with those articles that intrigued me about UFO’s, and it seemed like each month or so each Science and Readers Digest, and two other outdoor and adventure mags always had really cool stuff to read, but after a while I noticed some kind of odd pattern and then that’s where the luck and hound dog as you say took over me, and eventually it all led to the small micro-film section, with some really poor murky quality film along with some clunky old huge readers that were needed.”

“David, buddy, dude, you broke their code man, cause you’re a coder yourself, , ya dig! You’ve been creatin’ talkin’ codes between us since our first day we met in Acapulco, and you’ve been stud~y~ing the Choctaw Navajo Indians work way before we even met.”

“All those great men are near and dear to my heart because they saved many Brave American World War Two GI’s lives with their code speaking that was vitally needed, and because of that, the enemies on both fronts couldn’t figure out, and now in our crazed and kind of at times dangerous world we live in, well I’m just being my careful minded self, and being honest with ya TB, besides being careful, I’m paranoid at times to some degrees too,”

“And rightfully so, , and believe me man, we all respect and appreciate your diligence.”

“Thanks buddy, but the fact is though like I said, I was just looking for any sort of information about UFO’s in all those cool articles, and hoping maybe for a long shot to happen of finding any kind of DECLASSIFIED information about them. I mean we knew even back then that Roswell was real, so,”

“Yeah-no D, you were onto a solid discovery and back when you first started, I was flipped out and all in a~bout what you figured out, and I was worried for ya too man.”

“I remember you were, but I was pretty on guard and keen eyed as best as possible of all the people in the libraries wherever I went, and kept a real low profile. . . But truth be told, we didn’t learn much other than the thrill of catching on to some spy tactic information transferring.”

“Are you fuckin’ kiddin’ me, that was huge!” TB’s voice was raised and caught himself, then went on with a much quieter voice.

“David, it was all some pretty slick action you tapped into, but times have sure changed since the Internet came along, and maybe one day we’ll get to the bottom of what’s really goin’ on with UFO’s all around. . . We know that all governments seem to be together hi~ding the truth, especially ours and Russia.”

After TB’s thoughts about governments hiding UFO info, the boys went silent, but not for too long. T enthusiastically broke the chill.

“I’ll tell ya what, in time I have confidence Fitzy down in his lab will crack through all the countries holdin’ UFO secrets back from the public. He’s got our T-Line high speed Internet really cookin’ now, plus his amazin’ spyin’ apparatus algorithm tools seem as naturally hungry as all three of us multiplied a~bout ten thousand times together, bout’ finding out the truth.”

Right after that typical long-winded exchange by both friends, they took a natural TIME<>OUT to seriously ponder what they just spoke about, but they weren’t done by a long shot on this super serious subject matter that they totally loved talking about.

David now went on.

“These are exciting times with Fitz’s super developing spying toys really coming alive, and the Internet making the world smaller, and,”

“And BINGO, you just said a mouthful about his super spyin’ toys. With Delmonti now by his side, Fitz told me within a year they’re goin’ to have his PEEK A BOO program able to close in on anyone we feel like is holdin’ the heavy secrets about UFO’s.”

“Well we’ve already had that meeting of the minds, being our two obvious big secret holders are Russia and the USA, because we know for a fact they’ve scooped up years ago every piece of the aftermaths of the ship wrecked UFO’s at Roswell New Mexico and Kapustin Yar Russia, and the little we believe peaceful ET’s inside each one of those crash sites.”

“The future can’t come fast enough for me on this super cool matter, , really.”

“Roger That T, absolutely. We’ll connect all the dots eventually, because we got Fitz working on it, and last but not least, we have the key word of it all, FAITH in our unified efforts. So that’s it in a nutshell!”

“You’re damn straight. . . So Brother D, we’re really talkin’ bout’ within a few years’ time my Cousin Fitz will eventually get a deep true PEEK also into the other countries that are all part of the ongoin’ giant UFO coverup.”

“For sure that’s going to go down, because time is on our side on this operation.”

“I agree totally, so good to hear. . . Alright, now somethin’ important that’s got to be a part of this heavy conversation.”

“Okay big guy, I’m all ears, like you would say.”

“I know you’re goin’ to agree with me, but hang on, so I can clear my mind.”

“Take your time.” TB pauses for about 8 or so seconds, collects himself and then,

“Alright D, I’m good to go now. Okay, so you’ve said this before and I’m with ya a hundred percent bout’ your thoughts that the world is ready for the UFO truth, and all three of us believe the billions of people a~round the planet will gradually come to understand and not fear in the truth, and then come to more or less handle it all, no matter how at first *SHA~KING* some of the bizarre facts may come out.”

“Nice T, I like the way you put all that. We have to believe that someday the true reality of the world learning and knowing more and more facts about outer space and UFO’s, will help bring the entire Globes population closer together, and that is a beyond huge positive movement going forward for humanity.”

~ ~ ~

*If we may say to all who truly care, UFO’s, Comets & Giant Meteors, have proven to us that we are definitely Not Alone in the Universe, and if anything should really scare the entire planet population, it’s those Giant Meteors that are way out, **possibly headed one day our way.***

*We are not trying to be alarming, but it is definitely possible that one day a Giant Meteor could make an impact to our Planet like one did in the day and time of the roaming massive Dinosaurs’, sixty plus million years ago.*

*We are going to say this very clear and succinct as possible. This is the real area that Russia, China and the United States of America and all Nations actually, should truly be building together a shared MULTI TECHNOLOGICAL PLANET SAVING DEFENSE MECHANISM against a one day approaching KILLER EARTH Giant Meteor.*

**WOULDN’T THAT BE  
A GREAT ACHEIVEMENT  
FOR WORLD WIDE UNITY?  
WELL WOULDN’T IT!**

*So Bottom line for the Planet,*

***‘We are not Alone in the Universe’***

**...Thank you, Comet Kahoutek**

**THANK YOU VERY MUCH**

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# **'In A Blink of an Eye' 2050**

*You all rightfully deserve to understand why TB and I felt the need and importance of our many chapters called 'In a Blink of an Eye - 2050'. Even though my dear buddy wasn't around for all of them to be written, he is here with me in Spirit in all my earthly Bless`Sed time. My Spiritual and after Life Believes are my own, just as all the world of people have their own. In writing our Trilogy, the emotional release for us was needed, accepted, and enjoyed plentifully at times, with holding nothing back.*

*And so during our beginning months and fast paced years after we started putting our memories into our books, we understood how the word 'Cathartic' was happening for both of us, because that amazing very experience was what was taking place for us.*

~ ~ ~

## ***This Truly Can Happen, Truly!***

You see for a long time we believed there was still an opening to stop the future that I saw approaching for many cities, but at the same time we are trying to give you a starting point of how life may turn out in the real and horribly rawest form after multiple massive nuclear suitcase bomb detonations on multiple cities, and strategic super powerful enemy EMP attacks. These chapters and my visions are not easy to put into words, but it is all needed and thus, presented!

*Yes, I'm speaking from my World of 2050  
But all of you are still in 2017, and now 2018  
As I made Addendum clarity additions,  
And I can say there's still Time to be Able to Do  
Very Important Strategic Moves for America  
And Then The World*

*President Kennedy* on his inaugural day on January 20<sup>th</sup> 1961, gave a speech on a very cold wintry day and he said,

***‘And so my fellow Americans,  
Ask not what your country can do for You,  
Ask what You can do for your Country’***

*Now today for me*, in this year of 2050, that would make that speech almost ninety full years ago, but mark my words and his, that those memorable words that he spoke that day are *‘Still Not Out of Date’*.

No, not at all by any stretch of the imagination, and actually, they couldn’t be more relevant to the times you all are living in now, that of early 2018.

*There are many* bullet points to how all of YOU as a nation can help put a stop to the coming nuclear and other various enemy crippling attacks. Take President Kennedy’s words literally and get out there in your lives and act upon them for your country.

*I can categorically tell you right now that our first and strongest line of defense is the need of human intelligence on the ground.*

I truly hope I am making myself totally clear with that last statement, and some of you will personally take what I just spoke to heart! I don’t care what religion, race, color, creed, or sex orientation you are, all of you young people should seriously think of trying to offer your services to your country. I humbly can’t say those words and personal feelings any clearer than that!

*Without a doubt in my mind* there is right now a growing major need of and for capable participation of American folks, young, old and all who are in between, who may be reading this and not realize what a vital role they can individually play.

But I have to say especially to all the young people out there today, please think clearly about Kennedy’s strong heartfelt words, *‘Ask what You can do for your Country,’* and think about how you can get on the ground level with new absorbed knowledge and skills

that will afterwards be rightfully so needed and immediately start *MOUNTING UP* and getting in the fight!

*Now speaking to you* back in all of our shared time in this the year of 2016, your much-needed serious future participation could just well make the difference between my visions never coming to fruition, and that would be just fine with TB and myself.

*Without a Doubt Though,  
Unexpected Things Can Happen  
In  
A  
**‘Blink of an Eye’***

~ ~ ~

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## ‘The Delmonti File, year 2011, September 25th’

It’s been six months since David and I decided to do another thorough detailed search of our back door collecting trap, to check up on Delmonti’s handy work with my bootlegged PEEK-A-BOO. We already knew he was going a little overboard on the president, but during those past six months to our surprise, my past overzealous co-worker had the balls, (David’s words) to widen even more the PEEKS capturing tools capabilities.

In short what that means, is the PEEK program can now weave its actions *to not only* shadow Delmonti’s original target, Zero-44, but into several others in his top line who were tied into any kind of his tech toy devices. *This went way beyond the leap frogging* the two of us created before David travel up in 2010 and told him to pack up all his things and clear out immediately. That was a bad day around here because we all had a great run, but Delmonti had gotten way out of control, and truth be told I couldn’t handle him because I’m just too damn timid and Delmonti began taking advantage of me, and I needed David’s help. Twice D had traveled up from Central America to talk to him because my monitoring system showed me Delmonti was getting angrier and more daring, and it was an obvious red flag and that was exactly why David years earlier wanted a back door view set up. He liked Delmonti but knew exactly what we had with our technology, and the fact that my working partner could not stand Obla bla and had vehemently warned us about him on the very first day he declared he was running for president, and he never cooled off or let up his disdain for the guy.

With D firing him I kept up even a tighter backdoor watch because now the plan was to learn how to reverse engineer all of my co-worker’s off-site handy work and afterwards back test everything multiple times, so I could then be able to breakdown and setup from scratch all of his work and then immediately destroy his bootlegged duplicate creation.

I explained to David it was a lot more complicated than all that jargon I just laid out, because I needed time to dig deeper to see for myself how he created this unique upgraded spying tool, which I labeled ‘*Spider Webbing*’.

Once I figured out his starting point from my original program, I could slowly spin out from there and then be able to clearly see behind the scene the genius work Delmonti had been doing all along. And the fact is, it was beyond amazing what he created, just amazing.

This so-called Spider Web was some kind of monster and '*One bad ass thing of beauty*', as Cousin T would always say when something was really cool. Delmonti tweaked my entire creation with the ability of snaring anyone in its *spider sticky sneaky trap that his primary PEEK target came into contact with*. But I could see how he just allowed a small number to be caught up and that's where he carefully capped and strategically cut his trolling spider sticky webbing line off. And now with all that said, I have to make clear to all the hackers out there, that his creation wasn't anything in the realm or category of the phrase used for e-mail phishing or anything like that. No, not even close!

David and myself still shake our heads at his accomplishment, and now we've reached the point of being worried about him getting caught && his trail being followed back to my lab, or technically his location, yet I without any equivocation know the programs deflector & set ups, so I felt comforted by that. But just to be sure because of D's heavy constant insistence till the job was complete, there were, as this is technical, gate-wall measured stop gaps first, then I put in extreme non-signature blocking programs && then set virus traps up and along the way in case if anyone started getting past my first line of defenses. So, all that said, the lab was reasonably protected, and I knew Delmonti knew about all of those safe blocking guards, and I'm sure that gave him some peace of mind whenever he fired up to use his PEEK's eyes and ears.

You have to understand, all these blockers & virus traps were our specialty work in the first place, designed to be protecting large corporations from hackers trying to penetrate their elaborate firewalls & get inside their mainframes & servers for obvious nefarious reasons. And these ideas were all original visions and forethought of TB even before the Internet first started really opening up to the world. T was so ahead of everyone with his visions, and with David's Israeli buddies all along the way advising us how to set up & legally layer our business so we're actually not on anyone's invoice slips or on the radar of any unwanted actors, good or bad, , but actually for T, all were bad.

But here's the real big deal in the scheme of things about all the new Smart Phones beginning more or less in early 2008 that started spreading across the globe, and that is none of those cool contraptions are safe from being tapped into & used for any reverse listening & watching & tracking. . . That was a mouthful as David would say, but that's all a big fat fact, and just realize that anything with a microphone and signal could be turned into a listening and tracking spying on device. . . Yeah, think about that bizarre overlooked '*little mistake*' by the creators, *or* was it! Well, let's not be foolish and naïve, and those are Davids strong believes, , and mine and Delmonti's too. We're all being watched, cataloged and just a DIGIT in the scheme of things, so buyer beware...

Sorry for that out of nowhere digression off the main topic, so getting back to the Delmonti situation of him bringing spying eyes onto the lab, well it's all about cyber security which once was our working daily forte and supreme die-hard focus.

Years earlier he and I had created a home-made blocking virus that became activated and attached to any type of intruder out in the cyber world that came our way. And we're talking about a super sensitive hair trigger control mechanism that was designed to eat and destroy any such engineered invader. Yep, that simple, no real rocket science here, but still a little tricky.

I will say this though, it was all some cool handiwork Delmonti and I created, and from it we both knew the PEEK was well covered from being pinged, then located & then all hell braking loose.

Back to the real subject matter at hand, we were blind like millions of Americans to what this new president really had in his thoughts regarding the true direction he had in mind to take our country. Disappointing for sure, and to sum it up Delmonti was right, and David and myself voted for the wrong guy, and looking back within two years after that, we wanted our votes back. But moving past that, the most important question now was,

*Delmonti, What Next Do You Learn About 44?*

## **‘Alzheimer’s Disease: 2016’**

*The mechanical and immunological activates of our brains depend deeply on the transportation of our bodies immune systems cleansing and transporting the waste products out, and at the same time delivering constantly the all-important vital brain needed nutrients inward.*

*Beta-amyloid plaque are the small clumps created inside the brain that block the all-important synapses signaling activities from cell to cell. These destabilizing blockages gradually cease to allow the normal human brain functioning to take place, such as one’s cognitive skills, being that of the memory, learning ability, reasoning, emotional control, one’s capability to focus or plan, and be able to do the simplest of basic human task overall.*

I apologize if this is sounding or coming off in a complicated or upsetting way, for I want to keep this as basic and simple for everybody to understand. My dedicated goal is to try and contribute any kind of help possible to all public and private researchers and do all I can to educate society (And the Entire World) about Alzheimer’s as best as possible.

We’re talking about a disease that has been seriously making its pain felt on thousands of families a year and it worries me greatly, so as best as I can, I humbly try keeping up with whatever clinical studies and trials are going on around the world, so I can learn as much as possible over time.

This is going to become a nationwide crisis because in this present time period of 2016, if this disease is not stopped in its tracks, then within less than ten years one in six American citizens over 65 years of age will enter into the beginning to moderate stage of Alzheimer’s.

And even more worrisome and shocking, is this destroying brain affliction will be at a tipping point by the year 2025, where more than fifty million Americans will be displaying beginning signs or worse, suffering from full blown Alzheimer’s.

That is astoundingly catastrophic to the health and well-being of all the families dealing with this horrid disease, and it will affect the overall financial health of the nation.

I am going to say this and say it clearly and to the point, MIDDLE-CLASS FAMILIES in such great numbers are not going to be prepared to take care of their loved ones, period. The reality is that once this disease passes into full blown Alzheimer's, then that loving family member will need 24 hours a day looking and caring after.

And as sad and difficult as that will become, the financial burden that that middle-class family will incur, will gradually turn into a wiping out of all their present and future retirement savings, and possibly even worse over time require them to declare bankruptcy as a last resort.

But even more painful as time goes by, will be the possibilities of losing their homes and incurring a personal downward spin of their own mental health, because of the unbelievable stress that will build up and be put upon them over time.

All these harsh realities will come when an afflicted person with the disease reaches the stage when they no longer recognize any family members, plus don't remember anything about personal hygiene or toiletry, and just plain and sadly have no idea about anything at all going on. And until you've been touched by this utter sadness, you're in the dark.

YOU MAY NOT be thinking about any of this today while everything is going along fine in your life, but someday these points of truths will become real and unimaginable for so many families, and even possibly you personally.

The sad part about what you just read, is you may know someone who's in this situation right now. Unfortunately, the only other alternative that families can do is put their loved ones in the hands of total strangers in government assisted living nursing homes.

For me, this is unimaginable and unacceptable because this action is more like giving away your loved one who will end up being warehoused, and that is like giving up and forgetting totally all about them as time slips by.

Do you understand what TB and I just expressed to you?

Now personally I have to say, I know about warehousing, because I have truly seen this!

# **There is a Path and a Choice**

## **We all should Have the Right to Make**

We should all be honest and upfront and talk amongst each other about maybe the most serious question of our lives, that being if we choose to have a merciful medically induced peaceful assisted life last breath passing.

While we're young and in a mentally full capable decision-making capacity, we should be allowed to decide about our own futures if a paralyzing injury occurs, or ravaging cancer is upon our bodies, or a brain-dead calamity arises, or the dreaded affliction we're focusing on here, the Alzheimer's disease.

We're writing directly to you regarding should any of these medical hardships arise and happen and thus take over our lives in the described above mentioned paragraphs, then we should have the right while in total sound mind and spirit (as above discussed) to be able under free will sign a totally legal pre-planned document stating we accept the terms of our decision when the time arises, to be mercifully Euthanized.

All signing participants would be making and doing this difficult decision with the understanding we don't want to put our family members through the pain and suffering of watching us with no hope of never mentally being our normal selves again.

Yes, this is all dreadfully human and personally painful to take in, but life sometimes isn't fair, but tough decisions need to be made when they come out of nowhere and never thought about before.

The point of all that you've just read, is me and all the boy's feel its time there should be a nationwide referendum of acceptance of this deeply personal decision, and it should be known as;

*'The National Empathy Marty Act'*

## **‘The Sweet Stunning Cuban Friend/Writer’s Block’**

*It's early February in 2004 and David and TB are hanging out in T's hotel room down by the beaches in Ft. Lauderdale, talking about and looking over all the dozens of chapters they have mapped out and had basic outlines for, and now the boys are trying to figure out an order to put them in for their first book of three they plan and dream to hopefully one day have published all together.*

*They did their research and new the reality that it is almost impossible for new and unknown writers to find any publishers who will take on any unknowns, but they felt strong about what they had to say about their secret fluid world they lived in for so many years.*

*D felt the outcome after the book is hopefully published, should be their ideas of concentrating on the dream of their new Independent Political Party, for the major purpose of educating the millions of the future young Americans about paying attention to the political roller-coaster world all around them. And TB had a personal believe that David's early on serious visions and very detailed research he did in 1999 on Putin and his country should be known and taken seriously.*

*TB and David new from their own young experiences in life, that all the young folks of this new generation and future ones and even years forward, should be aware and be as wise as possible to what is for sure going to be affecting their **over taxed** paying futures, let alone what's being done to their own parents right now. Not being condescending but the boys knew that the young folks from around the world for the most part don't even realize that their governments could possibly adversely turn their lives upside down with Draconian or Orwellian controls whenever they wanted.*

*And the interesting twist to the roles of who had the strongest political bent and clarity, without any doubt was TB. He for many years was David's teacher starting when they first met, and once they began writing their book, both friends flowed in excellent harmony on how they wanted to create a Trilogy, and bring it forward to take shape.*

*So here we are, as T asked if he could read David's newest chapter he started writing, and his good buddy obliges by handing over two printed pages. TB begins reading to himself;*

'It was December of 1969 and within days after I arrived in Miami Beach, I met this very pretty but young Cuban girl who was hanging around the First Street pier. Right from the get go she approached me and just started an easy conversation. She was new to the area like myself and happened to see me earlier when we walked by each other near the beach hot dog food stand. The beautiful young lady was straight and direct with me, telling me she liked my friendly eyes when we first walked by each other and from that point on, she wanted to make friends.

We had a nice chat, with easy flowing chemistry but right away I realized that she was too young and I needed to just cool my jets and be polite and smart about thinking anything else, but she definitely was for my eyes and personal perspective from our brief time talking, the absolute most stunning looking and sweetest young gal inside and out. Now here's the amazing thing about life that all young people will discover as you get older, and that is TIME & LIFE goes by so fast, that you'll not even realize it, but then it will just hit you, wondering where all the years went by. Humbly, and I truly mean humbly speaking and putting this point in our book right here and now, you'll see, just be patient, and it will all come to pass!

So that being the true reality in this case, almost a few years passed in a blink of an eye, and in January of 1972 was when she reappears out of nowhere on the beach again. She had grown up with long jet-black dramatic flowing hair and beautiful mocha-ivory colored skin which was as smooth and soft as *butta*. Her eyes were sparkling emerald green and her young look and mature body had changed into absolute amazing stunning perfection.

She came up to me again and asked me if I remembered her and I told her of course, and then I asked her where's she been and after that I had to let her know how beautiful she looked.

Right then before I even finished my words, she came into me and gave me a warm and heartfelt hug.



She said I was kind and respectful to her a few years ago and then told me her family moved out of the area just weeks after we originally met but now have settled back in Miami Beach again. She wasn't shy, proving that by asking me if we could hang out together whenever possible and I told her anytime when I'm free from my jobs.

The deal was though, I was working all the time and checking in on my grandparents too and now immediately after meeting up with her again, I found myself thinking about her more than a lot. Yeah, matter of fact she had my full attention, so I made up my mind that I'm going to figure out a way to get all my responsibilities done and still have time to meet up with her as much as possible.

We had great chemistry but she wasn't quite eighteen even though she looked mature enough to pass for it, and yet was very energetically youthful. It all worked out because we spent a fair amount of beach time picnicking, playing catch with a tennis ball and Frisbee, and goofing off in the ocean, and always chatting about things free, fun and easy. I felt like the luckiest young guy in the world and I caught myself often thanking God for all he's done for me.

It was great to have a friend like her, and on top of all that, somehow, we would end up having these political ongoing interesting conversations about Cuba, and she was a good teacher. She was smart and opened my mind to think about the plight and life of people in her country and the dictatorship they were under. She learned all those things from her loving grandparents, and they were the ones who were raising her now.

Well so it was always great to be with her, but we never had sex although we were beginning to spend a lot of time getting naturally physically close to each other.

Fact was, she turned me on big time and I wanted more for us and I sensed she felt likewise by all her up close talking body language she was showing me, and she gave me these long gazing eye looks that I never experienced before, but I fought the sexual temptation and somehow won that inner battle.

But here me out, whenever I was working in my night-time job at the Fontainebleau Hotel darkroom working one on one with the wild cat who wouldn't keep her hands off of me, I

more than often fantasized about my young Cuban sweetie to my heart's content. It was just something I couldn't help myself with. And that wild uninhibited co-worker still gives me memories of how lucky and in early times learning to break the awkward stage I was having with Hippie chicks back in the day, and that's why we had to include a whole chapter about her called "*What are you waiting for?*"

*It was right there where TB read the last words on the pages handed to him.*

"David, buddy, why'd you stop? You can't leave me hangin', let alone our future readers who are gonna wanta know what happened with you and that young sweet friend."

"T, it's actually painful to write about her, and that last part about the wild cat was just a cop out for my frustration due to the truth I really liked my Cuban gal pal."

Well, I didn't know how much you really cared, so I'm sorry to hear all that."

"Yeah-no, it's a bitch, and now I've got some sort of writer's block going down, and the funky mood that comes over me to go on writing more, so, well, it's just not happening."

"Alright man, then let's get you in a mood that completely changes the subject, okay?"

"Yeah, thanks T, that's a really good idea."

"Dude, our experiences and adventures plus all the original years of library micro-film research and work you do uncoverin' some super cool stuff goin' on with the DARPA activities, could be a book in and of itself."

"Well I'm having writers block at this very instant, so tell me what you're getting at."

"Oh that's easy, like your master spyin' you and Fitzzy have been up to uncoverin' the fact we're 'Not Alone in the Universe', , I mean come on Bro, what could be bigger than that!"

"Can't argue with that point my man... The fact is, we know the truth and it's time the whole big wide world should know, and maybe we should shout it out from here to China, and throw in TIM BUCK TWO!"

“Right on David, now we’re talkin’ you wise cracker. . Alright, I’ll give ya another one of your super find’s bout’ DARPA, goin’ back to the mid 80’s when you picked off this big-time discovery.”

“What, which one?”

“Yeah man. Now I’ve got you goin’ and that writer’s block just might be leavin’ ya.”

“Right on T, thanks. . You’re doing great. Alright, so tell me what other discovery.”

“It’s that secret CIA hypnosis project, and that one took you years to put the pieces together before you had the complete handle on it all.”

“You’re right man, that deal was shocking, and still is.”

After David’s words, the friends paused with deep thoughts about that project, then,

“David, you were freak~king adamant to me and Howie, along with Jacob and Cowboy to stay the F\*#\$ away from any kind of crazy new passed along come on’s for anyone interested in some new experimental programs to help with depression or anxiety, or any kind of mental combat fatigue.”

“That’s right, the CIA and DARPA through all their back-door channels and other sneaky ways were searching for volunteers to do their almost satanical psychological deep experimental hypnosis programs on unsuspecting victims.”

“Jeraldo Rivera’ton had it right many-many years ago when he uncovered the LSD and other experimental mind controllin’ VOODO some three-letter agency was doin’ on hundreds of completely fooled down and out homeless guys and plenty of mentally ill patients too.”

“It was all pure EVIL and there’s no place in the world for that kind of inhumanity.”

“And perhaps even equal to that perversity, was what they did with innocent black folks with that Tuskegee syphilis project, and other experimental EVIL shit.”

After those disturbing back and fourths, the boys just took all their talking in, knowing over the years they learned first-hand a lot of bad and good things. TB broke the silence.

“I’ll tell ya what D, your discovery of the mind control assassin program is still what me and the boys talk a~bout sometimes out of the blue, cause it’s still that shock~ing and pure EVIL as you always put it, for us to imagine.”

“No freaking question about that big guy,”

“And you taught us those insane hypnosis programs were meant to take over the minds of what we know guys in the field to be labeled as, , meanin’ the Spooks, the Ghosts and the Wetback fellas, and many of them were good guys as we knew em workin’ long side of me over the years.”

“Yeah, I mean your experiences were first hand as their boss, and here’s our government turning some of those good souls into ON DEMAND killer like almost robots.”

“Well like I said, you were warnin’ the boys and me, and tellin’ us to spread the word through our own networks, and we did, so hopefully we saved some good men’s lives.”  
After TB’s words, he paused to think about something and then came shooting out,

“Durin’ all that time of your research on that DARPA and CIA hypnosis subject, I saw how your mind was in the most stealth like compartmentalized thinkin’ ways, and now I’m gonna tell ya that I wouldn’t doubt one day they figure out a movie angle for this matter.”

“You make a valid point because nothing surprises me anymore, nothing!”

“I agree with that thought David, totally. Alright, I got a few other ideas to help your writers block get totally busted up, so I’m sure we can get those creativity juices of yours flowin’, and mine too for that matter.”

“You’re in a great positive mood, and it’s really helping me, so thanks again T.”

“Don’t mention it, but like always, we seem to help each other when the time calls.”

“Well said and Roger That. . Okay, what else you got?”

“You have to put some good words to paper about your Shelter Island experiences, cause when we first met in Acapulco, you talked a lot a~bout your three special buddies.”

You’re right. Shelter Island and Frenchie, Johnny and Jimmy were great older dudes that taught me some valuable life lessons.”

“That’s how you always described and talked of those times.”

“And my friend Jimmy and his great attentive dog that I met on my first day on the Island, well he was a great friend to me, and he let me have shared times with his trusty companion, and I needed and really enjoyed that beautiful animal time, , I swear.”

“There you go man, you’re getting’ back into your creative memory groove.”

“I’m trying my best T, but you’re the master today of the creative juices war that’s needed for writers, or in our case, would be hopefuls. . . Anyway brother, give me one more idea for another down the road chapter.”

“Oh, it’s right there in the front of my thick skull, waiting to come out.”

“Talk to me dude, hit me as you always say.”

“Gladly. It’s the wise ‘Net Maker’ in the mountains who talked a~bout’ people don’t really start reachin’ maturity until their fifties, and beyond,”

“Yeah man, that interesting point of his really hit me square between the eyes, because I never before that observation of his gave any thought about it, so no question about it,”

“And you did the same to me when you came back down from his far away mountain adobe home and told me everything you learned.”

“What an experience, and I seriously really felt humbled to be in his presence.”

“His education and thoughts a~bout maturin’ were important, but his readin’ of your aura havin’ some sort of kindred spirits in you of the long-ago Mexican liberator dude named Zapata, well that was the icin’ on the cake, and I believe his vibes were right on.”

“Yeah T, that hit me heavy when my interpreter repeated it all twice to me, because I wanted to make sure I understood clearly what the Wise Net Maker was saying. I didn’t want to leave any doubt or confusion what was going on from his thoughts.”

“That was a good move to do, so you were sure what was said and goin’ down.”

“Exactly T, that was it... I’ll never forget that meeting with that good man, never. And the sweet old guy was definitely right about most people really don’t start maturing until their fifties, and some beyond.”

“And again my friend, I think he was right on the money bout’ you bein’ some sort of liberator someday, but we’ll just have to wait and see bout’ that. Yeah man, we’ll just have to wait and see.”

## **Writers Block, , It’s Gone!**

## **I feel ya David Letterman, I really do!**

Over the years Stoney and me somehow found David Letterman gave us that needed shared laugh we all appreciate at times in life. But there was this one night we both were together in D's penthouse watching Letterman's show, when just kind of casually the dude says to a guest, he has a cholesterol level of over 600.

As soon as my wingman hears that, he gets this serious look come over em, and then says to me real cool like, the man has serious heart trouble and he's gonna die if he doesn't get operated on.

My brother can be way out there with his thinkin' and pickin' up on people's medical vibes at times, so I took his tone as the real deal, and I mean no jokin' round here. You see, somewhere along his final year in high school, he picked up a book bout' some guy named Edgar Cayce, and this guy had the ability to sense people's medical problems, from near or far. Stoney was fascinated by this man's clairvoyance or sixth sense, or whatever you wanta tag it as bein', but most importantly, that's when my friend really said he had one of those life changin' events come over em.

We all have em, but we have to recognize when it goes down in our lives, that bein' the key to those experiences. Well anyway, my buddy was seriously worried bout' Letterman from that moment on, and right on the money, the fella goes into the hospital the next day for one of those Angiogram tests, and the next thing he knows, he's bein' wheeled into the operatin' room for major open-heart by-pass surgery.

And the next day when D and me met up on the Atlantic Pier after he took a break from his building manager duties of his high rise he lived in, my friend was pretty shook up actually bout' his medical call on Letterman.

I remember he said to me, *'T, I'm feeling this guy like I've never felt anyone before in my life, and I don't have an answer to why, but it's really shaking me up.'*

Now I can tell ya David's a cool - calm guy, and can handle himself with all matters, but he just had this connectin' medical feelin' bout' Letterman that kind of gave him the Hee-bee-gee-bees, if you don't mind if I characterize it that way.

I mean I'm not tryin' to be cute here or anything like that, but that night and then that next day pier meetin' we had, well I was sold somethin' really happened in a down to earth way between D and Letterman.

So yeah, the title of this chapter couldn't be more apropos, and yes, a big word for me, but I'm sure it's correct and works just like it's supposed to. So from Stoney and myself,

*Best Wishes Letterman, Sincerely*

*Please Scroll Down*



## **‘Spy Satellite Heaven’ - March 7, 2014**

It had been about two months since I put a coded message out to Fitz and Mo’shee that I really needed them to come to Costa Rica to have a face-to-face meeting with them. What I had to say and talk about just absolutely couldn’t be done even over our various secure communication methods, albeit they were as secretive and effective as any sophisticated systems out there in the world we lived in. Our ways always worked well, but this feeling I had for the utmost security-purity needed, well eye to eye was the only way I could feel my comfort level having no stress by using the old-school tried and true face to face way.

They were both rich and free as birds to do as they pleased, plus I promised them a really good special time like they never could imagine, so that sealed the deal for each. So as the old adage goes, time flies and before I knew it, I’m one at a time driving out on the same day picking them up at the main Airport of Costa Rica and settling them in at my recommended hotel in San Jose. It was the perfect setup to locate them in because my little apartment was less than a fast-paced five-minute brisk walk away.

It was great to be all together again, and just seeing them in the flesh brought back such old good memories we all shared over many years, yet at the same time there was a huge overhanging deep sadness for my two close trusted friends in the air.

Before they arrived, I thought about how to really organize their time here with me to make sure their trip would be special and very memorable in many ways they would never forget. We all hadn’t been together in quite a while, especially my fun-loving friend Mo’shee, being that he lived so far away in Israel. I think I really sold the idea for them to come to Costa Rica with the promise of we’d all hang out and I guaranteed them that I would turn them onto a whole lot of new sites, sounds and a unique different kind of cultural change of pace they’d never forget. And I guaranteed it!

After they both got settled in on the first day, the next day I began taking them on my San Jose capital city walking tour I had been doing for myself almost daily over close to a decade.

To be straight though about that first day of running back and forth two times to the airport, plus the excitement of seeing them and hanging out and getting a little tad wild that first night, well, all the energy I put out somewhere along the line caught up with me and I felt this really tired worn out dragged down feeling in my chest and strangely enough, my eyes. I didn't know what it was but knowing how all my life I've burned the candle at both ends until I'm totally spent, after a reasonably good deep night sleep I was more or less almost back to my normal feeling self.

So on and upward we all went, meaning the walking tour was on and right away what they saw and experienced without a doubt put big smiles on their faces. Fitzy & Mo'shee both expressed how quickly they noticed and appreciated such a definite culturally different experience they were having, and how it came as a mild shock to them in the beginning. That happened because I didn't take them on the normal safe and breezy walking tours that millions of tourists take, nope, no way Ho`Zay. I gave them the shock and WOW treatment tour, and for what it's worth, they loved it!

I swear, just like myself they dug the action of the open people's market places where they picked out the tastiest of fresh non-pesticide sprayed fruits and vegetables, straight from the farmer's fields. As part of the not so regular family tourist tour, I walked them around to all the red-light districts and all through the heavily infested pawn shop areas. In these open pit sores, more than likely you could see many of the scum bag thieves of the country making deals with their fresh stolen tourist belongings taken from locations throughout the small country. And at night I took them to a few fun packed music and dance joints, ripe with beautiful Latin women who wanted to jam, drink and playfully party hardy the night away. But best not be confused here, for all that action would be all happening at the tune of an expensive dime that eventually would finish in a happy ending for the gent.

This one particular place I took them had a great live band and that nostalgic joint had the feel of a saloon straight out of the old wild west, you know, just like the HBO produced show called ***'Deadwood'***. I mean it was like when the gold miners rolled into town, found THE hottest action saloon, then cashed in their gold nuggets and gold dust they had at the well-guarded money cages, then checked in their guns with the one-eyed dead eye bouncers, and then went through the main swinging louvered doors to begin a night

of tearing it up wildly at the gambling tables. Oh, and I can't forget picking out a young and fun hotty totty little filly whipper snapper to pass the night away with eventually too. Yep, my two good friends were totally shocked but pleased with what I turned them onto, and I have to say they got indoctrinated quickly to the unique culture I'd been living in for quite some period of time.

All in all, those couple days of my walking tours and the crazy free-spirited wild west night shows I turned them on to, were something never to be forgotten by all, but it was now time for some serious talk that needed to go down with me leading the way.

I mean heck, that's what this long distance of traveling for my boys was principally all about and I turned a very serious business trip for them into a jamboree of a lot of fun that we all shared together. It may have been a bit of a stretch for me to insist my friend's travel such a far distance for a meeting I called for, but it was that important to me and I had done this once before while in the states some years earlier and my boys knew I didn't joke or waste time whenever I said something was really serious. So, to bring them all that distance without me spicing their trips up to a knock their sox off good old time with my years of knowledge of all the interesting and wild ins and out and ups and down of the entire town, would have been a crying shame if I didn't do it.

And let me tell ya, as it turned out like I said, they loved it, albeit Fitzzy is the shyest most reserved human being on the planet, but I woke up that inner curious wild child deep inside him and I could read him like a book on how much he enjoyed himself with every new experience on this trip I put in front of him. Now, as far as Mo'shee, Oh Veh, he's a wild man and ate it all up and wanted even more, so he was one cheerful happy go lucky camper. Yep, I knew I could count on Mosh to eat it up and then wantta' come back for another big serving.

Now with all the fun and games behind us, it was time for our serious chat but I wanted to do it at a very secure impenetrable listening area out of town. It was about a forty-five-minute drive but first on the way I wanted to stop off and show them these massive well-constructed and fortified giant spy satellite dishes I scoped out years earlier. They were located in a well-fortified and hidden containment area and the strange thing about these

big dishes coming back for the second time, there still were no cameras or guards or any real signs of security protecting the installation, just like before. When I pointed that out to my boys, they like myself thought that was very odd, and even down right peculiar, yet that wasn't our problem or concern, but the massiveness of it all brought out an engrossing conversation of the technological spy world we all knew just a minor wee little bit about that was going on all over the world. Yeah-Yeah Sure, that's the ticket, , just a wee little bit!

After that off the beaten track mission of mine was complete, I wanted to take my friends to this beautiful peaceful carved out perfect green valley that Mother Nature created maybe a million full moons earlier in time. I discovered this place years ago when I was dating a sweet young gal who lived nearby, and she and I would go there for fun afternoon picnics and loving pleasurable good times. And not only that, but the calm and beauty of this place reminded me of a location and setting of a special place I discovered and knew of in Northern Michigan from back in the early 80's. I named that place 'The Spiritual Vein of Tranquility'.

I thought deeply about this very private setting would be the perfect secure location to have my much-needed all-important talk with my two close buddies.

I got my ducks in a row before we headed out in a rented jeep I drove us all in, by packing a huge blanket and a whole bunch of sandwiches and drinks crammed into a big ice chest container I borrowed. My brethren knew I was an odd sort of guy, meaning all of us having a picnic of sorts together, albeit they knew of my many strange idiosyncrasies, and it always worked for me and my boys came to expect no less of my quirky ways, , and so we carried on.

So speaking of on, moving on, our picnic and enjoying all the sights and sounds went fine and then we had this very serious much needed meeting that took a good forty minutes of back-and-forth chatting, and some of it got quite intense with Mo'shee, once I got things rolling.

That's all I can and am gonna say about that deal except once the meeting was all said and done, with absolutely nothing left on the table regarding the seriousness of the matters discussed, they both knew and understood completely without any doubt in their minds the reason why they both had to travel such long distances to meet with me face to face.

After our deep needed talk, if I may label it like that, we somehow drifted into another area that had us all going down memory lanes of good close loving friend's that all died way-way too early.

Even though this topic of our conversation was of a very sad nature, we all had the feeling inside ourselves we could open up amongst each other even better because of this natural peaceful outdoor and perfectly serene place I brought them to.

So, I'd like to go back in time and share an important life lesson that was openly spoken by me in that afternoon's chat. This is the history behind a one-of-a-kind real nice guy, but sadly his unexpected way of passing could happen to any one of us, and now because of this opportunity to share with you, I can honor him and hope his death will not go in vain and truly be a lifesaving and teaching lesson for anyone out there by chance reading this.

So here's our chat;

"Guys, I'll never forget my friend Leonard and how unnecessary his unexpected and sudden passing was. It all happened because he had the damn flu and then somehow, he became dehydrated and then passed out and died alone from multiple organs failures."

"I remember David when you called me and told me what had happened." Fitz speaking.

"T was out of the country on a mission with his team, and,"

"Yes, but I remember though a day or two later I was able to patch you guys together."

“I appreciated that so much, and just talking to you and T those first few days afterwards, helped me a great deal. And Mosh, you met Leonard and later on told me what a nice guy you thought he was.”

“Yes, I could tell from the one day we all spent in Florida at his plant nursery, he was a good-hearted wild and fun super guy. That entire incident was just such a shame and it didn’t have to happen is what you kept saying to me, over and over, and I’m sure the same words to Fitzy.”

“He did Mosh, he did.” Fitz jumping in.

“Guys, I was talking to him the night before and for the most part he sounded okay, but he did say he was a little weak from the flu bug he had, and felt a little light headed.”

“You always preach to us now David that if ourselves or we know of anyone who is sick with the flu or anything similar like that where their mentally and physically exhausted because they ran themselves down, they must do everything possible to keep hydrated with a lot of juice or Gatorade or some kind of cool liquid, so they don’t get to the point like Leonard ended up being.”

“Fitz, life goes by so fast and at the same time life seems so short, and I say that because our dear friend David always is preaching that, and your words are so true.”

“Yes Mosh, and I seem to feel that way even more as we all get older. And you know Leonard’s death feels like it was just yesterday, but I believe it was fourteen years ago.”

“That’s about right David.” Fitzy excellent memory backing me up.

“I told you both I had deep heaving crying sobs come over me when I got the terrible news, because I was damn so sad and I just couldn’t believe it, and didn’t want to believe it. In some depressing way I felt full of guilt that I didn’t do more to prevent his death,”

“No-No D, please man, don’t beat yourself up.”

“I hear ya Mosh, but I just can’t believe he went so fast and the way it all went down. It just hurt so bad back then, and I, , I really believe if somebody had been there with him, I’m sure they would have seen he was really getting sick and needed serious medical attention, and if that would have been the case I really believe he’d be alive today.”

“It wasn’t your fault, and ,”

“I know Fitzy, I know, but for the next few days I couldn’t even talk to any of the friends that Leonard and I shared friendships with, and what’s even more terrible was I didn’t even go to his memorial service they all set up in Florida.”

“I remember you beat yourself up over that for months, and in your own way you still do.”

“I can’t help it Mosh. I must be mentally wired that way because I did the same thing when I got the sickening news about Marty being brain dead and the doctors explained there was no hope.”

“Marty’s decades long ago passing and especially Leonard’s wasn’t your fault David, and I know you understand what I’m saying.”

“Yes, I know but there’s that lingering feeling that I could have done more Fitz, and the other painful sadness was there were two close friends Leonard and I shared, Mikey as I used to call him, and Renai. They worked for him in his green house plant business and we were all closely connected through that and the fact I never reached out to them and showed up to Leonard’s memorial service, that really bothered and made me extremely upset with myself.”

“We all have those terrible regrets in life, and you’re just being you and admitting it.”

“Yeah-no you’re right Mosh, it’s just that I wish we could turn back the clock of time and undue it all and he’d be alive. And since we’re going down this sad painful road, I wish we could have done something, I mean anything to prevent Yoni’s out of the blue heart attack, then his unbelievable quick passing.

Leonard and especially Yoni's passing being so recently, make me ask so many questions about what's life all about. . . All I know is, I miss Leonard and I know how you feel about Yoni. Oh man, I'm so sorry Mo'shee."

"I know, thank you David, but thank God he didn't suffer because it all happened that sudden without any warning, and then he left us."

"You guys, I'm sorry but I've got the feeling like I'm about to start crying. I, , I feel like I'm welling up inside like I always get, and my heart aches so much all of a sudden. I, , I wish I could be stronger and, "

"We love you Fitzy, we've got your back all the way. You're okay, come on man, just breathe easy, in and out and stay calm and feel our love for ya. ." As I spoke, I put my arm around Fitz's shoulders and then I told him,

"I'm so sorry Fitz, because after hearing us I realize what you're mind just quickly moved into thinking sadly about, and I'm always with those emotional thoughts when we're Sat phoning or especially when we're together like this, but we just have to be strong and remember the great times we all shared with our loved ones."

"You're right David, I, , I hear ya."

"Please my friend, always do that for me, okay, and just be strong and keep the faith that everything is going to be alright. You've got me forever so please don't let go."

"David's right, just focus in on remembering the great times Fitzy, and like he said, stay strong and together with us like we've all been doing for many years now, and look up all the time to the sky's Heavens and say hello to all our dear loving friend's and ask them to forever watch over us."

After Moshe's words there was a quiet comfortable pause amongst us, then,



“Thank you so much Mosh. You’re a sweet dear friend and your peaceful beautiful watching over thoughts about our friend’s above was absolutely right on and really helps me. I, , I don’t know what I’d do without you guys, , you know, , seriously, I, , I don’t.”

As my dear sweet best friend Fitzy sadly spoke, I looked into his eyes and could see his sincere flowing kind-hearted but very sad spirit.

### **The Utmost of sad back stories**

Fitz’s sadness was doubly painful to say the least. Around a little over seven years earlier in 2007 his dear sweet wife, Shirley, best of friends since they met when they were 6 years old, she passed after a sad and long woman’s illness that too many ladies painfully succumb too. His life was centered around her and when cousin TB was lost to all of us in what Howie, Jacob, Cowboy and myself feel must have been around the middle of the month of July of 2005 somewhere in Germany, we all were grief stricken, but Shirley was Fitz’s rock forever, and now that she was gone and T two years earlier, I knew he was even more so a very fragile human being that didn’t care if he lived anymore or not. And that day for us did come in late 2015, from some form of brain cancer, called Blastoma. The sad reality though, was my friend actually welcomed his fate, and as horrible as that sounds his sad leaving us made and left me feeling honestly with serious mixed emotions, and one being at peace with it all that he wasn’t mentally suffering anymore.

My years of life’s experiences from so many good friends dying in all sorts of ways, had hardened me, in so much that I was feeling comforted now knowing my sweet dear friend is with Shirley and TB again. . .

Howie, Jacob, Cowboy, and myself talked and messaged on the boards amongst ourselves for quite a while how much we felt like Fitzy was this amazing sweet beautiful human being that in some way was the total center of all our lives since day one for all of us after we met him. And permit please to repeat myself here, in that being we all felt now that Fitz was right where we believe he desired and wanted to be.

After Fitz’s passing, the Boys and myself had one last what we’ll call duty to perform from a pact we all made together many years earlier. You see Fitzy’s Cousin T, our dear to the

last breath brave patriotic friend, knew that his cousin's super amazing brain was not going to possibly one day be high-jacked, stolen or call/say what you will, even to the extreme of being dug up to be examined and **cloned** if the technology remotely in the future was there to do so. And so Howie, Jacob, Cowboy and Big Freddy took care of protecting our best buddy, with cremation, just in the honorable way Fitz and TB wanted to happen.

Rest In Peace Fitzzy, we all miss you so much. . . I miss you Fitz, and forever Love You.

My Strength and Faith about Life, is that there is more Peace after ones passing.

### The Epilog

*And now if I may lastly say, sadly, sooner or later we're all going to experience going down various rough and tough patches of life because it just inevitably happens to each and every one of us as life goes by.*

*Reach out to your friend's when that sad road appears and lend a helping heartfelt spirit to their pain as best as possible, and have faith and confidence that your strength and any kind and helpful words will help in any possible way, , in any possible way...*

***Keep the Faith with Strength and Honor  
And Look Forward to Tomorrow***

## **Frank Nitty, Mexican Visas & Mental Telepathy 1974**

I arrived back in Acapulco in the first week of July of 1973. There were hot and heavy senate hearings going on in Washington D. C. regarding the now well-known cover-up of the Nixon-Watergate big political 'Ha`bub~a'loo'. That was the last image I remember seeing on the nightly news, and I remember thinking to myself how I lucked out big time and dodged a bullet in my life. And what I mean by that, was there was no paper trail or any signatures I signed on any documents that could link me into the Watergate break-in, and most importantly, my leg and knee were busted up about six weeks before the robbery went down, so by then I was completely out of the picture for what I was hired to do. Every meeting was done face to face with just the one lead dude, and I especially remember there never was any phone action that could be recorded because he was the one that brought that point up.

I remember the plan like it was yesterday, being that some courier was going to take the hand-off of the small film canisters from one of the robbers and that guy would deliver them to another dude who'd eventually travel from wherever and make his way to my darkroom lab set up. So for what it's worth, I guess I can say I was a very lucky kid from never getting caught up legally with the Watergate break-in action, albeit I learned some very valuable lessons from it and took on some life lasting physical injuries to this day.

All that Watergate stuff safely well behind me but my leg and knee still not normal, it was time to travel back to Acapulco and set up my fish collecting business and hopefully meet up with TB again. And that we did, right on schedule, with T finding me at the beautiful El Mirador Hotel one day after I arrived, just like we planned. Like myself and TB expressed in other chapters, once I landed and we met up, we began our real crazy carryings-on, being fearless and unstoppable it seemed like at times. But I should qualify that with the key thought of all that happened when he was in town, and not flying back to the USA with his cargo. Yeah, so, you all know by now *what I'm talkin' bout*', as TB would say,, so like always, Nuff Said!

The months were just flying by and so many things good and bad were happening for both of us. I can honestly say my saddest regret was the split-up of working with Juan, my Mexican friend and tightknit ocean diving partner. It's a long story and it has forever stayed with me, but years later I felt compelled to write to him and we actually had dozens of excellent letter writing correspondence for a couple years. What can I say, I'm sentimental, & down deep I'm sure after getting to know him, he in his own way was the same kind of feeling good guy.

Moving along, months had gone by and I had learned by a total fluke and accident that my Visa period of time allowed in Mexico had run over, and I didn't have enough money available to buy a ticket to fly out. Under normal circumstances TB would have gladly covered me and not wanted the money back, that being his true nature, but the problem was though, he was out of town and not returning for ten days.

So, here's where Mental Telepathy and the Visa time limits cross paths, and I'll bet anything that this Telepathy mind power action happens for tens of thousands of human beings around the world daily, but just replacing the Visa situation with whatever else is going on in their lives at that given moment. Or maybe we can use the word serendipity or coincidence, or precognition for those that find the phrase Mental Telepathy to be too far out. But Fitz and I definitely prefer what we call 'MT', so that being that, here's the rest of the story.

I knew TB had a stash of thousands of dollars well-hidden away in his cabin, but his booby trap front door set-up was totally messed up, and it almost literally snared him because of a faulty trigger release mechanism. So I wasn't going near that dang deadly front door to try and get inside that cabin to borrow some money, absolutely no way, no how, and that was that!

Alright, so that nerve racking idea was put to bed, but the issue of the money wasn't over, not at all. So moving on in that moment of time and space, that night for some odd reason a so-called tough guy once known in my neighborhood growing up, flashed I can say strong in my mind. His distinct voice and his deep penetrating blue eyes and slightly hunched over posture came into my vision, seriously, clear as a bell.

He was known by all my buddy's as 'Nitty', like in the tough guy henchman who did a lot of the dirty work for Al Capone, the one-time Roaring Twenties Chicago gangster.

The thing was though, I'd had run ins with him and he didn't scare me, and besides that, his parent's and mine were friends, and Nitty and my brother were cool with each other too, being they were in the same grades and schools together for years. So getting back to like I said, his voice and his penetrating eyes stayed with me that night a good thirty seconds, until it all just naturally faded away.

And here's where life gets really cool, I swear, because the very next day, there he was, Nitty, his shining bright blue eyes and all, sitting down at the Holiday Inn Tiki Bar, hanging out with a nice-looking young lady. But what really went down in that instant moment of utter coolness, was he saw me first and called my name out loud, and in that instant his voice was as clear as a bell AGAIN in my brain like the night before.

At first I swear I thought I was dreaming because like I said, his voice was strongly seared into my recall from my childhood and teenage years, with no if, ands or buts about it. WOW, what can I say, but now let's wrap it all up.

Nitty wasn't so tough after all, and he came through for me like a true champion and good old friend like I never knew I had. He took care of the plane ticket money, and he even flew back to the states with me two days later and delivered me right to my mom and dad's front door of our home.

So yep, it all was pretty darn beyond cosmic out of this world cool, but I never mentioned to Nitty about my Mental Telepathy (MT) that I had with him, because I just didn't feel any need to go there, so that was that!

Bottom line though to this cool life experience, was that Fitzzy, myself and TB, we always have had a strong Mental Telepathy going on, and that was and is an absolutely true wonderful life gift.

**Who knows for Sure about MT,**

**But Something Sure  
Super Cool  
Happened  
In Acapulco  
Between  
Me and Nitty**

Please Scroll Down

## **Mo'shee - David, A Serious Matter'**

*On April 29<sup>th</sup>, 2015, Mo'shee is patiently waiting in his basement office of his home for David to call, after they made original contact communications the night before using the 'INTC' stock symbol on the Yahoo message board. As usual there was a ten-minute time span call window they worked within and in the fifth minute the call came in;*

“Hello David, I know it's you because I recognize your scramblers high tone airy almost humming like pitch before the phone piece reached my ear.”

“You've got sonar radar precision hearing Mosh, and I have to tell you my humble ears are happy now to hear your voice. I'm sorry I haven't touched base with you in what seems like a long time, and I apologize because there's no excuse for me not doing so.”

“Boy Chick, don't worry. I know you've had your hands more than full since we were together a little over a year ago in Costa Rica. It was so cool being with you and Fitz and especially the wild time you showed us, and now it's a great memory I'll never forget.”

“Yeah, that was a great time, plus we both were totally enjoying how Fitzzy came out of his protective shell and really let loose and lived it up in the wild brothel party bars I took you guys into. I mean he was so out of his element but finally he let his entire guard down and partied!”

“Oh man he sure did, but you bringing us to Costa Rica for that all-important serious meeting was one thing, and hosting us like you did, well you couldn't have done one more planning move to make the nights and days there better spent.”

“All three of us needed that time of healing together and I'm glad and so at peace inside my spirit hearing you speak about it that way.”

“David, in all of our years of sharing time and experiences together, I know your hearts always in the right place, so don't think about our little separation of not touching base as regular as we used to do.

This is part of life and it just happens perhaps as we get older, and besides I am just as guilty as you for not reaching out and trying to communicate with you too, so.”

“I like the way you put all that, , yeah man, thank you. So tell me, how are you feeling?”

“I don’t know, but you know as well as me we just have to take life one day at a time after a sad loss and just be as strong as possible afterwards like we’ve always talked about over the years.”

“Yes, we have to Mosh, plus be grateful every day for good health, and keep on going as strong as possible from there.”

“Well, I’m so glad you’re still with me and almost back feeling like yourself again. How do you say, you had your own rough health patch, or something like that.”

“That’s close enough my friend but I’m back in the saddle of life and enjoying my time again in Central Latin America.”

“Yes, I caught your coded words about that in the message. . . Good, never stop living.”

“For sure my friend, for sure. . . Mo’shee, bring me up to speed on your end about these Iran nuke negotiations, because since Netanyahu spoke to the congress, the president and his three top aides have picked up their no-good disingenuous talking points to the public, and since my health scare, I can hear and see their lies even clearer.”

“Many Israelis are in the same camp of thinking as you, and those nuclear negotiations are showing how your president is helping Iran, and that’s worrying us over here.”

“I totally agree with that thought, but ‘IF’ and I say if because there’s still hope he will realize it’s a terrible deal he’s putting together as we know of it so far, and stop showing all our adversaries and the world what a weak man he is. . . But that said, I’m going to say this point again, I’m not sure something else far more sinister is going on here with him, and, , and please God forgive me but my years of spying and my forensic human analytical studies tell me something really evil is plaguing the mind of Obla bla bla.”



“David, you’ve been up and down and all over that thought for a long time, and I remember you told Yoni and me years ago about your man Delmonti warning you and Fitz back on the first day this guy declared he’s running for president.”

“You’re as sharp as always with remembering details, , because you’re right on point on that fact, and now Delmonti has gone totally rogue and is eating bla bla’s lunch, and especially his two scum bag but crafty actress minded minions.”

“Well first you fired him long ago, then when he was haunting you and Fitz with all his coded messaging and then literally code calling you guys with more incredible info, you did your best to get him to come in from the dark and testify before congress, but, ,”

“But he’ll never do such a thing because the stakes are too high for a lot of reasons I’d rather not even get into , and if anybody ever questioned me about Delmonti and what he’s doing with the PEEK on Obla bla and his principle players, I’d only be a second hand witness of sorts that wouldn’t have any true credibility and authenticity, so, ,”

“Yes, I understand the situation regarding the laws and such you speak of, but as you say the stakes are high on the other side of reality if Iran is getting such a sweet deadly deal handed to them by your president.”

“He’s not my president, and if you’ll remember back so long ago, I said after the first year of really seeing and learning what he was very cleverly sinisterly doing to my country, that’s when I realized Delmonti was more than right, and the long game plan O’bla bla had for America, wasn’t any kind of pretty picture.”

“God help us my friend if things play out like it’s all shaping up to be with Iran being granted so much nuclear capabilities without top tier legitimate on-site inspections,”

“I hear clearly what you’re saying Mosh because if this insanity isn’t interrupted by Putin at the negotiating tables, then he’s making a huge mistake if my visions are clear about the worlds future, and clearer to me than ever is a serious confrontation coming with Israel making Iran’s present nuclear program a pile of radio-active waste.”

After David's serious words there was a silent but comfortable pause on each end, then,

“Mosh, I can almost see that day, but I must cancel that thought in my brain. I, I just cringe at the way this nuke deal is going down my dear friend, and if they get it and let's say five years from now they prove to have played everyone like a bunch of deaf and blind drunken sailors, then our countries will have no choice to call them on it, and if need be, send in the air forces with deep bunker busting MOAB.”

“Yes Boy Chick, our Air Forces will join together pounding all of the Iranian underground known nuclear manufacturing sites, with those super deep bunker busting warhead precision bombs.” Mo'shee pauses right there but he's not done. Then,

“And trust me David, we've got all of their hidden locations mapped out and are continuing to keep a keen watchful eye on their movements for any and all their future sinister activities.”

“I realize that, but it's amazing how the innocent people of Iran are one day going to needlessly be put in a no-win situation by their radical leaders, and,”

“Well please excuse me my dear friend, but Israel can't help that but O'bla bla bla will definitely be the one who in the future shoulders all of that blame for a war happening. So tell me my bright military planner, what kind of timeframe do you see?”

There was a pause after the question, but then, “Well, at the absolute latest, mid 2025.”

“Okay, well sadly I think this deal is going to happen and your prophecy about Russia falling into Iran's trap is taking place right before our eyes, because they are working closely and blindly to help the Iranians at the negotiating tables whenever they all meet, and its more than shocking what seems to be happening in favor for Iran.”

“That is exactly the open fact that you and me clearly understand, but America's ignoramus fools at the bargaining table are giving everybody a green flashing light to walk all over us. But Mosh, besides that I ask myself why do I see in my mind this cut throat major league double cross happening to Russia!”

“I don’t know how your mind sees and puts all the pieces to the complicated puzzle together, but Yoni and I always paid attention to what your visions and time frames spelled out in the geo-political world.”

“Well first it’s really not that complicated for me from what I’ve picked up and learned with Fitz’s help, plus what you’ve been feeding me, in my humble opinion, even if it were ten years from now, what do our countries do then after all that time elapses and Iran is totally nuke capable, and locked and loaded?”

“Well, that’s a very scary and serious matter, no question about it. And the fact of life about it all, is those ten years will go by very fast, and then it really will be decision making life and death time, , for not just Israel, the United States and Iran, but for the repercussions that will be shocking to the world like what your country did to Japan, so long-long ago.”

“Exactly. Mosh, well said, deeply well put.”

The communication lines went comfortably silent while the two friends were thinking about their heavy talking going on. Then David continued.

“Being as always open with you, more often now I think about how most people mature and wizen up as they grow older and see things in a different light than *when we were all younger and quick to a snap judgement*, and as that fact of life happens to most, the one thing that stands out is we learn the clear reality of time waits for nobody!”

“Your words are deep David, and you leave no room for an argument.”

“Yeah, I guess that’s true, but aside from life and time flying by, the bottom line will be who’s ever your Prime Minister after the eight or ninth or even tenth complete year of the deal, is when he or she is really going to have to make some very serious decision or even start the planning for an attack, if that questionable so-called American turns out to be a pure double crossing traitor that cleverly and sinisterly gives Iran a nuke deal that one day turns them into a nuclear weapon holding country.”

“It’s all about what you’ve said from the very start once we had the intel that your president was allowing for practically no warning inspections on most of their military sites, right?”

“Yes, &@& other terrible side deals that are secretly being planned, but I can’t & won’t get into details & explain here, so I’ll lay it all out in code on the new Internet site we’re using for the starter point, &@ then cross over to the Da’ Vinci breakdown program.”

“I’ll wait for them all and set up the Artist per your guide posts, but in the meantime it’s incomprehensible why and how he’s giving Iran everything they want,”

“Oh Mosh, it’s mind boggling insane what he’s allowing to happen. . I got to tell ya, if this deal gets done, then one of the ways to get around it without a war in the future will be by a Coup d’état by the millions of Iranian people working closely with their military, and then somehow the new regime sits down for real honest negotiations that will bring peace and long-lasting stability for Iran, and that will hopefully transcend throughout the Middle East.”

“You and TB were always students of the Coup style take downs and take overs, but as much as it’s an interesting thought, be straight with me and tell me is a Coup in one of your visions?”

“No, , no, unfortunately not at all, but I can categorize it as a hope for the best outcome type thought we should have. Let’s get back to the subject of the talks, and allow me to tell you something that is quite sickening going on at those tables,”

“What’s that?”

“Iran is not actually asking, they seem to be telling us what they want and our side is practically readily complying. I just don’t understand how most of the national media is just so aloof and not digging in and reading all the transcripts and everything available.”

“Yes, we wonder about that over here in Israel too.”

“The man and his young idiotic national deputy so-called security advisor just merrily continues on with more slick speeches of utter and complete lies and uses lots of manipulated key brain washing tactics to spew out to the public, and I’m going to tell you again, and that is you can include a steady amount of heavy growing political espionage has been going on out of that White House since just after the mid-way point of 2010.”

“Are you including how he used his IRS top bosses for targeting his political opponents?”

“I am, and it was insane how many innocent people were getting destroyed by them, and YES, all the directives were coming from the top of that agency,”

“Well wait then Boy Chick, that would mean that all the IRS orders were coming directly from the White House too, especially after all you’ve learned over the years about 44.”

“Let me just say this since we’re not face to face, and that is I can only wish one day that Delmonti will come out of nowhere and apologize to Fitz for the way he’s been putting him through hell and messing up his life from years of worrying, and then become the biggest whistle blower in American history.”

“Yes, wouldn’t that be something for all the world to hear about the so-called golden boy and his wheeling and dealing on good American Patriots, along with his traitorous activities and hatred of America.”

“Exactly again Mo’shee. . . His criminal espionage against his enemies is off the charts, and in all honesty, Fitz’s once trusted employee can lay it all out there how the Tea Party and many other conservatives were targeted and how to this day even bigger political espionage activities are in full active mode.”

“That is just pure evil, and its all practically done in plain sight and not one major news outlet picks up on it and says a word.”

“Oh the main stream media licks the you know what of Obla bla, and my friend, check this out.”

“Oh great, I guess more bad news. . . Ohi Vey Boy chick!”

“Oh Vey is Right! But seriously Mo’shee, according to Delmonti in one of his many rants he goes on, Bla bla’s VP is getting away with some serious grifting hanky panky also.”

“I’m not shocked, nope, not one bit! Their both pure evil from my standpoint, but Obla bla’s become a slick tongue wagging snake with all his power, and you know what, some of us think he wants to be in Iran to stand out front and cut the opening ribbon on one of their carefully hidden nuclear plants.”

Mo’shee’s voice in that moment was in a full sarcastic blooming tone.

“GOOD ONE, yeah really, I like that, but being real about this, in the future there won’t be any time for joking around my brother. I’m studying him, reading and parsing his words and also you can include that schmuck face so-called deputy advisor and speech writer of his. . . I mean give me a break!”

“Well I see there’s no love lost there I guess, but I follow you and totally agree. It sounds like you’re doing your analytical human forensic studies, plus some DOT to DOT collecting and profiling, , huh Boo Boo Lah?”

“Yes you wise guy, and that and more because Obla bla’s background as a child has a full leaning indoctrination towards anti-imperialism, and so many of the actions he’s taken as president don’t add up to having America and Israel’s best interest at hand as the years go by, so,”

“Boy Chick, all I can really say after this conversation plus all the careful research and studying our people are doing of those negotiations, is the world is going to be in a lot of trouble one day if this bad deal goes through, and that’s a fact.”

“That’s why I’ve been writing Putin and speaking my mind to him about the double cross,”

“And are you including your full vision of the nuclear attacks to our three countries?”

“Yes, everything!”

“Good, , good to hear. . . You know, I remember when me and Yoni asked you back in early 1999, to help us with your human analytical studies on Putin, but you went much deeper and really learned all about his childhood and family times growing up.”

“I felt a real maturing process happening in myself and once I started the research and learn about him, I just felt the need to go all out.”

“How much of that as you say personal maturing made you think back to that wise and humble fishing net maker you met in the mountains of Acapulco so long ago?”

“That good man’s wisdom and forethought has never left my heart and soul. I, , I remember the day coming back from my long bus rides to meet with him, and how pumped up I was to find TB and tell him all about what I feel was so important to share, and I remember the big guys reaction.”

“What, , yes, tell me, what was his reaction?”

“He was like me, I mean like he just felt the old man’s words made us stop and think about how we both were running wild and free, and I might as well say reckless too, and now all of a sudden a wise old net makers thoughts gave us a whole new perspective to realize about life and our futures.”

“When you came back to the states and met with us on our first trip to Michigan, you told me and Yoni about this man, and right then and there it was kind of a wake up for us too.”

After Mo’shee’s words the boys went into something of a personal moment of deep reflection, then D got back in gear.

“So here I was back in 1999 when you and Yoni asked me to do my thing, and I took your request very serious and I right away I saw so many similarities of Putin’s father and mine as they both entered World War Two as young men.”

“I know that touched you in a very human and heartfelt way, and Yoni and me respected that. Yes my friend, you kept learning about his life, from very early on and then his teens,

and then into his years into law school, and then into joining the KBG, and after that, his unique and faithful entrance into politics in his hometown of St. Petersburg.”

“My interests just grew, and at one point I learned of another interesting kind of family connection we have, being that my Mom’s Mother for a short period grew up in his hometown, but came over to America as a family sponsored young teenager.”

“Maybe you two guys are connected more than you really know, because when you tell me that you believe he really wants to have a total truce and long-lasting peace with America, I believe in your judgement, and Yoni always had faith in your believes too.”

David hears his friends’ words and thanks him for his confidence in him, but then thinks in the back of his mind that he hopes his years of analytics of Putin are accurate and as clear and correct as possible with no mistakes in his readings.

*After Moshe’s words and David’s careful introspective thoughts, the two old friends change the subject of conversation. David talks to his old friend about Fitz, and some very strange and painful headaches he’s been having regularly, and is being stubborn and not seeking to have at least a brain scan or some kind of medical attention. But all truths being equal, all these friends are admitted stubborn creatures and once a stubborn mule, as they say, always a stubborn mule. Mo’shee tells David to send his regards to Fitz and to please ask him to take care of himself. The boys both know that life is too short and time flies by so quickly.*

*They have more light friendly talk about old times, but being careful not to go over into any lines of what they call, ‘Quick Sand Chatter Matter’, no matter how secure their lines of communications are thought to be. They are cautious and from years of experience, try their best to remain that way.*

## ***Shalom***



# **‘In A Blink of an Eye – 2050’**

## **I Don’t Take My Visions Lightly**

*It will all come forth and be laid to bare in the first quarter of the year 2026, that the so-called special counsel was illegally put in place to be an acting wall of protection to shield the thought to be forever holier than though human gift to America, but now in 2050, he’s known as the indicted dastardly treasonous X-president, and I’m talking about Mr. Obla bla bla himself. .*

*And not to be forgotten, the deceitful head special council and his handpicked total conflicted group of Witch Hunters, was also there to deflect the crimes and treasonous acts of the so-called anointed one, the pillary-shrillary evil smelly queen bitch herself, but KARMA PAYBACK turned her forever into the grand foolish obnoxious wining and bitching failed loser in the 2016 democratic presidential race. She bitched and moaned she was cheated and the election stolen, along with the main stream cream media sounding out the same narrative. That said, the past long ago washed over prosecutorial crimes of this over indulged and highly secretive biased head special counsel was the perfect choice to be the frontman stooge to cover-up all the criminal acts again done by the X-man Obla bla bla bla and his evil and corrupt leaders of the FBI, CIA, DNI and other top security alphabet named agencies.*

*You all must ask, how and why over time did such corruption of the most important intel agencies in our country ever be allowed to begin and then take a corrupt deep foothold? The nation will see, watch, and grapple with that question as it turned into one of the most carefully studied shameful disgraces, that almost never was uncovered, BUT IT WAS!*

*When the full truth finally came out in the Durham reports but taking two years to really inspect and clearly see the evil intent going on, the deeper inspected reports explained how each powerful agency was led by evil acting, double-crossing slick lying players, and shock and disbelieve was the reaction of the millions of Americans who never could open*

their minds and see clear the unbiased truth, because of the deep hateful media brainwashing going on after the 2016 election. These immoral people ended up having to scurry around like cockroaches to save their own necks after their mean spirit angry corrupt queen bee lost her totally expected to be magnanimous victory. The sick evil warped one's loss turned into the absolute necessary shining light that was able to expose all the perversity that was so close to continuing on for our nation.

*There will be no denying* the truth and absolutely nothing but the truth will be exposed once the rotten onion began to be peeled in late 2025 by a totally cleaned out Department of Justice and a legitimate special appointed counsel. That much-needed action will bring forth for all to see that the once-vaunted ring leader of this so-called first special counsel was himself not at all such a lily-white clean glove actor, no, not by any means, for you will all learn that he was right in the middle of the grandest reprehensible **coup d'état** cover-up in American modern political history.

*You will discover the wrongful activities* done by this over bias and complete bogus special counsel, which was set up by another very deceitful wimpish sniffing delusional character who thought himself to be high and mighty and above everyone, even the president. The things he did and got away with, well, that's for another time to divulge, but his whimpering path to HELL with the rest of them will be a one-way rough ticket.

*But the exposure* of the many covered up wrongdoings will take place when the darkness of depravity finally has massive sunshine blasted upon it all. And it even goes deeper than that, because for years earlier the angry despicable piggish loser and this special counsel boss also will be seen as a group of nine (9) special SHAMEFUL ELITIST CROOKS who made a very corrupt Uranium multi-million-dollar deal with Russia that grossly enriched the greedy pathetic pillaging pig queen. This EVIL women by the first quarter of the year 2025, will finally be exposed by the carefully back-checked Durham report, all will be unwound showing how she was running a major fraud filled multi-multi-million-dollar QUID-PRO-QUO money-laundering scam through a very carefully disguised farcical set up named the Gob'bullie Gook Fund Foundation.

*She was clever till she wasn't* with her attempts to play the American public for fools, with her attempted brainwashing lying tweets and the BS books she wrote to make her out to be some innocent sweet old lady, but she wasn't fooling millions of us.

*The despicable complicit news media* fawned over her like some conquering hero, giving her nonstop propagandizing lies of platitudes to make her out to be something special the country needed, instead of the legitimately elected president who sat in the high office.

*She with all her grandstanding TV appearances* and arrogant better than though authoritarian mindset and attitude, plus all the manipulation to make her look like a queen robbed of her crown was utterly beyond disgusting at its core. You will all see in due time the mainstream media and cable outlets will pay a huge business price, even one day five, six years from now become just like the old horse and buggy, GONE!

*It will take years* to sort out all the Main Stream Media's daily involvement in the coup d'e'tau against an innocent sitting president, but the TRUTH will eventually come out, and a civil war will thankfully be averted that could have broken out because of some very slick, sick and perverted *democratic* California congressmen/women and senators. Especially the one creep who's pencil neck eyeball popping figuratively and literally behaving reality will be stench laden with criminality, and all the world will learn that HELLS purpose was created for the EVIL human filth of the likes of that Californian sick-twisted never ending bad lying congressmen. But there will be many others in the lying sick twisted *democratic* senators and congressional group from Cali, joining him.

***In your lifetime***, you will see these scumbags and scoundrels pay the ultimate price of their shameful disgraced behavior, by finding the destination to HELL is not paved with a smooth ride. And joining them in lockstep will be the queen pig three-time big loser herself, for she belongs at the head of the line, with no doubts of that held by millions.

*The truth will fully lay bare by February of 2026* that the miserable spiteful cheater was the true criminal ongoing colluder with Russia, but be patient for this truth to finally be unearthed and seen and heard around the world.

Americans also will be angered once the truth is exposed of the criminal activities done so by the so-called special counsel against innocent people.

The disgusting ruthless callous way this special counsel leader attacked innocent victims of his mean-spirited directed Russian colluding bogus Witch hunt, was a crime in and of itself. The country will learn in time that prosecutors like this group but all over the nation, have destroyed many a person's lives, by entrapping them in minor confused moments of trying to speak truths.

It will all in time come out and be open for all of America to see by mid-2025, what malicious and cruel inhumane behavior was put upon many innocent people by the so-called highly praised special counsel leader.

*Don't anyone be fooled*, but millions were, for this over-glorified man was a mean slick maneuvering master bastard manipulator for decades, and he and some of his so-called special counsel participants, needed to be investigated and then without pause, prosecuted for their obvious colluding to continue the coverup of the disgraced madam pilfering queen big loser and the X-president himself, Mr. Obla bla bla...

*'And it won't go unnoticed that his VP was a pure greedy'* evil spiteful finger wagging angry old man who has been lusting for power in previous decades now forthwith since the early 80's. He will be exposed like all, but his deceit and TREASON against America runs vastly deeper than the X man, for this truth will one day lay bare also.

So that being said, sincerely America, you must pay attention to what I am warning you about regarding this TWO-FACED slick lying treacherous X-president. He has been for years working on long drawn-out plans to somehow continue to turn America as we once lovingly knew her into some kind of socialist perverted thinking state.

WAKE UP PEOPLE, its all slowly happening right before your eyes, and my visions and instincts will be fully vindicated one sorrowful day if he and the likes and ilk's of evil doers like Soros and the criminal biden family, and many OTHERS are NOT STOPPED and fully

charged with TREASONOUS ACTIVITIES and with their desire and FULL INTENT to destroy America.

*Now moving on and speaking* of the devils above that ruined innocent lives, the snarling ugly tight lip drawn sour puss mean faces of this special prosecuting group were evident on all, especially the one named Pit Bull. It's shameful what really lay in their arrogant angry heartless hearts, mirrored openly on their bitter disgraceful bias hating faces.

*And it needs to be said*, that being the illegal LEAKING going on by top people in the security agencies to their favorite flunky liberal pithy mainstream cable media journalists, all done to harm the innocent and elected president, and they slickly got away with it, ***UNTIL THEY DIDN'T!***

The FISA Courts were being regularly deceived by these very same sick criminal minded people and this was all part of their plot of taking down the sitting president of the United States in a cold brazenly attempted **coup d'état**. This was all an absolute crime!

*The country was being divided* by a blatant two-tier ILLEGAL DOUBLE STANDARD system, for two sets of laws and corrupt justice was being wrongfully doled out, and then backed up by the two-faced lying congress and senators of the demon'rat~crats slowly now dying political party back in the early 2020's and moving forward years.

*The nerve* of some of these seriously corrupted twisted lying eye-popping rat bastards to go on all of the major cable and network news programs on Sunday morning and ALL other days too, was truly stunning, and all done just so they could lie their ASS FACES off and then preen into the camera lenses, and try to come off as holier than thou.

*Be sure to know*, their judgment day will come in time with swift deserved punishment.

*An unbelievable blind eye* of the true Russian collusion going on became the norm for the special counsel and strongly backed up by the pathetic goose-stepping cowards in most of the media.

Again, TWO SETS of laws were going on, and nothing could be done about it for years until it was all uncovered and then it all fell apart for all that were involved.

*You will learn* that federal law was not applied equally by the so-called special counsel, using the TWO TIER DOUBLE STANDARD OF JUSTICE, and it worked for them and the criminals they were covering up for, **UNTIL IT DIDN'T!**

*And you will see* in your time and space after the publishing of our book, the arrogant disgraced prosecutors above and more of the same corrupt ilk, will very possibly come after the novel/ Novel writers (us) and try and destroy what truths we have written from our once ringside seats, and now the Quantum Leap portal position I speak from. The Lord will give me Strength throughout and Righteousness will bring millions to react and thus will Mount Up by the millions, demanding JUSTICE, JUSTICE!

*Our points will be made* how they again used their out of bounds power to draw up plans to even accuse (us) of **hacking and colluding** with Russia to manipulate the election for the victor. And they also worked out plans trying to use their powers to plant in our computers vile disgusting filth that will be used to try and destroy us in the public's eye, even though we were nobody's, never heard of's, but still the mighty all have degrees of paranoi, displaying how weak the mighty fail in so many ways. In the coming years we will be accused of everything horribly imaginable, but WWGWJWGF will help us fight and FLUSH EM OUT!

*These no-good human beings* in time will cast a bad light unto themselves, and then be trapped in their wicked attempts to destroy (us) and ALL OTHERS who tried and brought light onto their evil tactics and out of control dictatorship tyrannical like ways.

*But truly most important* and totally deeply more needed about any thoughts of colluding going on with Russia, is there is still time to STOP the EMP and nuclear attacks coming to Russia, Israel, and the United States. The first strike will be Israel!

**WE HAVEN'T LOST SIGHT OF WHERE THE REAL PRIORITIES MUST BE FOCUSED**

***I repeatedly wrote to Putin*** during the period of late 2014 through 2019, and even more often in 2020, and in my special corresponding back-channel emails, I was telling him that he must consider my ideas to fully blanket Iran's nuclear program with inspectors from all nations. And I also respectfully warned him about the Global World Orders intentions, especially this ass face looking evil old man named George Soros, even though I was well aware of Putin was thinking on the same page as myself.

*This EVIL bastard (Soros) is trying to destroy America, and if he is NOT STOPPED then the United States of America is going to be a third world shit hole country by 2026, and disintegrate into a civil war beyond anyone's imagination. Again, this EVIL BASTARD named George Soros MUST BE STOPPED AT ALL legal COSTS, or however, PERIOD~!*

You will see all the above Happen,

For you are reading from my past, what is going to come in your Future! *I know the Light will Shine & the balance of Goodness and Righteousness Will turn Mightily Against all the EVIL That Has Been Going On,*

*And so, with those words now sincerely Spoken,*

*More*

**'Blink of An Eye' -2050**  
**Will Surely Follow**

## **‘NO WAY! WAY!’**

*Early spring, 2001, sitting on a grassy knoll just by the Kalkaska Bridge in Northern Michigan, David is telling TB about a unique adventure he never shared with him. It took place just eight months earlier after they had their Labor Day mission planning rendezvous in a hidden jungle area way above the city of Bogotá, the capital of Colombia. Here’s the wild incident told to T by David;*

~ ~ ~

“So brother T, after I departed you and the boys in that specially equipped mechanized jeep with your best mountain experienced driver, our scary pitch dark dirt adventure ride eventually made it back to civilization.”

“Well that was the key man, , make sure you arrived back at the hotel safe and sound.”

“Yeah, for sure, and thankfully we had a non-eventful ride back and I intentionally didn’t do too much talking because I wanted your driver to keep his eyes on that winding treacherous pot hole gravel pit jungle road.”

“Sorry bout’ that crazy messed up drive, but you know it couldn’t be helped.”

“Oh of course, no sweat. What was I gonna do, parachute in and out!”

That comeback to TB evoked from him a quick broad smile, and then the same happened for David. Neither of them has ever jumped out of an airplane, so the joke and thought of it broke both of them up. David went on after they unwound their laughter.

“So after I got back to town I spent the next twenty-four hours recharging my battery and thinking heavily about our meeting. After that, I had a tentative date that turned into a double date with a good guy who at the time worked for a company called Siebel Systems.”

“The SEBL that trades on the Nasdaq?”



“That’s the one. So anyway, my lady was about 24, cute, witty and spoke perfect English. His date was very sweet but no English, so my companion did the translating and she also did the driving for our mountain touring she wanted to take us on, because it was her car.”

“Was your lady friend drivin’ the same highway that led to your cut off junction that started your two-hour jungle drive to me?”

“Yes, but she took a turn off somewhere and off we went into a whole other direction.”

“Yeah, I kind of remember how our cut off was practically unrecognizable.”

“Especially on the night drive T, because it was pitch dark and my driver had to know where the quick sudden move had to be made, but before that, nothing but curving roads.”

“That’s how I remember it too. Man, I keep buttin’ in, , sorry.”

When TB said that, David just started to lightly laugh and then T did the same. It was like a standing joke between them, because they always butted into one another’s story telling. No harm, no foul, just some good humor between friends. David continued.

“So just like the other day with your driver, it was slow going and at times a little hairy, but my young lady friend was really cool with it all because she must have done this constant curving drive hundreds of times before. I mean T, it was a bit unnerving because it just seemed like we were constantly going in a narrowing spiral, with the steering wheel at all times directing the car wheels to stay in a left bent direction. I swear, she was cool and right with the program and gave off a confident vibe with a nice smile.”

“Our kind of women,”

“Roger That, but you ain’t heard nothing yet.”

“Okay, I’m in, keep goin’.”

“Absolutely, , so after about 20 minutes of circling, we were up about 4000 feet from where we started and we were now getting some normal straight away action.”

“I just got to say I know those spiral treks you’re talkin’ bout’, and in a word, they suck.”

“Well that’s two but who’s counting.”

“That was a smooth one brother D, good one. As always, I like your quick-witted sarcasm,”

“I know and sometimes I just have that perfect opening, so I fire away.”

“Oh, you do, and as always keep em comin.”

“Yeah man, my pleasure. Okay, so here we are, way up there and we’re seeing a serious decline in the standards of living all around us. The homes or shall I be perfectly honest, weren’t homes, just metal and wooden shacks that looked like they’ve been knocked down and put back up after any kind of big storm. They were on both sides of the road, and they were in tight proximity to each other. Children everywhere were just hanging around on the long but low riding porches, and laundry lines and poles seemed like they were coming out of the ground along the sides of all of these dwellings. And now here’s the catch all of everything, , DOGS, and I mean to tell ya dogs everywhere you looked, and all of them were chasing everything on four wheels, and I can definitely include her car we were all in.”

“I know exactly what you’re sayin’. Sorry-sorry, go on.”

“No man, I’m glad you’re into the story, so I’m totally good. So, as you probably know this too, the area also was full of dead dogs everywhere along the sides of the roads, and as disgusting and sad as that was, even more dogs were coming out of nowhere at full speed going after all the cars and trucks tires.”

“I know it, I’ve seen it, and it’s definitely sad and it’s equally crazy,”

“It really was T because it seemed like these dogs were all possessed and out of their friggin’ minds, I swear. I had a bird’s eye view to this madness and watched this insane wave after wave of dogs attacking the car in front of us, then other dogs coming after our tires, and as this was all happening my lady friend displayed this calm about her I couldn’t do justice to explain. I mean honestly, cool like no chick I’ve ever met.”

“If I didn’t tell ya, I’m gonna tell ya, I like the sound of this girl.”

“Oh absolutely... T, I wish you could have been there to see her in action. No-really, it was like nothing I’ve ever experienced and my words don’t do justice to the craziness of it all, and all the while her confident quiet way she dealt with it.”

“Cool man, I’m diggin’ it.”

“Oh brother, there’s more to this, so sit tight.”

“Hit me, I’m all ears.”

“Good. So she didn’t try to dodge these dogs or give any hint of worry or frustration about their insane behavior, , I mean not even an utterance of a peep of concern about it all. Then while this is all happening, all of a sudden I see coming straight at us and like out of nowhere this mid-size horse running down the center of this two-lane straight away road.”

“No Way,”

“WAY! I mean I’m sure of what I’m seeing and my mind is now screaming out, what the heck is going on around here. And then I tripped out thinking to myself, are we all in some kind of Twi-Light Zone area, or what!?!”

“WOW!”

“YEAH, , REALLY, NO JOKING.”

After that back and forth with David getting a little loud and pumped up, he pauses to reflect and TB was smiling, shaking his head and ready for more, and his friend delivered.

“So here I am trying to act as calm as can be as I say to my lady friend, do you see that horse coming down the road, and she responds, ‘*Oh Sure*’, and then in my mind I’m saying did she hear me correctly. It was right after her words I’m at that moment of truth where I’m not sure if she’s sure, and, and, ,”

David couldn’t even finish his thought, and the two buddies just start laughing, then,

“So as this horse is now closing in on us, I swear to GOD, a huge tourist bus is now coming up on the horse’s backside, heading with the horse straight towards us.”

“Oh this is nuts man, just too much.” TB was totally all in now.

“It’s all happening so fast and within seconds it all over and passed us. The horse, the bus and our lives being spared to carry on like nothing even insane and beyond description just happened... Dude, this was all one heart racing out of control giant WHOOSH.”

Whoosh, that’s a good one D.”

“OH, and those freaking dogs, seriously, they never stopped coming. Our car, the bus giant tires, the car in front of us and behind us, and more nipping at everything.”

Right after that, David paused, and was in total memory gear of that absolute specific moment in life, and shaking his head in even his own reaction hearing himself. Then,

“T, those rabid dogs were nipping, and biting all that time at that poor freaked out wild loose horse, and I can tell ya that that horse was cool and smooth like my lady friend, meaning staying on a straight course and keeping cool under heavy fire.”

TB was all ears and digging the story. David easily picked up his friend’s vibe, then,

“Okay, rapping this up, check this out.”

“Come on, hit me with more, I’m diggin’ it.”

“So after the horse and the bus are clear, my lady looks over at me, even while more dogs are coming out of nowhere, and she softly smiles at me and says as cool as you can’t EEE”VEN imagine, *‘Are you hungry and ready to stop for lunch?’*”

“Oh come on man, seriously. . . Wow, that’s one cool lady.”

“Can you dig it, and cool is not *even good enough* to describe this amazing person.”

“Yeah, no doubt, absolutely Brother.”

“I mean she handled the whole episode like it was just an everyday occurrence, , like a walk in the park kind of deal, which I can swear to you up and down it certainly damn well wasn’t.”

“Dude, you are really lit up right now.”

“Because I’m feeling all those exciting fast-moving seconds like they just happened again, and I’ll never forget her and her smooth as silk calmness.”

Right there David pauses, his mind was raising back to that amazing event, and his eyes became like slits and he’s deep into thought, then,

“Hey Brother, I’m gonna tell ya something and I’m not meaning to sound like I’m blowing smoke up the you know where, but this young lady only next to you personifies the word cool, , yeah, I mean it man, , sincerely T.”



## **Barrio Incident, 'Latin American Style'**

This chapter was mentally in sort of a way written into all our minds soon after these wild out of nowhere events took place in 1989. Stoney & TB wanted my help (Fitz) as the opening narrator of this chapter and then Howie's important input also because he was right there in the total bizarre thick of the intense action with David and my Cousin T.

Ok, so just to keep it straight for anyone who's reading this, all my dear good buddy's multiple nick names he's accumulated over the years, all came from Cousin T. The first name was Stoney, because TB saw a stone-cold dude residing inside his new friend he met in Acapulco. David's real-life name from birth was Xxxxxxx Xxx Xxxx, and T being T, had a thing about giving nicknames for David, but it all happened so long ago, I can't remember anymore why Cousin T had this nickname thing going on, but all I can say is, he just did. For myself though, David was always David as far as I was concerned, but my friend sure could fit at times Cousin T's favorite nick-name he gave em in Acapulco. You see according to both of them, after they shared a not so innocent incredible bad ass event back in their Mexico days, T just told me he flat out glanced at David while driving his jeep away from the action, and nick-named him Stealth, and I'd say at times all of us felt that that name fit our friend perfectly.

Moving along, so like I said, everybody involved had clear, tight and they would all say accurate memories for years about this chapter you're opening up. And I have to add that David insisted that some of the real raw and descriptive action must and has to be toned down because of the hot ball busting angry flaming swearing and heavy extreme bloody brutality that D said needed taking out. Trust me, my dear friend is no kind of saint when it is time for action, ok, but he's sincerely a very heartfelt spiritual sole, and maybe thru some kind of human osmosis way, from the very beginning when they met, my bad ass Cousin began to care a lot about the innocent of the world. So perhaps D is maybe a touch like all of us, always just being himself, coming off reacting to whatever situation arises at any given time that he happens to be in in life.

As the story progresses, I (Fitz) turn back the narration of the real inside action over to our good big buddy Howie, who like I mentioned was right there alongside David (Stealth) and my beloved BAD ASS best friend and closest Cousin I could ever have, TB.

Without getting into the jest of the whole matter, TB needed, or I should really just say wanted David to assist him, or again more to the point, be down in Mexico on a special mission watching his back. This all happened sometime near the end of September of 1989 and the location was many hundreds of miles southwest of the Texas Brownsville border, deep inside Mexico, in some out of the way barely one could call a Barrio. The operation included TB & four handpicked ex-Rangers now working for him, plus Howie, Jacob & Cowboy, who were always by his side ever since they all met in Viet Nam.

Their task was to be a part of an overall rotating professional tactical well-trained military grouping, watching a very wealthy connected Mexican women who had taken her kids away from her very heavily politically also connected Texas husband. The operation besides tracking her was to wait for the diplomatic channels between the two governments to properly and legally be put in place, so that this assembled large force of men could eventually do the task of safely bringing the two children back to their afore-mentioned father.

Now this needed footnote has to be dropped in here, and that is after David and T left Acapulco, it was hard over the years for D to say *'No, I can't really get away to help you'* to my cousin's request for his back up, and truth be told, TB was highly superstitious and believed David was always his good luck and good fortune for him.

Now as far as this new operation down in the belly of Mexico, well this was a complicated mess and an entanglement that David repeatedly kept telling my stubborn cousin to stay out of. D wanted TB to stay focused and stick to the developing private for hire specialized mini tactical militia force business that he had been doing a great job of operating and growing over the past nine years. But the catch, or I should say hook was, this key guy that TB worked with for years using off-site meetings after their original years earlier first pentagon basement unofficial-official contracts were made for T's newly beginning off the books air freight work, well this now relatively high ranking official requested, or more

like told Cousin T he wants his other extreme private for hire mini-militia specialized services, to be used for this special Op down in Mexico.

My Cousin T loved the action and besides that, the money was going to be plentiful, and that was something TB always loved knowing was going to be there at the beginning and the end of whatever he got his team involved in. So yeah, no question about the money or the action, because he loved it all, and he never shied away from admitting any of that.

Just like his past Acapulco Gold weed business and present for-hire militia activities, this mission was more than likely going to have some major life-threatening adrenaline rushes going down, but that's what Cousin T, plus Howie, Jacob and Cowboy loved and they didn't fear or care how much generally came at them. So, I'm just going to say there's nothing more I can write about on that regard, other than I sincerely worry about them all more than I can even put into words.

Now back earlier on in David's real wild days in Mexico and maybe for a dozen years after, these kinds of situations excited and pumped-up D just the same as the boys, but deep down he knew this wasn't his bag in any way compared to Cousin T and our good friends, that always followed TB's lead and thru thick and thin had each other's backs.

And that was just the natural order as cool as cool can be with everyone, but it was David's knack over the years to help my Cousin carefully in all logistical and strategical phases plan out his missions. TB and the boys sensed and saw for themselves how D had these natural instincts always mentally working to reduce and even more importantly, do all he could to avoid any kind of dangerous possible out of the blue miss-steps that could come during any and all kinds of the operations TB got them all into. He stressed constantly looking at all the possibilities of the unexpected happening and how to immediately come up with various quick on your feet alternatives to handle the new developing situations.

But being truthful, this Mexican deal was just a few years past that sweet spot of David's physical prime, but yet he wanted to be there as usual to have TB's back, keeping him as safe along with the continuing good luck my big bad ass Cousin truly felt D did for his life. Their lives were connected solidly once they first met in Acapulco in March of 1973, and



after that, TB, David and the boys roamed and worked flawlessly on Cousin T's pentagon off the books specialized non-contract/contracts he was getting skilled at negotiating.

My wild and fearless Cousin had air-freight runs of all kinds going down plus eventually his dream goal was achieved when he slowly created a customized well-funded, trained and equipped mid-range size militia force that worked off the government books down far into many of the Central Latin American countries.

Like I said, this operations orders came from a long-time trusted source deep in the under pinning's of our government, and that's all I've been told to write regarding that. Now for this special Op, most of the set-up and advance work, meaning target identification, total logistics and surveillance points were covered and zoned in on, so for this particular operation everything was in full swing, and after the boys flew in and were brought up to speed and then took up their positions and first rotation they were assigned, they officially became part of a large team in different areas of this little obscure Mexican Barrio. Fact was though months after this Operation was over, David straight out said to me that all these dozens of American tough looking bad ass dudes stuck out as clear as day ***'like a real big sore thumb.'*** *And if D says something like that, then take it to the bank!*

Ever since David returned from Acapulco and started working closely with Cousin T, there was a known fact by all the close caring and working buddies that David was good for a maximum of ninety-six hours of time away. To the point about that, he didn't like putting himself away and out of an earshot from calling or seeing and helping his parents, so nothing would appear on their radar of wondering or worrying, ***'where is their son?'***.

In a nutshell he was a good son, a devoted one, but a pure wild child and unpredictable to them at times even before his early teens, as over the years David told me, so D's dad had to do a lot of covering for him because his mom was a real over the top worrying type, big time if you gather what I mean. But there was another ninety-six-hour window factor of time involved also, truth be told, and that was due to his hearts ability to handle all the at times quick massive action that turned into over the top huge adrenaline rushes and energy being created & then drained completely out of him in abnormal fast & furious spans of days.

Some of the missions over the years were just incredibly stressful and almost pure nonstop adrenaline over the top filled events. This is what TB was regularly drawing my

dear friend into over the years, and I can say that David privately admitted to me that sometimes the action was close to being way over his head, and he knew that because he had a big part in planning of all the details of the missions out. And so as D would generally say about now, Nuff Said.

Now I'm going to hand-over and share this chapters writing with Howie, who was an eye-witness to all the entire Barrio Incident. So sit tight for the fast unexpected no one really saw coming debacle is about to be coming your way.

#### *New Narrator-Howie*

David, Jacob and myself (Howie) were watching with powerful binoculars TB and Cowboy way down below in this quiet Barrio so-called downtown area. We all had these cool two-way ear pieces that Fitz created a few years earlier but were now even supposed to be even smaller and clearer sounding, and they were connecting us to our boys, but ten minutes into our friends below movements we began having some sort of technical failure happening and we really needed to make audio contact at that very instant. The deal was, we had to warn TB and Cowboy that six bad hombres were trailing them, and they looked like they were about to do a serious strike on our unsuspecting brothers down there.

In an instant David whispered to me and Jacob that he could see in his binoc's that three dudes were personally trailing TB, and their actions were slowly closing in and becoming more cunning with each of their steps. David went from his keen and cool Stealth mode to screaming out our pre-planned need for speed danger signal to the four Ex-Rangers with us on our roof positioned team. The dudes were strategically spaced out every three feet from us, and so they heard D's voice, and that being without any hesitation whatsoever, my little buddy yelling out with his command to all, 'LET'S GO'.

We were all about doing whatever was needed to get down there to protect our two close friends and this same kind of deal happened between David and TB many years earlier in the mountains of Acapulco, so now again, T's Angel was in full auto-pilot quick protective reaction mode. We all dropped our binoculars right where we were ground-belly situated, and then without pause, we all took off aiming to reach our buddies as quick as humanly possible.

Honestly though, David can't run worth a lick and this was a known fact and nothing ever in any way by it held against him. But he led the charge off our command post and then the six of us took off in a full out sprint to bear down and reach our boys, and all the while, David was doing his best to keep up with us, and mentally readying himself just like we all were for the upcoming action.

We all closed in on a lot of ground quickly, and now I was zeroing in on this one dude to take him down and hoping TB would pick up on the other two punks trailing close behind. I hit the guy so hard with my left shoulder into his right-side rib cage, I could feel and hear bones cracking, which we all trained over the years to actually do. And as soon as my zeroed-in human target went down, the big guy heard, saw and then immediately his combat sixth-sense danger radars went into their wide-open engaging modes.

TB was instantly now in the fight using his Leopard catlike reflexes along with his powerful deadly huge *bear* like incredible animal fighting strength we all knew that he amazingly possessed. And I'm not even doing justice to describe our brother from another mother. He hit one of the other guys so powerfully in the jaw, I could hear it shatter and the dude cried out in obvious terrible pain, and as soon as that happened the third guy took out a knife and now TB literally made a loud animal like noise, then took out his razer sharpened Bowie, over matching what the other fool was holding.

The three dudes trailing Cowboy were now getting it on with Jacob and our other four Ranger trained operators with us, and that action was intense.

Ours action was too, because now a fourth attacker we didn't catch onto came out of thin air and cracked me with some heavy object on the back of my head, and I went down really dazed, and then thankfully out of nowhere David comes shoulder crashing into him and they both went flying. D's body did a mid-air spinout, and he landed awkwardly which caused a really messed up twisting around of his right leg as he went down in a thud I clearly saw and heard. Then the dude David crashed into went after our little buddy who was basically defenseless lying on the ground.

There is one thing you don't do, and that is pull a knife on a true stone-cold down and dirty experienced knife fighter, that being our friend TB. I was asked, no really told not to

get into details here other than to say the knife fight ended savagely brutally quick, and then after, our boss, T, saw his dear friend David getting repeatedly pummeled badly, over and over. This attacker got three rapid-fire solid steel toe kicks to his left lower leg, foot and ankle area, and one or two hard kicks to his right twisted and contorted now knee, and then one real solid blow to the left side of his head.

Our buddy D was getting beat down fucking seriously, but still had the moves on his back to do his best to dodge defensively as much as he possible could.

I was actually a bit woozy and still down on the ground, but T was now zoned in on the guy brutally attacking David. He came around the guy's blind backside, and grabbed this dude up with both his hands around his neck and then his powerful fingers squeezed deeply into his adams apple area, and then picked him way up and off the ground, released one hand from around his entire back neck area and then aggressively body slammed him face first down into the asphalt street. The force of the slam was meant to be insanely life threatening, just pure brutality, and that's the best way I can use words to describe what I saw and heard. The dude was badly bleeding now out of many areas of the entire front of his face, and completely out cold, but TB wasn't done with his anger until David yelled at him, 'STOP!'

Now I'm just going to say this, and that is at that very moment in time, D saved that Mexican man's life, , ok, believe me, his life.

After TB heard and listened to his forever guardian friend's command, he next heard David painfully say he tried to get up but he can't, and he needs help, and T responded instantly by grabbing our friend and carefully putting him over his shoulder like he weighed a feather. After that move by my long-time comrade in arms, he came over to me and gave me a needed helping hand too, and then we along with all the rest of our team started making our way out of the area.

The boys during our action had a pretty bad ass fight going on themselves, but Cowboy and Jacob know how to take care of serious hand to hand combat business, plus our four well-trained Rangers gladly jumped in to over man-power leverage the situation and help our boy's kick ass, so that was that.

Again, we were in a Latin Mexican Barrio in the middle of the day and didn't have any real weapons of sorts or heavy man power back-up at that particular time of the operation. Well, ok, we had some serious knives on us, especially TB, but still, we didn't know what was coming next so we had only one objective now, which was get to our hidden away jeeps and get out of there as quick and safe as possible.

Within an hour after some heads-up zig zagging and yet strategical driving by T taking the lead wheel and followed by the four Rangers, we finally felt save in an area with other American operators hired like us. These dudes were highly trained and skilled, and once we safely arrived, we felt welcomed and comforted being in a well-armed encampment. TB and David explained to us going in that we were also working with the local trusted Federales, so more or less we all felt half way safe in our surroundings, well maybe not half way, but, whatever, I'm sure you catch my drift.

This gig wasn't supposed to be anything too dangerous or end up having any serious complications, but whoever dreamed up that crock of BS should have been later fired, and that's going light on the situation as per the way TB felt after all that went down.

Now we're going to switch back to Fitz to wind it up. We talked it over and agreed this is how the next flow of the action should be explained away. So here again is my forever special good friend.

Hello again, and thank you for your interest in our story. First and foremost, I wish I could have been there with them but I just vicariously live through all my friend's because being totally honest, I don't have the balls, I don't have the talent, and without any doubt, don't have the nerve but I sincerely wish that I did. We all have our different strengths that we should apply ourselves to do in life as David would often say to all of us, and he's right, but I admit I wish I had more physical skills but humbly obvious to all, my fortunate God given talents lay elsewhere. Now though I am going to try and do another task as the writer finishing the events of what happened that afternoon in that far away Mexican Barrio.

To finish the story, Cousin T and D, along with Howie, Jacob and Cowboy totally filled me in on about what happened after they got to the safe house after that freaking hell raising scary deadly street brawl.

Okay, so first of all it was my fault how everything technically went wrong with the communication systems, and none of the problems should have ever happened because David always had house rules about testing out all old and especially new equipment before any mission is ever set to begin.

But my good friend David defended me and took the blame because he said he wasn't on his normal mental game of checking and then double re-checking all the equipment, because he admitted his mind wasn't totally focused and into this operation.

You see during that period of time, just two weeks earlier, David began going through a tough period of life because his caring childhood high-school young lady gal pal sweetheart had broken his heart and spirit, after she said their close-knit kinship was over. She accused him of cheating on her, but he told all of us he never did such a thing, and he wouldn't lie or duck away from the truth with any of us.

He was really confused by her accusation and David now was willing to do anything to escape from his deep mental pain from her sudden shocking accusation, so when TB asked him to be his wingman for that Op down in Mexico, he was all in like a bat out of Hell.

David and TB for years were still operating and planning T's missions out of the Michigan War Room barn my Cousin built in Wixom, and it was especially at that time a place where David and his beloved dog Benji hung out because he said the vibe and ambiance of the entire custom set up, helped take his mind off of his now ex-lady friend and her young sweet daughter that he cared a lot about also. He told me that the tightly built high ceiling planning room along with the giant green surrounding hanging felt curtains and especially the beautiful Sequoia Tree custom built table, helped take his mind away from overthinking her rejection, and somewhat ease his pain. Cousin T did his best to help David thru the ordeal by keeping his mind occupied with the upcoming mission and some other heavy ones too, and when not working on those Ops, TB was blasting away D's favorite Motown music, and his too, especially Aretha Franklin, the Four Tops, Marvin Gaye and the Temptations. But they loved all the Motown sounds!

When the new mission was first told to me, my Cousin said he was totally stoked that David was going to be having his back down in Mexico, but I said to him that that wasn't the wisest move for our friend to be making because he wasn't his normal focused self.

Yeah-no, David was at times edgy and grizzly with his behavior and it was obvious to all of us this was caused from his mental pain, and who could blame him. And because I clearly saw and recognized that, I had to say something to my cousin and David, so eventually I got up the nerve to separately tell them that the timing wasn't right for D to be getting involved in something possibly dangerous, but their minds were made up though, mission on, so that was that!

But I have to also say, I told my cousin that I thought this operation could be a little too dangerous for David and he should just stick to aiding him with going over all the logistical and tactical operations that were his absolute main strengths. I made the point to T that our dear close friend hadn't been training and up to the physical task like all TB's steadily growing army of professional warriors were in, plus I said again but this time with my strongest conviction, that D's mind wasn't in the game because of this break-up that he was suddenly shocked with. TB heard my thoughts but like his usual self, he was a stubborn sort of guy and always wanted David to be by his side because he always made sure my Cousin was doubly safe at all times. But again, I harken back to D making the point himself after the Barrio incident, that he was so off his game he didn't push like always to check and double check all the gear and especially the communication systems.

David was a warrior but nothing of the likes of Cousin T, Howie, Jacob and Cowboy. This was an easy-going accepted no-brainer fact by all, but these five friends were solid in everything they did together and whenever all the boys were working in the field, the comradery was super great. But there was no question though that T and D had a special kind of telepathic energy going on and the boys saw it first hand, and told me it was like nothing they'd ever seen, and they always appreciated and loved catching it in action.

Once they were all in the well-guarded safe compound, a medic on site did some patch work on all the guys, and did his best to ease the heavy swelling and pain David was having in his left foot's ankle bone, but the real physical issue was his right heavily swollen knee. D was lucky by being agile enough at the time when the guy was kicking away at his head,

but he still got dinged up pretty good there too. But Cousin T told me about the real serious physical issue, and that was David's right lower leg and knee. The flying awkward landing onto the guy that blind-sided Howie, and then the two-steel boot hard kicks he received to his knee area, stretched and twisted out his tendons and ligaments and the normal positions they maintain in the human body were now grossly totally out of alignment. Now David needed T and Cowboys help in snapping his lower leg and knee back into some semblance of place, and this was something that D had to have done a few times earlier in his life, and then have drained afterwards.

So this was nothing new for David to deal with ever since years earlier his right leg and knee were totally twisted and ripped out of alignment, and on occasions after that original messed up leg ordeal, his lower right leg and knee would pop out of place behind the kneecap, and he'd have to go thru a process to painfully snap it back into its rightful position. But the Barrio action left him busted up like he originally was years earlier, and this new injury would take almost a year to bring his leg back to more or less some normalcy and walking and carrying on in life strength. He wasn't a stranger of having to use crutches and canes, so TB told me our friend just sucked it up and dealt with the pain and the whole fresh messy situation.

Please remember I wasn't there with the boys as I affectionately always thought of them as, but all of them helped me with vital key insightful details of all that went down right from the get-go to now of what I am telling you after they all got back to the safe-house.

As the boys huddled together to pass the time and try and make sense of all that happened just less than a few hours earlier, David started talking up a storm, which was out of his usual 'Loose Lips Sinks Ships' and 'Security-Purity' mentality way of life. Cousin T told me D began the conversation with *'this is a warning to all'* and that everyone here to please pay attention and pass around what they are going to learn because he thinks it's that important. Howie told me it was like a super serious history lesson about a special mind control government hypnosis program called '**Project MK Ultra**', and David held back nothing about all of its history. You see back in the very early beginnings around the



mid 70's when Cousin T began his contract off the books air-freight work for the Pentagon, the friendship with the one principal guy he dealt with took a liking and trust to TB, and he shared some serious heavy conversations with him about very interesting goings on by the government. So now here's the thing, T and David shared everything that was going on with TB's contracts and all the goings on from them, plus my cousin held back nothing about what this guy was talking and teaching him about all these other unknown interesting things the government had going on. David and TB had one real shared deep-down curiosity since literally the first day they discovered Comet Kahoutek shining brightly and growing a little bit daily in the night skies of Acapulco back in October-ish of 1973, and that was do UFO's really exist, and if so what is the government hiding, and how can we learn more about it all.

Well, the fella that TB worked closely with was directly forthcoming and said that all that UFO stuff was way over his head and he used that expression 'PAY-GRADE', so that was that but the guy really stoked TB curiosity about this government mind control stuff, and once my cousin started putting that government mind control activity conversation in David's own head, well he went into one of his pure hunt it down and learn any and everything he could about it. And that's what he did with TB convincing his guy soon after he opened cousin T's mind, to get David any and all kind of lead ideas where he can go to learn all he can about this MK Ultra mind control project. And so here's the interesting thing now about D's hunting and learning mentality, he years earlier was all in on learning everything, and I mean everything about a very secretive government agency called DARPA, and interesting enough, David learned the mind control program was under the umbrella control of DARPA, and this turned out to be very convenient for D. The boys told me not to turn this into a chapter about DARPA and the super mind control program, but I'll mention this, David was able to dig deep enough to learn about the very first principal dude who basically started it all for the CIA in the very beginning of the 50's. The guy's name was Sidney Gotlieb and he was a shrink and mind control freak 'as David taught me', and he was one if not the first director of the CIA, but D found out the fact that *all* the mind control experiments ran thru this guy's complete control and approval. So here's the bottom line for me writing about all that happened with David heavily chatting and talking it up inside the compound they were all hunkering down in, and it goes back to what I originally said that D told everyone, *'this is a warning and spread the*

*word*'. He was explaining to our guys and at least another dozen other dudes that came by to listen, that this mind control project was all about taking a more or less healthy human subject and through some scary deep hypnosis '*evil*' experimental program, turning anyone under their hypnotic control into an automated like killer after commanded to do so.

He was warning them to strongly alert others they came across or knew in the Ghost & Spook & Wet-Back world they themselves rubbed shoulders with over the years, or to be possibly active in those programs themselves, David's point being to just stay away from any kind of volunteering to have any kind of medical tests done for free by any Federal agencies or any organizations offering medical examines of any type.

The boys were shocked and so was I when I heard all about this government sponsored mind control Hypnosis stuff, but none of us doubted it one bit, no, not at all.

Yeah-No for sure, the Boys told me David was in a very talkative mood that entire time after the street brawl, and they all attributed that for him trying to keep his mind off the obvious pain he was in, even after someone in the outfit had some pain meds, so Howie and D were affirmative when the offer was made.

He covered a lot of subjects besides the Hypnosis assassins' program, and one being about Comet Kahoutek, and how TB and him just went wild with their imaginations after witnessing for week after week the amazing slow and steady Comet growing brighter and brighter in the sky. They together shared with our team and many new faces that were there on the mission, ideas and interesting facts that since then they've learned about regarding Meteors and Asteroids, especially the so-called big Asteroid that sixty plus million years ago or so wiped out the entire Dinosaur age, and practically everything else that lived and grew on the planet.

David was a serious guy about Mother Nature but his way of speaking was generally in a low-key manner, but yet you could feel his strong conviction when he preached saying the '**Oceans are the Womb of the Planet**'. I was told when he talked about his thoughts and believes about the Oceans, all the new guys started sitting up and paying serious close attention. The boys were all planet and animal lovers, especially Cowboy with his protective thing for Elephants and the gentle floating Manatees, and they talked amongst

each other about how mankind is poisoning the Earth and Oceans. They heard David talking about his believes that Earthquakes and Volcanos and Monster Storms are going to pay back mankind one day, and he questioned them to think about will governments and maybe Billions of people around the world be in any kind of way prepared for such startling and amazing Mother Nature Absolute powerful events.

And more to David's deep natural thinking straight up ways, was his thoughts about all world leaders with Nuclear Bombs better keep their thinking caps on tight and practice the wise idea of '**Cooler Heads Must Prevail**', in times when war time serious saber rattling begins with two combatants with NUKES in their weaponry arsenal.

David's other relatable short and to the point preaching sermon was that '**no one will ever win a nuclear war**' if it ever comes to that, and I was told that all the warriors listening were totally in agreement, definitely knowing he was right!

Time generally heals all wounds, mental and physical, including broken hearts and all, but that day's actions and technical missteps of not doing our routine checks and double checks, proved to be a valuable lesson that D said would never ever be taken for granted and to let slip by and be allowed to happen again. And he was pissed when this subject was talked about in the after action de-briefing meetings that TB and D and sometimes myself and the boys included always did, and David's a very even keel kind of guy and rarely gets angry, but he was that day in the meeting, but more with himself than anyone.

D was off his game so much that he admitted he didn't catch in the binoculars the body language of those attackers that lagged way behind, and ended up springing up out of nowhere onto TB and Cowboy.

He had his years of experiences of mentally and video profile studying thousands of people's actions of different countries and cultures, right down to their arm movement and hand gestures, and eyes and body tick giveaways, and even down to which directions they predominantly moved or flinched, plus walk and posture positions, but again, during that rap up meeting in the War Room with TB and all of us, he talked about how he missed all the signals of the people on that Barrio Street.

David as a young kid had a natural knack with a camera in his hands and over decades of time, he developed this thing TB called 'Forensic Human Analytical Studies', and together Cousin T & D used this Forensic Human Study Technique to analyze his future warriors that he would be assembling for his unique mini strike force militia teams.

David half joked in that after Operations meeting about how he wished that TB and myself could figure out a way to set up a Satellite link like DARPA & the NSA had possession of, so that we could literally have our own eyes in the sky & zero in and digitally encrypt and watch in real time the entire footprint of that Barrio area that all the action took place in. And just like so many of D's technical dreams and human healing health ideas he's had ever since I've known him, well this was another vision and wish that came true less than a five years later, thanks to T's generous money flowing to me and then my fortunate good luck with my skills in my computer science engineering lab. And I have to say there's something very real that all of us came to believe in, and that's the power of positive thinking, and hard work.

During their meeting, TB wondered out loud if all the guys were made and photographed when they came walking off the Jet at the little Mexican private airport. He questioned the tightness of the security on the Mexican Federales side who were there to assist with logistics or anything necessary in the operation. He spoke truthfully and humbly about how he knows his size stands out, but still, he made the point that the guys weren't on that street for more than ten minutes when the attacks went down.

It was decided after the lead Op m'ssio' head boss surmised the new complicated situation, he'd use his tight secure coded messaging apparatus to call into the command center in the USA, and explain what happened regarding the surprise attack and brawl. Out of that call, it was decided that the extraction of the children should be expedited within 48 hours, and the fact was, it safely went down with all the original men but minus Howie and David, plus though a dozen more skilled men were quickly arranged and flown in for extra team muscle to back the Op fully up.

On that special Jet that arrived within hours of the call put in, the extra men were on board plus the request was made on the original secure call for adjustable length crutches

to be brought along for David and an odd request of sorts, but legit, was bring dozens of bags of ice for the walking wounded. Ice was a very precious commodity in that hot and humid deep and out of the way Mexican Barrio, and besides having very little of it, it also melted faster than its planned use for both David's legs and Howie throbbing head wound.

The request was taken seriously, and over a dozen ten-pound deep frozen ice bags were brought in as requested.

And so, we'll wrap up and leave now that faraway Latin American Barrio on as much of a positive note as possible, with the old standby adage, of *'All's Well that ends Well'*.

Well, we all collectively can at least think that way so as to ease the mental and physical pain of that long ago time period of life.

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*Please Scroll Down*

## **‘Looks like we’re in Bin’ness’ - April 3, 1994**

Driving in his four-wheel pickup, O’Dool turns into a nearby diner that he knows has an outside working payphone to use to make a call to his night time golfing partner, Stealth.

O’D was up and out of his house by six in the morning with one single goal in mind for that day, which was scout all over to find new corn fields to plant the summer crop in. It’s 8pm now and the phone was ringing and finally he got his partner on the third ring.

“Hey dude, I didn’t think you were going to answer but I’m glad you did.” O’D says.

“YO, good to hear your voice. I fell asleep on the couch with my sweet old cat in my arms and couldn’t get her gently put down fast enough to get to the phone.”

“You’re a nice loving cat daddy, I respect that.” O’Dool’s buddy hears that and cracks into a smile and then thanks him, and after that follows with, “So how was your day?”

“It was pretty successful actually, so mission accomplished.”

“Well glad to hear that.”

“Yeah, so I was wondering if you think you can come up here and meet with me tomorrow? I think you’ll be pleased with the new golf courses.”

“Sure, perfect timing because I’m heading up north first thing in the morning to spend the weekend with Katie. She’s up at my little cottage but I can stop bye first thing if you’re not going to work early.”

“My shift starts at noon, so we’re good to go bro.”

“Cool. So I’ll just detour off of I-475 and swing over to route 30 and be at your place by 9:30. Is that okay?”

“Yeah, that’s a good fit because I have to take the kids to school early and then take my usual walk with the dogs after. Oh, and by the way, there’s some road construction on

route 30 so expect some slow spots, but when you get here we'll have the house to ourselves because the wife-E-poo will already be at work. I'm gonna slap together and make us one super tasty good breakfast for the two of us, so how's that sound?"

"Sounds delicious, and thanks partner, but did you just say Wi'~Fie-Poo? I mean O'Dool, sometimes you just crack me up with some of your out of the blue one liners."

"Well thank you. I'm just working off the cuff some of my comedy routines on ya."

"Hey-yeah, anytime man because I need to lighten up and smile and laugh more often, and actually a good buddy of mine says that often to me too... Alright amigo, I'll see you in the morning."

"Sounds good. See ya."

O'Dool had the last words and then the two friend's hang-up and Stealth heads back to the couch and picks up Muffin and walks to the bedroom and puts her on his bed. He lets her know that one of the trusty neighbors will be coming over while he's up north and checking up on her and making sure there's enough food and water and do a cleaning of the litter box if necessary.

He felt bad about leaving her alone, but since she slept so much in her old age he hoped it wouldn't really bother her being alone. After the short one-way chat he heads to the bathroom and brushes his teeth, then checks all the windows and doors in the house to make sure everything is locked and secure. He turns all the lights out and crawls into his bed and then he's practically asleep the minute he hits the pillow. It had been a totally draining long mental day due to a lot of activities on his plate, so he's really in need for this night's sleep to recharge his mind and battery.

O'Dool on the other hand is still driving home from his long countryside-scouting mission. He's an intelligent careful observer with lots of patience and ability to spot things pertinent to his night-time summer activities with his partner. He put on a lot of miles today scouting around for possible planting fields, and he thinks things went well. As he was driving his mind drifted into thinking about their off the wall humorous secret code of words and phrases they use whenever communicating on any kind of payphone or

household phone, and even in public. Their special wacky but safe language is all done in a golfing vernacular, and over the years they've perfected their own work vocabulary.

Eventually he arrives home around 9:30 and the first thing he does after getting out of the truck is call for his dogs who are hanging out in the barn. He takes them on a nice walk and afterwards they all head for the house where the dogs go to their designated beds and O'Dool quietly crashes into his bed next to his best friend in life, his wife. He is a loving and caring husband and father who wouldn't harm a single creature in the world.

He works many hours in his job yet when it came time for the summer games, he was just like Stealth, crazy about the night time action and the rush of adrenaline that came with it all. It truly was a matter of having total appreciation and concern for your partner, which brought out great comradery as a working team.

These two guys seriously watched each other's back in a physically demanding hobby that took a little out of them each growing season. Every year after the final harvest the two pals would talk about how much wear and tear this extracurricular activity was doing to their bodies.

As they got older and the summers went by, they began talking about the fact that the physical and stressful realities of their night time games were getting to be too much and maybe it was getting around the time to think about giving it up. It was a young man's game and they both knew it as the years went by and their bodies aches and pains weren't recovering as quick as they did when they were many years younger.

The work was very physically demanding, starting with the individual planting of the babies and then the back-breaking nights of watering, which was all done by carrying into the fields forty-pound jugs of water in each hand, while navigating through acres of growing corn rows. These up and down cultivated rows coupled with the 80 pounds of water were a guaranteed ankle twisting nightmare. And all those bruising painful twists wouldn't get a chance to heal all summer long because each night time entrance back into a field pretty much laid the ground work for another round of deep aggravating ankle twisting pain to happen again.



The final harvest nights were the most dangerous and full of demanding hair-raising heart pounding moments. Everything hinged on a well thought out plan that each guy had to execute with caution and precision timing. One key aspect was reading the maps of the cornfields to find the treasure and avoid any possible danger that lay in wait and a keen sense of instincts that would be needed to abort the mission in an instant if necessary.

The vehicle they drove had to be carefully set up to accommodate all aspects of the activity to give them the extra blending in camouflage and dependability they would need.

Stealth was the detail man, checking and demanding double-checking take place. Practical things as far as he was concerned, like watches that lit up at night and then making sure the vehicles inside courtesy lights were blacked out, so the farmers wouldn't see any action of on and off lights happening from a distance inside the trucks when the doors opened. No details escaped his eyes or ears. If any truck or car sounded too loud, he had the mufflers checked. He always kept spare turn signal bulbs in both the guy's cars and constantly checked the present ones working status. Headlights had to be just at the right road level, brakes needed to be secure along with complimentary working brake lights and braking fluid at the right marked levels for both vehicles. The tires air pressure amounts tested nightly and batteries also tested for cranking amp strength. Nothing left to chance!

Both vehicle radiator levels were checked and gas tanks topped off, and all the car windows needed to be clean and able to see any deer on the sides of the roads, ready to dart out in a confused panic.

Stealth wasn't a pushy guy but was a sort of field marshal type who demanded exactness for a clean night's execution. He would call O'Dool up in the middle of the day several times before the harvest night to double check what his watch time was showing. Since these watches were part of the key to the timing mechanism of the harvest, do it right or don't do it at all was his thinking at all times.

O'Dool had to use and keep his patience with his friend at times, but he knew down deep that his partner was a soft-spoken kind of control guy but with a precision safety mindset way. He didn't have a problem with that because he knew it was a good idea to be

partnered up with a wise hard worker and not some lazy minded fool. They had chemistry and camaraderie working for them, so it was all good because they both admitted they loved the action and the adrenaline rushes. They fed off of each other and there was no fear or quit in both of them when the final act of the harvest night came. .

The following morning Stealth pulls into O'Dool's driveway right at 9:30 on the button. He gets out of his truck and he is greeted by two very big blond Labrador dogs. They practically knocked him over with jumps of love and affection. Normally he would fall to the ground and wrestle with them and get totally into playing at their eye level and end up full of dirt, grass stains and paw and tongue affection from head to toe. He loved every second of it, but today he was not dressed in his usual commando night-time outfit.

The dogs knew him well from sight and his friendly voice and body scent and this triggered their outburst of love and rapid dog tail wagging action. Their master O'Dool came walking out and rescued his friend because they were big and strong dogs, and just about ready to set him up and take him down.

As friendly as they were, they were extremely intelligent and well trained and responded to their masters' command in an instant. After saving Stealth just in the nick of time, the two buddies went into the house and the dogs went down to the barn and found a nice shady spot and hung out together like always.

"Have a seat while I start cooking breakfast. I know you're hungry, so how do you want your eggs?" O'Dool was at the refrigerator taking out a carton of them.

"Scrambled, , and thanks. So tell me what's got you so pumped up."

"Well for starters I found at least three new cornfields we can work out of this year, and they're not that far apart from each other which we both absolutely love."

"Yeah you got that right. Sorry, go on."

"Nah, no problem. Okay, so as usual they all run east and west so we get the best sun exposure, and it looks like these farmers are using the shallow plowing method and these

are the kind of fields we both know won't be having any early weed killer out there, so maybe we can get an early spring start planting our babies."

"What makes you so sure about no weed killer?"

Stealth's voice is pleasant, but he was being his regular seeking information self.

"Well remember when I told you last year, I was driving around in October looking for new untapped areas to plant and I mentioned some farms that had grass and weeds growing amongst the corn, well these are the no weed killer farmers."

"Yeah, okay but don't we know from past experiences we have trouble with all those weeds choking our babies roots eventually and stifling the real growth spurts we need."

"Well yes but if we get out there enough times in the beginning and clear the area of these weeds around our girls after we plant them, then they'll take off with enough sun and rain or water by us if they need it." O'Dool speaking while cooking up a storm.

"Partner, I gotta be straight with ya, we're getting too old for all of that back breaking watering, and then week after week of getting on our hands and knees cleaning out all those nasty never say die weeds. I mean those weeds could survive an atomic blast!"

"I know, I hear ya Stealth, I do."

"I was hoping this would be a summer that we could just put them in and water them one or two times and then let Mother Nature do the rest during the growing season."

"Dude, it never works out that easy."

"I know, but my ankles are still killing me from last year, and we haven't even started yet."

"Yeah, I'm in pain too, I can't deny it."

After O'Dool's comment there was a calm silence, then O'Dool carries on.

“We seem to be getting less and less rain each year around these parts. The farmers are asking the state to help them financially and remember last year when three-quarters of our crop was plowed up early by the farmers before their and our normal harvest time.”

“I remember all too well man, all too well. It’s all about that lack of rain in the summer and then very little snow in the winter, which causes a vicious cycle of basically a deep dry land issue all year round and ending up in poor corn growth.” Stealth expressing himself.

“It’s happening year after year and their cutting early just to keep their cows fed on time.”

“And we can’t blame em, , not a lick. These mild winters are killing the farmers, and we both talked about how that sucks for them.”

“I remember. The world’s going through some very serious weather changes, and it seems there’s just not enough moisture in the ground for farmers around these parts.”

“It’s a hard way to make a living, no doubt. And what if the farmers get the same vicious cycle repeating itself again this year.” Stealth’s voice had empathy.

“I hear ya man, I do, , so tell me, what’s going through your mind about how we handle the possibility of another dry summer?”

“Now that’s the kind of question I like, and to be honest with ya I was thinking about it while driving here. It’s all about Mother Nature, because She’s the Boss and that’s that.”

“Stealth, you’re always talking about Mother Nature, I’ll give you that, so tell me how do we handle Her?”

“Experiment, that’s how.”

“Yeah-right, you make it sound so easy. Okay, so tell me, like how?”

“O’Dool my friend, think about it, every year we bust our asses and either get ripped off or plowed under. We gotta change our tactics and hope to maybe end up with more.”

“Fine, but change what?” O’Dool is not alarmed or upset about what he is hearing. He’s actually rather calmly standing over the stove turning the bacon and putting the fire on low under the finished scrambled eggs. He tells his buddy to keep going, he’s all ears.

“I’ve been thinking that the growing marijuana books and magazines that everybody reads tells you to plant in east and west growing fields, so what if we changed our operation and planted in fields going north and south this summer. Would it hurt us to try? I mean what do we have to lose!”

“No, I hear ya, , you might have a point, but the sunlight,”

“O’Dool, come on, you can’t believe if we planted in north and south growing fields it would make that big a sunshine difference in the finished product of our girls, , do ya?”

“Well, I don’t know.”

“Listen to me, suppose maybe all these corn field thieving city slickers who do their walking and stalking to find our treasures, come out at harvest time and avoid most of the north and south fields. Maybe we’ll be lucky and they’ll do just like the books tell them and hunt only for the weed in the east and west planted acreage.”

“Yeah, you gotta point there.”

“I’m just trying to make life easier for us after all the years of killing ourselves and too many other rip-off artists reaping our rewards.” Stealth’s voice and tone was sincere.

“Yeah I get it, and the good news is I saw lots more north and south workable fields for us than east and west yesterday and these are some huge bad boys I’m talking about.”

“RIGHT ON BRO. That’s what I’m talkin’ bout Willis!” Stealth’s voice was pumped up.

And from that the two buddies bust out with good feeling smiles and a happy light laugh. That’s a favorite line from a TV show they use on each other to break serious moods up.

“Driving around yesterday I noticed plenty of those huge north and south fields all set up using the weed killer method, so that does a heavy-duty important task for us that you

always talked about over the years, so that's good. Plus, I know you'll like this, , all those fields used the deep plowing system growing method."

"Perfect, , loosen up that soil as deep as possible and hopefully our babies will get off to a deep root beginning and end with strong summer ending growth spurts."

"You know though Stealth, it means we have to wait and watch to see when their done weed killing, which gets us off to a late spring start in planting our little girls."

"That's fine, so we lose two extra weeks of growing time, it won't hurt us. We should be able to make up that time most likely with good root penetration from all that deep pre-plowing by the farmers and then all that extra fertilizer he spreads out." Stealth pauses right there but he's not done.

"After all these years I think it's time we work less and just finally try the north and south planting method and see what happens."

"Okay man, DONE, we'll do it! . I'm digging it all, and no pun intended."

"Good one, I like that. So cool, we're rolling, but you know what else I'm digging myself right this second, is that fantastic smelling food you're cooking up."

"Yeah baby and wait till you taste it. Help me out and get the two glasses I got frosting in the freezer and pour the milk for me."

So the two buddies sit down to a hardy very unhealthy high cholesterol breakfasts that's mouthwatering good. They both share a high glass toast of their ice-cold milk because this was some kind of coincidental common boyhood trait the way they liked and appreciated their milk served.

O'Dool had put together one heck of a big breakfast feast. There was the ice-cold milk to go with the excellent made to order scrambled eggs, with tons of strips of bacon on the side and buttered toast and jelly, plus a heaping spoon of crunchy peanut butter also on the side. The boys are enjoying it all, but then in a quite matter of fact way, Stealth says,

"This is probably going to be my last year partner."

“It’s your body signaling you, isn’t it?”

“Yep, but more like screaming at times at the end of our work nights. It’s like all my neck muscles and both ankles really want a break from all the physical torture and activity.”

“I can dig it. It seems to be taking longer for us to physically recover each year.”

“No bullshit there but for me it’s more like each night out! When I come home after a night’s work, my shoulder on the right side is suffering from some pinched nerve that just doesn’t want to heal. The stiffness in my neck is progressively getting worse and if it weren’t for my powder formula reducing the swelling and pain in that area and other parts, I’d be a walking and living freakin’ wreck.”

“I know how you feel Stealth, I really do. Fact is we’re not getting any younger!”

“Exactly, and as far as me giving up growing after all these years, is I’ll try to continue learning all I can about weed and the effects on cancer cells it has. I’m convinced it’s all about the acid and alkaline ying and yang effects going on in the trillions of human cells.”

“Well maybe one day you’ll really know, but now you gotta do what you gotta do man.”

“I’m a long way off from really knowing about my theories, but the half dozen or so Michigan area new and old cancer patients receiving and experiment with my weed for their chemo, and the half dozen Oncology clinics around the country that are experimenting, well God Bless these folks first, but I’m sad it’s all going to end once I finally run out.”

“Hey, you’ll just have to explain to them the facts about what’s taking place in your life.”

“You know O’Dool, it’s really a crying shame that there aren’t any brave politicians in the government who’ll step up to the plate and talk about legalizing weed already, especially for the use of any and all kinds of medical experiments for pain and suffering.”

“Well, I agree with that and your ideas about letting researchers have at it to use the THC and CBD oils to possibly use to experiment with to maybe like you preach about finding a

cure for fighting cancer and other diseases in the body. What does the government and all world governments for that matter have to lose?”

“I totally here ya and agree. . . The politicians are in bed with the drug companies, so it’s a vicious greedy game. I already know that our babies roots and upper stem area have medical benefits, but years of lots of testing absolutely needs to go down.”

Stealth’s voice was raised at the end of his words.

“Fact is, those are enough reasons right here, and right now for the government to just say go ahead, experiment like crazy, period!”

“Absolutely O’Dool, well said, , Touché. For some God only knows reason, marijuana medically helps many human afflictions. The facts and truth are, there are medical benefits from marijuana, and millions of people are being denied the use of it.”

O’Dool hears clearly his buddies’ words, and after being spoken he put a piece of crispy bacon in his mouth, takes a bite of his heavily buttered toasted bread, then takes a pretty good slug of his ice-cold milk and after puts the glass down and rests his arms on the table. He looked over at his friend, has a good burp come up and then breaks out a smile from all the good tastes and flavors now washing down his throat. Then he speaks.

“Damn that was good chow, but seriously, you da man with a betta plan so I agree we’ll scrap everything I took notes on yesterday, and move on from there.”

“Well first thanks for a fantastic breakfast, it was great, , and also regarding the change of plans you worked so hard on, well I appreciate you agreeing with me without hesitation.”

“Hey man, when you’re right your right, so when you get back from up north with your lady, I’ll have all the north and south corn row planted fields researched and picked out for us to drive around and check out. We’ll work your plan which is work smart and hopefully work less this year.”

“Sorry again for all your time and troubles you put in yesterday, but I know you get me.”



“No problem man, because just over these last few minutes of thinking about it, I’m kind of looking forward to a unique new working challenge actually.”

“Good, and thank you. But guess what, they are two other important things we must talk about Mr. O’Dool.”

“Boy, you never quit, do ya. So what else now my hard driving friend?”

O’Dool says with a pure lighthearted tone plus a smile and Stealth smiles back.

“Well, we both have to try and get into some kind of conditioning program and diet. But thank you by the way again for this fantastic breakfast, , but come on man, we’re both out of shape and you know you smoke like a frickin’ chimney. And so by the way, that’s the second thing.”

O’Dool is just sitting with his hands clasp together, pleasantly taking it all in, but more sincere friendly incoming chit chat is on its way.

“You have to quit smoking man, I’m serious, do it for your family’s sake if not for your own. Get on the patch or gum but just start thinking about your health and giving up those cigarettes. You can do if you try but you’ve never tried. Come on, get motivated.”

“No, I’ve tried, really I’ve tried.”

“All right, so you’ve tried, , but probably just in your sleep.”

“HA HA HA, look who’s the comedian now.”

“Yeah, sure fine, but seriously, I remember one time specifically last year when I picked you up on the side of the road when you came running out of a field. You were huffing and puffing so hard, it really scared me.” Stealth remembers the incident well.

“So those are the two things huh, my two weakest areas and the two things that give me the most pleasure.”

O’Dool says this with a light-hearted smile and Stealth is trying his best not to smile back. The chain-smoking friend goes on.

“OK buddy, we’ll talk more about the smoking patch when you get back from up north. So can I have the weekend to start preparing myself for this major life change and pig out and smoke like a chimney one last time before we start getting in better shape?”

Now they’re both really smiling and joking back and forth. Stealth is sometimes a nudge but a good one for the right reasons and O’Dool knows he has a kind and caring friend who really wants the best for him.

After a little more small-talk they both get up from the table. Stealth heads to the can and takes personal care of that needed *Bin’ness* before walking out to his Ford Bronco.

The two dogs come running up and are at attention at their master’s feet. The two friends are lightly chit chatting and saying their good-byes till next week. Stealth thanks O’Dool again for the very tasty breakfast, then uses both hands to gently pat and pet the dogs on their heads and faces, and after gets in his truck and pushes in a Greatest Hits Bob Seeger cassette tape.

He’s totally ready to Rock N’ Roll down the highway with the Michigan hometown music legend, and also looking forward to what greets him when he arrives at his little cottage up north.

It’s all good, from their hardy unhealthy breakfast, to future working weed planting plans decided upon, and their strong feelings that Marijuana should be given a chance to be tested as a legitimate medicine for the benefit of millions of Americans and animals too. The fact was though, David was doing his thing for many years now with his special White Powder that he kind of kept a low profile about with the special hidden ingredients. His many partners over the years might have known he saved the roots of the Marijuana plants, but didn’t know what for, that is almost everybody. Yes, his closest trusting longtime friends heard him often say, the true reason for Marijuana being put on Earth to be correctly discovered to use, was done by The Lord, knowing that those who paid attention to all the many various signs he gives daily to Billions of his faithful and most importantly non-faithful, will see and wake up to do exactly right by what he planned all true righteous things to be humbly said and humbly used for. AMEN

**YES, Amen**  
**It’s All Good**

## **Delmonti Benghazi File, and Security-Purity'**

Two very recent geo-political events taking place in a tight time span of each other, made David lose his self-control and call the president of the United States a low-down good for nothing liar and chicken shit pile of crap. Fitzzy here speaking to you, and I want to tell ya I cleaned that up a bit, , no actually, a real big bit what David had to say about the president, but yeah, he was pissed off and on top of that he felt the man was a total coward and useless so-called leader of the free world, and he thought the same for the Vice President. Strong words I'm repeating, but he meant every one of them about both guys! The last comment my friend made about Zero-44, was due to the man's very recent remarks he made about Syria and drawing a red line if that countries leader began using his chemical weapons stockpile on his own nations people again.

Obla bla said he would not permit a war crime like that on his watch, but David had been studying him closely for years now and reading him like a book. He was saying way before most careful political observers that this man's words were just that, a lot of hot air that meant nothing, and that's all any of his so-called tough talk would ever amount to. My friend could read people, their tells and all as he used to explain and teach me.

As D clearly saw it, he said the Syrian leader and Putin were just making a fool out of Zero-44, and so was North Korea, and Iran also. He was emphatic about them all, and pointed out to me that most of the media wouldn't speak the truth of the presidents complete utter and total ongoing lack of any kind of geo-political leadership and strength. He was at times just aghast at how so many of the talking heads as he called them, talked like they were in love with the guy and did everything to make Zero-44 look like some white night.

Being totally honest, the media confounded my friend, because he saw almost all of them just pathetically laying down for the man, giving him free passes on issues where true signs of real strength were in fact needed. He would say, *'This utter softness by most of the media could be bad, and when there really might be a defining critical moment of strength truly needed by Zero-44, it more than likely will never take place'*.

He really felt the man was a spineless weak human being, but what really pained and deeply pissed off David during practically this same time period of the Syrian red line, was Obla bla bla's cowardice act of turning his back on his responsibilities during the September 11<sup>th</sup> night of the attack on the United States Embassy in Benghazi.

From my once upon a time but now long gone amazingly talented employee, his unnerving gall to look inside the White House with his updated PEEK-A-BOO's spying system, brought him true insight of what went on that entire night of the Benghazi attack. Yes, Delmonti knew about it all, and again like always when something really pissed him off about what he was wrongfully learning of the goings on with his target, he would use a special satellite phone system I invented but from God only knows truly where in the world and just rant away with talking about what he knew and how angry he was.

And as it was from what we clearly knew from Delmonti, caused David and myself to come away with the feeling that the president of the United States completely turned his back on all the good men and women inside the Benghazi compound during that ongoing disastrous long night. Zero-44's team were watching the constant attack in the Situation Room in real time from satellite drone feeds high above, and knew everything that was going on, but from D's and my point of view, this was the worst shameful display of a lack of presidential leadership we ever could have imagined, or something far worse & sinister was taking place which my good trusting friend had been saying for quite some time now.

Delmonti's personal updated PEEK-A-BOO's Spider Web captured all the action going on with the principal players who were in communications with the president, but he screamed over the phone at me that the man never was hands on or in the War Room.

Listening to one of Delmonti's rants and then relaying them all to David, afterwards he would ask me why wasn't the president in the War Room with his top generals, and why wasn't he screaming out loud to send in all the backup help immediately to save our people? Where was Zero-44 and what was he thinking during all that time during the attack on the compound?

These were D's thoughts out loud that he was repeating over and over and sometimes screaming them out at me over our secure communication Sat phones. And just for a very important point of fact, the Situation Room is a well-equipped beyond technically and

tactically capable operational center to send out secure encrypted commands to literally fight a full-on war from, if God forbid necessary.

Delmonti's spider web operations were covering like I said a few of the president's people in his tight nit circle, and they were in the Situation Room relaying all sorts of communications back to him, but David kept asking, where was he and why wasn't he in there giving out orders to send immediately in the armed tactical kill drones in the area? From D's years of research of DARPA and the pentagon, he knew all about the high-flying state of the art sensor cameras attached to the multiple predator drones that were feeding in real time all the Benghazi action going out and into various multiple military command centers.

He kept saying to me, America's high-flying state of the art sensor cameras attached to the multiple predator drones above watching the Benghazi attack, should have been the trigger that immediately would have sent in major backup without any second thoughts on the matter whatsoever.

But David would point out from what Delmonti screamed about, that 44 was basically never in the Situation Room and he would repeatedly ask rhetorically, *'Where is the man? Where is he?'*

An interesting and maybe even bizarre event of sorts happened that night, that being Delmonti at some point picked up a very hard to hear conversation that the president had with Netanyahu in Israel, but it was only a one-way sound pickup and that ended up having very poor sound quality.

The next morning David screamed out over our scrambled Sat line, *'Without any doubt, these people in the president's tight circle and him too, knew exactly the fight to the death those brave Americans' down below were in. And if you really want to get real, those MF'er's should all hang someday for TREASON.'* Oh man he was so pissed off, believe me, and I was worried about his health.

Delmonti had the PEEK-A-BOO program plugged in that night of the attack on one particular dude whose long title was Minister of National Security Thinking for Strategic Communications. This guy was attached to the president at the hip, and always there

giving him advice, along with writing speeches for him and being a sounding board along with all sorts of other things. But that night started a special kind of strategizing operation by the two of them, that would entail a major coverup of the truth of what happened at the Benghazi compound. Those two plus another media adored over inside slick female master manipulator for ZERO-44, were fabricating a complete and utter pathetic lie to be spun out on the Sunday morning news talk shows, that would air out onto the trusting but totally gullible naïve American public, and the world for that matter too.

David eventually politically figured out that the gutless lie the three of them were scripting was being done in the name of saving face and protecting Zero-44's coming presidential re-election, so it wouldn't look like he had a terrorist attack on his watch. What cowards! But there was something else very sinister about the entire damn thing, but David had many unconnected dots he was still constantly piecing together and working on and trying his best to figure out.

Eventually everyone viewing the real-time drone footage being delivered to the Situation Room that night, knew without a doubt all those Americans were under heavy fire by a band of nearly a hundred well-armed and trained terrorists, and D said, *'And Fitzzy, make sure you say and spell out TERRORIST, loud and clear'*.

The following Sunday morning talk shows were filled with deception and complete utter horrible pathetic lies about the truth of the magnitude of the situation that went on.

Those cowardly bastards in the White House as David repeatedly called them, orchestrated the lying message to the world that this was some spontaneous large angry group of locals who were letting off steam with old dilapidated guns and rifles.

My buddy was screaming mad and saying that Delmonti fed us the facts that all that TV bullshit was the handy work of Zero-44 and his double-crossing slick speech writing sidekick, along with that two-faced appearing Angel, who to us was nothing but a SHE DEVIL. And by the way, David wanted me to mention that her father back in his day was on the FBI terror watchlist and how the tables of power do turn. . .

This was bad, really bad what these three people were doing with their lies, but it was all happening and being delivered repeatedly on National and world-wide TV, by another good for nothing gutless lying *evil looking* low life human being as David called her.

After the night of the screaming angry call from Delmonti, David started repeating to me we have to be aware and tighter with 'Security Purity' as the goal. Now let me say that we'd been practicing all kinds of security measures for decades before Benghazi, but honestly, he was doubling down on security like never before, and he'd named this phrase back in the middle 70's, calling it '*Security Purity*', and in this case, it made total sense for this Benghazi uncovered activity.

For our sakes, we knew what spying and other sorts of activities were possible from all David's years of being all over the expanding DARPA actions, and to add to that, Cousin T years earlier gave us multiple warnings about Big Brother's developing capabilities.

The spying going on was bigger than almost all Americans had any ideas about, with operations going on from the pentagon, to the FBI, NSA and at least another dozen other Alphabetical soup named covert not so innocent agencies. So being down to earth and real here, this was all just another important reason for our *Security Purity* that was always on David's mind, & never shy to preach and remind everyone in our tight circle.

D could be thousands of miles away from me but we had somehow developed a way of sensing and thinking over the years quite a bit alike. A day after the Benghazi attacks, he said to me, '*Zero-44's inactions are one shameful disgrace, and the truth of the whereabouts of him during all the critical decision-making window of time, will be able to be traced back to his sign in on the key pads to the White House elevators that night*'.

That said, living in the technical data, engineering, and mechanical collecting world I'm in, little by little over decades of time I've taught David many of the nuances of that world I exist in, and that thought of his about the elevator was a serious DOT sign to how D's mind truly calculates and works.

So as for my long-time dear close friend, when it came time to really do some serious tracking and pinpointing down, he knew exactly the key areas to get my mind on top of

and utilize, and simply put, we were definitely thinking alike on how to get more answers of the actions going on that night. And so that being that, Nuff Said as D would strongly say.

Along with that shameful dishonorable Benghazi compound night of disregard for each and every one of his fellow countrymen, for us what was going on in the White House of Zero-44 for many years, was downright evil political chicanery and treasonous, but those actions didn't seem to bother any of his close inner circle and himself. There were so many active borderline and not so borderline criminal acts going on, we could hardly believe what we were learning stretching over years of time from Delmonti's reaching over the top screaming outbursts.

It would all come down to David's DOTS, the dot collecting of information, something that he was very patient to put together, but at the same time he was collecting all of them and getting organized, he wondered where was the press and how come they weren't doing their important job with all the obvious not so well-hidden crumbs right in front of them.

A blind squirrel could have seen and definitely sniffed out all the crumpets, so how come the press wasn't doing their so-called investigative journalistic job that was right there, dead center and smack dab right under their big non-squirrely noses?

*SO YES, HOW COME?*



## **‘Talking to Himself’ - April 10, 1996**

Sitting at his desk with only his brass base-green dome 40-watt light on, casting down on his home-made corn field maps in front of him, O’Dool is smiling and chuckling. He is carefully going over in his mind the traveling routes to take Stealth for his show and tell for the upcoming summer’s nighttime golf outings. While going over his thoughts, at the same time he is breaking all his promises to his friend made just a week before. In one hand is a fresh slice of hot pizza and in the ashtray is a freshly lit non-filtered cigarette, plus a perfectly rolled joint for later and an open can of cold beer on the side. In his mind though he’s having a good time because everything he’s doing at that very moment is what he really enjoys. Yep, that’s a Fack Jack!

He’s talking to himself slightly out loud, but this is something he’s been doing for years but everyone in his loving family never paid much attention to this constant quirky but then again typical normal human behavior. He would often think, *‘Who the heck doesn’t talk to themselves, huh?’*

*O’Dool to himself:* ‘My man is going to be pleased with me, if I say so myself. He’s right about experimenting with the north and south cornfield plantings. I found so many new opportunities to plant in, I’m even amazed. Plus, the close proximity of all these choices makes life a lot easier with less driving around to do.’

He takes another bite of his pizza and chews it up, gulps down a slug of beer and then takes a big drag on his cigarette. He continues to carefully draw out his cornfield maps, but skillfully uses a simple undetectable camouflage type system that nobody but he and his partner have worked out and understand.

*To himself again;* ‘Oh yeah, let the games begin. This summer’s action for sure has got to be better than last year. Last summer was for the most part a big waste of time, but we did have a lot of action and fun in our own way, along with some pretty amazing crazy things that went down. Like almost getting stampeded over by a couple of sleeping deer that we accidentally woke up in the middle of the night, and that really was a close call and scary situation. And then another time Stealth practically breaks his left ankle so he ends up

tearing his undershirt to wrap and support it for the rest of the night and then hobbles along working the time away with one shoe on.

And the dude couldn't catch a break with his aching neck, plus that same ankle constantly bothered him the rest of the summer but he just ignored it and worked on. We both got poison ivy so bad we almost wanted to cry sometimes caused by the itching madness that was all over our bodies, and I mean all over. '

Raising his eyebrows now, thinking about all that stinkin' itchy poison ivy, and then talking more to himself;

'The drought practically killed the poor farmers and we felt their pain, plus two of our fields got ripped off by a bunch of amateurs before the crop was even close to being harvested.

One night my man falls down into a long ago dug well pit, which was covered up and not totally filled in. We still don't know how the farmers harvesting machines never got a big wheel stuck inside it. He was hanging on to a steel rebar by one hand and while some other rebar's jabbed into him as he fell over the edge. The dude always had good reflexes and powerful strong hands but any one of those steel bars could have pierced his body or he could have fallen and, , and, oh shit, don't go there, , stop, cancel, cancel, cancel.

He was one lucky guy that night. STOP<>STOP<>STOP, don't' go there, just don't go there. CHANGE THE SUBJECT!

We always seem to have some kind of action and adventure and occasional danger too, right around each field and row we stepped and moved in. '

O'Dool pauses, takes another bite, a swig and big puff. Then continues to himself;

'Yep, my partner's change of plans is right, I can't argue after all these years. Let's work less and be smart and stick with Mother Nature. She's either going to make us or break us, and especially all the hard-working farmers who need the valuable well-timed rain.

He pauses talking to himself and just kind of ponders around in his mind all kinds of past experiences, then his mind's voice and tongue are back together again;

'Like my partner said, let's take the chance in the north and south fields and hope the suburbanites who read all those weed growing books follow all the directions.'

He pauses talking out loud because a moth came quickly out of nowhere, flying into his 40-watt bulb. It's in and out and then gone. His mind and tongue are now back in sync; 'Hopefully they'll only go after the weed in the east and west fields. The north and south are not liked by those weed book writers, , so yeah, let's give it a try, , heck why not!'

O'Dool continues to talk and smile while he puts the finishing touches on his maps. When he's done, he takes down the painting right in front of him and opens the secret back panel nobody would see if they didn't look closely. He carefully folds the map up and delicately puts the thin paper behind the fake back panel.

Then with everything secured and undetectable, he hangs the pictures back up and squares its frame. Then he takes the brass light switch and pulls it down and the 40-watt light glowing through the soft green globe goes to dark. He stands right where he is for about 20 seconds until his eye sight adjusts to the room darkness. There's some light of sorts filling the room from the outside street lamp about three-hundred feet away and that gives him just enough visual aid to see his ash tray, allowing him to make his move to pick up the rolled joint and wedge it between the top of his ear and skull. Then O'Dool begins to maneuver through his house like he's been doing for many years.

He's still talking softly out loud to himself about something and smiling at the same time. He opens the side door and quietly whistles for the dogs. They hear him and practically knock their Poppa over as they exit. He smiles then reaches up for the joint and runs it under his nose, catching a whiff of the delicious purple haze scent. This was a product of the boy's efforts from last year's small crop, and they gave it the name of 'Purple Haze' because it was super thick with purple hazy colors all throughout the buds and it smelled as sweet as grape jam.

Proudly passing the smell test, he lights it up and then just calmly looks up to the night sky and see's the big beautiful moon and thinks to himself that the next golf outing he and his trusting partner have, is going to be another interesting year of adventure and the unknown elements of Mother Nature.

For the boys, down deep it's all about the camaraderie of playing their Michigan night time golf games, and having a good but safe time. They know there's no guarantees about what their scores will end up being, but they know there's nothing new about that.

Oh, and one other little thing meant for all of you, take a second and answer me this honestly, , who doesn't talk to themselves occasionally, huh, really, who doesn't !?!



**Please Scroll Down**

# 'In A Blink of an Eye' 2050

'THIS IS REAL IMPORTANT'

*By April of 2026, Americans will fully learn about a covered up scandalous major political **murder** that was never at the time heavily investigated and found out till six years later. The national news broke the story back in mid-2016 but was quickly deemed by the ever-constant controlling democrat's main stream media coverup machine, to be just another over the top conspiracy attack against their already anointed maniacal perceived queen. But there was more than the one who had greedy plans to continue their long train of criminal & financial abuses, while they carried on their sinister marriage of convenience.*

*The shocking exact covered up details of the swept under the rug murder will come out! This forever shameful thought to be entitled elitist money crazed power-hungry duo along with their entire criminal cabal, will all be unearthed for the world to see by June of 2025.*

Part of the uncovering will be the well-hidden truth of the greed and huge enrichment from the sellout of twenty percent of America's Uranium reserves which landed in the hands and control of Putin's beloved Russia. And even more questionable activities will be slowly uncovered about their despicable greed and ungodly activities going on in Haiti after that countries massive 2010 earthquake.

*The evilness of this person and others very close to this lying corrupt zombie like shrill and unmatched bitter loser, finally came face to face with their much-deserved judicial judgment day. But the righteous true deserved fate had already for years earlier been judged by an Almighty higher authority, who knew he could not allow this poisonous lucifer filled rotten fruit to freely walk unscathed on His Earth.*

*The years of a Double Standard entitled way of life along with too powerful to convict, was finally righteously turned over and this person was magnanimously crushed by the 'Heart of the True Will of the People'.*

Pay Heed to this Executive Order number--13818

*And many others like this person will be captured and tried for treason under military tribunals, and these trials will begin at outside locations ninety miles off America's shore, guarded by battleships and Marines, and thus, be on total display for all Patriots to see. And commencing from this, the world will be awakened to the start of major claw-backs of billions upon billions of dollars secretly hidden away by the countless elitist minded who grossly enriched themselves off of corruption, greed and numerous acts of treason.*

*From the too big to fail present and retired crooked golden arch bankers of Wall Street, to those once embolden public servants believing themselves to be untouchable from holding the highest positions in America's land, they too will fall hard and mightily. These legal and very thorough proceedings will bring forth all the unadulterated covered up evidence of criminality done by this horribly ruthless, lying and beyond corrupt and twice failed presidential candidate. And there will be others too who will be captured who once cockily traveled and heavily profited in the dealings of this duo's evil inner circle.*

*As I see long ago those failures of the expected to win presidential candidate, the shocking loss begot more sinister injustices and coverups upon the land, against any and all that stood in the way of the truth about the treason from coming out. Forth which a once appointed so-called highly respected special council leader and his two-edged snarling lipped nose-face power hungry pit-bull, were put unjustly and corruptly in position to keep the cover-up of corruption and multiple despicable true crimes of the biggest angry loser, going on at any costs.*

*A Coup d'état was essentially put in place to bring guilt upon an innocent sitting president, based on false charges of colluding with the Russians to rig the election. But when in fact starting by mid-2025, the abundance of unbelievable total truths will all start coming out and finally begin to righteously unfold, and all being done by a real honorable Attorney General from a RED STATE, not a cowardly compromised low life lying scum bag under all the present and past demon `crats.*

*The extreme bias special council will also be fully exposed for what they truly were, and thus the evidence will begin to see light, and then TRUE JUSTICE will begin!*

*After the real truths begin seeing the much-needed light of day, will millions of gullible brainwashed Americans wake up and realize how the main stream corrupt media was*

COVERING UP the biggest news story of all our times? There was a Coup d'état going on to destroy and take away the honest election victory of an innocent sitting president, and in truth, EVILNESS will still last even after more eventual detailed truths will lay bare of the stealing of the election.

*Eventually by early 2026*, you the Patriots of the country will see videos from the Tribunal trials of the singing of birds that were part of the well-oiled machine of crimes and coverups, and this will all show that 'Power Corrupts to gain More Power'.

*Only the open-minded interested people* from all sides of the fence, will accept the truth when it all comes out of who was truly colluding with Russia. The once gilded duo was the real guilty party getting repeated free passes from a well-controlled complicit media, along with a notorious corrupt group of FBI, CIA and Department of Justice higher up echelon thought to be trusted leaders.

Nothing could have been further from the TRUTH!

*There will be one* in particular at the top of the CIA along with this person's upper echelon lawyers who played a very savory sinister part, plus many more hidden underneath the layers of so-called government untouchables, that will also be ceremoniously captured and fall in total disgrace and into a well-deserved heap of condemnation by the nation.

And all the while during the fake hunt for Russian collusion, it was not well known by the public that innocent people's lives were being questioned and some destroyed by the first special snot nosed elitist council leader and his stacked biased mean-spirited rigged team.

REMEMBER THESE TRUTHS: This cruel leading so called pristine above-board main prosecutor and his marry band of cut throats had no shame or humanity in their power-hungry disgusting lives, for they only wanted to inflict mental and financial pain, so as to destroy good people's lives and for what, and for the cover up and betterment of WHO?

*You will in time* have those answers from this long train of abuses amongst many other well-hidden truths that will slowly be unwound to expose decades of unending corruption.

*And finally, deservedly so, glorified rich swaggering lobbyists will be shaken to their core in a turbulent backlash done by the ‘Wrath of the People’, and after, a new America will begin to be REBORN in Washington D. C.*

A Much Lesser and steady government will come forth, along with a fair system approach for ‘We the People’ to become the true lobbyists Of and For the Nation.

WWGWJWGF

*The corrupt main stream media will attempt to crush this Trilogy and most of the truthful future visions, but it will only serve the course to FLUSH EM OUT, as all Patriots will come to see! <>Strength and Honor<>*

*But those that connive like past lobbyists’, will find themselves up against much harsher inescapable penalties if found guilty, and their crimes will send a message of the likes that will make others think more than twice to cheat their fellow Americans in any given way.*

*Without pause, the money changers golden arches will fall hard and swift! Their greed will not only end but will be severely taken ceremoniously back, no matter where they tried to hide their wealth in the world. Remember Executive Order 13818*

And those that never imagined they’d at any time be found out of their forever self-enriching schemes, **WILL!** So shamefully thus, their arrogance will be used to make an example for the future for all others to clearly see, and all must realize that the entire new nation being REBORN and set up will be strong with the motto of;

**‘Crimes Against Your Fellow Americans, Will Absolutely Not Be Tolerated’**

*Enlightenment is coming, have Faith, leave no Doubt*

*Oh, how the disruptive Turbulent Times will be had by all who once felt their gilded golden parachutes allowed them to justly turn their arrogant noses up and feel utter condescending dominance above the good old hard-working folks of America.*

***A Turbulent Payback is Coming~~It Is~~It Is***



And mark these Words,

Those swine will be seen Crying and denying in court, All,  
But have no loss of Faith, for they will Crumble & Surely Fall!

~ ~ ~

Be sure to look for more, Of;

***‘In A Blink of An Eye’***

***2050***

Please Scroll Down

## **‘Boys will be Boys’ - Spring of 1996**

*Stealth, a fella with a nick name only known and used by a few tight close trusting friends but named and regularly thought of by family and others as David Stone, has been secretly planting his own small marijuana crop in corn fields of Michigan farmers since the spring of 1975. He started this ritual after he had experienced a real negative unkind act, that being of when an acquaintance of his brother had sold them a half a grocery size bag of some moldy useless marijuana, that unfortunately didn't come with any kind of guarantees.*

*And he being of the nature to take control when a situation calls for it, decided he was going to grow his own weed so he'd never have that problem again. Stealth knew a thing or two about growing marijuana from an interesting high-flying previous experience he had the year before with his two most trusting and knowledgeable weed experienced pals, TB and Fitz. But the one constant that they and he couldn't control from their own years of corn field planting experiences, was the thieves who entered into the fields at the prime time of the fall harvest ritual. I say thief's fore that's what they are, because they steel property that does not belong to them, and if you check any old or up to date printed or Internet dictionary, that's one of the basic outlined definitions of a low life thief.*

*So now from experience, the only realistic preventative measure Stealth could come up with was to spread his dozen or so plants all around in each big field and make it harder for anyone to find his golden/green treasures. The key was though, he had to make a personal ink to paper map locating for himself where his bounty of plants he grew were located, and he did that by literally counting rows, starting with a special large marker rock on each corner of where a field started. These big heavy rocks were specifically half buried with two long sticks alongside, and these nature tool markers were his beginning essential guides for using his row counting locator mapped out system.*

*All this had to happen on the first night after the planting was finished or it would almost be impossible to find his plants until they were much bigger and easier to spot.*

*As his crop grew over the season, he would enter the fields at night and tie them down in a very special way, and this extra effort was all done with the hopes of camouflaging his treasure from the night stalkers looking for big healthy Christmas tree like plants. But also, by tying them down he learned by accident a very valuable lesson, and that was he ended up growing these extra foot long reaching up to the sky thick budding beautiful arms of juicy seedless weed. And it goes without saying, he considered this a very luck find!*

*During his first five years he learned a lot working by himself but he was ready to find a good trusting partner to share the fruits of their efforts. Over the years he had a few good working associates but there was one he especially liked because they always had a unique good flowing chemistry as they worked alongside each other. It takes a wild child and hard-working mindset plus the love and camaraderie of the ups and downs of all the action, to make good partners, and Stealth now had it.*

*And now with all that laid out, this is the story of a new planting season getting planned out between the two definitely well-suited partners. There's a lot that takes place, meaning it's not just some walk in the park and it all gets easily done. No, not at all. The heavy future action starts with a lot of organizing before the very first baby female plant is carefully placed into the ground, and be rest assured any kind of night time planting can have a load of surprises and one can never be too careful and let one's guard down. Those are mighty true words, and now let's see where they lead ten days later;*

Stealth arrives at O'Dool's home and as usual the dogs spot him getting out of his Bronco and run up and jump on him and this time he falls to the ground and begins playfully wrestling with them. The last time he saw his loving doggy friends was about ten days earlier when he was heading for up north to be with Katie, and at that time he didn't want to get all dusty and dirty with his four-legged friends, but today was a different story. Stealth rolled around on all fours and nuzzled his nose into their bodies, just like they were doing to him, and he even growled a little like them when the play got a little frisky. Walking out of his garage and heading towards these playful wonderful dogs and his partner, O'Dool was smiling broadly watching the fun and action going down.

“You are such a kid at heart.” O’Dool yells over to Stealth, then, “I can’t believe I hear you growling at them, but hey, just don’t hump em, , please!”

“Very funny O’Dool, but you know what, the mother is kind of cute!”

And with that humorous come back they both have a light laugh, but Stealth is still wrestling with the dogs that are now both getting pretty serious pouncing right back on his every counter playful push off move he makes. Then Stealth yells out,

“Your dogs are feeling pretty frisky today. Check it out partner, they’re using their paws to hold me down and then do a quick counter pounce move on my chest, as if they understand how to knock the wind out of my lungs.”

“Oh yeah, they’re my trained staff of personal killer’s . So you had enough, huh, you ready to give in and say UNCLE?”

“Yeah, fine, I’ll give em this round.” Stealth reluctantly giving in.

“OK, fair enough.”

*With that O’Dool firmly but lovingly barks out for his dogs to stop and come to him. On his command they get in their last licks and kisses and then move in unison over to their master’s side. Stealth gets off the ground and the two friends have a joking moment about how the dog’s won that battle. During their chat, Stealth wipes the dust off the front of his clothing and O’Dool takes care of the backside. They then head towards the small barn for a brief but important talk about the coming plans for the day.*

*On the table were three maps of the areas of where the two friends are going to be scouting out so they can make the final decisions on where to plant for the coming summer season.*

*O’Dool then opens up the discussion;*

“We’re going to be putting on some miles today and it’s going to be hot and dusty out there, but I’ve planned things out so we’d be traveling in the most efficient routes possible.”

O'Dool had really done a lot of the important groundwork needed beforehand, and now it's game time and today's the day that the action starts getting real for the boys.

"That sounds great, and I gotta thank you because I know you've done all the preliminary scouting over the last week, and I really appreciate your efforts."

"Our breakfast meeting from ten days ago set the stage for a big change, and it's all good."

After O'Dool's true thoughts come out, he starts doing a thorough show and tell mapping explanation of their destinations for the day, and then the guys after that walk over to the house. They go into the kitchen and grab and stash some prepared half frozen canteens of water that will eventually melt down in the truck ride, and then the boys quickly put together a couple of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

With that done the partners head for the Bronco after O'Dool barks out for the dogs to head over to the barn and stay there under the breezy cool shady cover they always hang out at.

Over the next four hours the boys have a good time talking about many subjects while driving around scouting for the right north and south corn fields they're going to be possibly using to spread around their small marijuana crop.

By the end of the planned-out eventual five-hour executed mission they were talking things over back in O'Dool's barn where they first viewed the maps.

It was a successful day because they both agreed to do the planting in four good size fields that were each located far away from the farmers homes. They also talked about the unpaved back roads were well suited because of the little amount of traffic going on, and this was one of many critical points needed for the clandestine success of their night time operations.

And going one step further of importance, the back-road locations allowed for them to discreetly do their dropping off of one another and then coming back when it was agreed and then precision timed out on their watches, to do their all-important slow drive by shift working pickups of one another.

Here's the finishing touches to the day;

"So what do you think in about a week we start putting out our first babies in field number one?" Stealth asks O'Dool.

"Yeah, that should be about the right time to get this party started."

"I saw the upcoming weather report and lots of rain is in the forecast for the future."

"Well that's good to hear, as long as our young babies don't get drowned out."

"We'll be fine O'Dool, no sweat. We've always had good pure seed breeding stock that grew us some pretty strong early beginning babies with hardy neck stems, so, ,"

"You're right, they've always held up during all kinds of early spring weather challenges."

"Cool, alright, we're both thinking positive and it feels good, but hey, changing the subject if you don't mind, , I know you think I'm too finicky and all that, but each night before we go out, I want us to do all the safety working condition checks on whatever vehicle we use, and not to be forgotten like always, our watches too."

O'Dool rolls his eyes and makes a funny face and then tags a drag on his cigarette.

"Hey, you must have been Field Marshall Patton or Rommel in your last life, and include the friggin' smokin' Surgeon General in the mix too."

"Hey now, wait a minute. You told me you were going to quit smoking before the start of this year's planting, , ,"

"Stealth my man, I won't argue, , no, even better, I agree about the complete vehicle check-ups, top to bottom and all that extra safety stuff too, but as far as your heartfelt request from last week, , pa-lease give me time on giving up the smokes. It's not going to happen overnight and you know that, so let's be realistic about my bad habit."

*Stealth knows he's driving his partner crazy from his nagging about the smoking, but he also is very serious because O'Dool smokes like a chimney and coughs like an old*

*burnt out roaring twenties roadster, on its last leg. He's sincerely worried about his friend and only has good intentions when he tries to get his message across.*

*The cigarette conversation was short and sweet and then it quietly ends, and Stealth in his kind of laid-back friendly way shrugs his shoulders and with that they shake hands, smack each other's upper arms and say goodbye. He then heads for his Bronco, enters and starts it up and then pops in a Ted Nugent cassette tape and settles in for the hour-long ride back home.*

*He is pleased with all that went down today because together they had a good time and most importantly, accomplished exactly what their mission set out to do. So that being that, today was definitely a case of Boys will be Boys!*



**Scroll Down**

## **‘Greenfield Village, One Cool Place’ - May 15, 1976**

David’s been tellin’ me since 1973 when we were in Acapulco together, that he wanted to take me to this place called Greenfield Village, which is located just outside his hometown in Michigan. His stories talkin’ bout’ this cool Village place always stuck in my mind, but it was what was goin’ on and us doin’ that day, that each event was forever connected in my memory.

So what that means bout’ what was goin’ on, is that David was bein’ his down to earth self, tellin’ me that as he called it, *‘That Rust Bucket of a Cargo Plane’* of mine isn’t goin’ to make it over the mountain ledges I had to clear in my pretty short runway take off area. Oh yeah, I’ll give em that, but still, I could fly and manage just a~bout *EN~E~THING*.

I remember that day well, cause I wanted to take em flyin’ and have some fun showin’ em all the amazin’ sites of Acapulco from a bird’s eye point of view. I also wanted to get em up in the air to help em scout a~round for some other divin’ areas to catch his tropical fish. So let’s pick up from my story tellin’ point of view how our day together went down;

“T, I appreciate your wanting to take me up and show me all the sights and possible other diving spots along the ocean mountain ledges, but I am never going anywhere in that rust bucket of yours. Sorry for being a bit blunt with you, but we’ve been over this before, so,”

“Yes-yes, I know, but that small runway I take off from isn’t that big a deal.”

“Not that big a deal! Are you crazy! It’s nothing but a rock filled dirt path carved out between some tight mountain cravens, and the swirling winds along with the short length of that God for seiken runway, well, come on man, what more do I have to say, , so case closed.”

“No-no, I get it.”

“Wait, actually I do have more to say,”



“Man, I knew that was comin’.” With that quick comeback by me, we both started laughin’, but David was serious, he wasn’t finished. He had one last shot to sling at me.

“What is it with you and that love for that pile of wrinkled Aluminum you call a plane? It’s falling apart T, and you know it, and I don’t want you to keep on risking your life in that obvious pile of junk.” David paused a second, then, “Well that felt good!”

That was a good one and we both cracked up, and that felt good too. After I went on.

“Okay, so I’ve finally come to my senses, thanks to you and I’m tellin’ ya now that the next time you see me after today, I’m going to be returnin’ from California with a bigger, more powerful and for sure safer cargo haulin’ ass plane.”

“You’re not jiving me are ya?”

“It’s the truth, seriously, verdad amigo!”

After those words and a little Spanish to go with em, I paused to catch my good buddy’s reaction. I liked what I saw and then went on.

“You worry too much brother D, so let’s change the subject like we always do.”

“Fine, good idea and I know exactly the subject matter to switch and change over to.”

“Perfect, tell me.”

“You got it. So when I was a kid, somewhere around the 6<sup>th</sup> grade or so, my class went on a field trip to the coolest place that I’ll always remember.”

“Alright, sounds cool, now we’re talkin’. Sorry, go on.”

“No, no problem. So the place is called Greenfield Village and this unique village was an historical outdoor museum where it had acres of land to walk around and see the coolest things from past famous people from decades long ago.”

“Wow, cool but I never heard of such a place. Talk to me Bro.”

“Well for openers, how would you like to be able to walk inside the original working laboratory of Thomas Edison and imagine feeling the vibes of his mind at work, back when he was creating the light bulb, along with many of his other great inventions.”

“That sounds amazing, and you know what, my cousin Fitz would love to see and hang out in such a cool historical place like that.”

“The same cousin you’ve talked to me about before?”

“Yep, and like I’ve said, I know you two guys are gonna one day hit it off great. Anyway, go on, tell me more, and I’ll relay this all to Fitz when I’m back in the states.”

“Cool, okay, sounds good. So check this out because this one will really blow your mind.”

“I’m all ears.”

“How would you like to walk into the Wright Brothers original workshop and get a look inside their world changing inventions besides the bicycle.”

“How’s this village with all these old long-ago fantastic places possible?”

“Because of Henry Ford and his amazing vision and appreciation of genius. I mean the man went into action and never stopped apparently, because he went on a buying and collecting spree of everything from all the original buildings and then along with machinery from all the brilliant inventors back in the day, just like himself.”

“I never heard of this place and all these cool things from the past. Yeah man, I’d love to check this place out. What else is at this Village?”

Hearin’ all this, I got pumped up that there really was such a cool place. D goes on.

“Well besides Edison and all his neat stuff, and the Wright Brothers home and work shop, there’s also their famous bicycle store which Ford bought back in the 1930’s and had the exact structure taken down and perfectly put back together on one of the Village designated areas.”

“I dig all that kind of neat history, so you gotta take me there some day, and for sure we have to bring my cousin Fitz along cause I know he’ll love it.”

“Absolutely man.”

“Obviously David that place must have made a big impression on you as a kid.”

“You have no idea. So check this out, this village even has the exact building where Abraham Lincoln practiced law. How wild is that!”

“It sounds amazing, and I’m really impressed big time.”

“Good T, but you need to get out of that greedy money-making racket you’re in and stop flying in that pile of scary ass tin foil of a death trap you call a cargo plane. I’m serious today like I always am, but I’m telling you this today because I really want to see you live a long healthy life.”

“I appreciate you carin’ so much and believe me, I’m hearin’ ev~ery~thing you’re sayin’.”

“Well good, and hopefully if you make it out alive from this next take off, I’ll meet your cousin and then one day all three of us can make a day trip and hang out at the village.”

After David’s stronger than ever heartfelt sincere words to me, he just flat out told me he couldn’t stand the business I was in with my three close Viet Nam buddies, but he told me he had no ill will towards them. But now I have to say, that within a year and a half after our time on that day talkin’ bout’ this Greenfield Village idea to visit, me and my three boys from Viet Nam were done, finished, tapped out and flush with a lot of bags of green cash from my Acapulco Gold short to medium lived enterprise.

I ain’t jokin’, we were clean out and it was all safely behind us, well I should say we hoped behind us, and David plus my cousin Fitz were two dudes delighted to say the least that I was finished, cause they together even not knowing each other yet, hated what I was doin’. And in the middle of May of 1976, David kept his promise like always and delivered big time for our whole gang to host us and be a great guide the entire day at the coolest village we’ve all ever been at.

His multiple stories about this place were etched in my mind from Mexico, and cause we all had a pre-arranged serious business meetin’ set to take place in my Wixom office war room barn, I decided to treat and take all the boys the next day to this amazin’ place David often talked about.

So on that beautiful day in mid-May, Howie, Jacob, Cowboy, Cousin Fitz and big Freddy along with David and myself, took off in two big ass trucks in the mornin' and had an unbelievable cool full day walkin' round the neatest American historical site, this place called Greenfield Village.

The original reason for the gatherin' in Wixom was for all of us to have an update and serious chat bout' one of the scariest times we all were livin' in, and sworn to secrecy to never speak a~bout at that time.

What was goin' on back then will come out in our book, but the idea that ninety-nine-point nine percent of the American population had no idea of the worry and fear that was takin' place inside the secret walls of the Pentagon and various Intelligence agencies regardin' the upcomin' countries big time nationwide July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1976 two-hundredth-year anniversary celebration, is quite the story in and of itself.

Now I have to say, I have never seen such tough hard cases as Howie, Jacob, Cowboy and myself, and I have to throw in big lovable Freddy too, just not as quite a hard-core case as me and the boys, well anyway, we were all just totally diggin' this historical cool ass place called Greenfield Village.

I can't even describe what a great mind openin' blast of a time we were all havin', and I got to tell ya, cousin Fitz told me he wished he could move into that workshop of Edison's and just roam a~round it forever, and see if it would at all be possible to have one of Edison's deep-thinkin' ideas pass from the man's lingerin' spirit onto his.

I know that sounds crazy, and this might too, but often at times cousin Fitz and David would have these wild talks a~bout this subject called Quantum Leap, and the two of em would just have the best time exchangin' ideas bout' their own theories and ideas bout' that heavy duty mysterious subject.

So, I never forgot that day in Acapulco especially when my buddy didn't have much good to say bout' my plane, but he was all a~bout my safety and health. But like I said, within eighteen or somethin' months from us bein' done and out of Mexico, we all gathered together to visit that great historical Michigan site.

Yep, me and all the boys and David loved that place and it's funny how things happen, cause that entire village conversation came out of one of our changin' the subject matter moments, cause he refused to go up flyin' with me in my rust bucket as he used to call it, so we did the wise thing and went onto somethin' much more positive to talk a~bout.

Well I hope you enjoyed one of our change of subject tales, and now I just have to say,

*Greenfield Village,*

*Thank You*

*Cause*

*You Are One Cool Place*

~ ~ ~

**Please Scroll Down**

# Pardon My Polite Explanation

2018

Again, maybe I have no right at all to wrongfully be publishing their Trilogy, but I feel all the various teaching lessons and warnings they spoke about need to be heard and looked into, because all of it made sense. But you know what, that'll be up to you to decide.

That being said, here's a little more I believe important thoughts for all of us to ponder from the Old Man;

*"I ask all the young ones of the world who want to continue on in a normal life setting in these early times of 2017, pay very close attention. For I mean to say, the writing on the walls I see with my future visions, that which 'Giving Up' any of your God Given Rights will only lead to the next big take away that will then beget more of the same 'Giving Up' that follows. And this will repeat, Begetting and Giving Up, and again **AND** again, till all freedoms that once yours, and expected, **ARE GONE!**"*

*The looming TAKE AWAYS of your **Conservative expressive Internet freedoms** along with your all-important '**Gun Bearing Rights**' are intentionally slowly happening under your very own eyes, but you must not let this continue to manifest, or tyranny will come in many forms and disguise. **And be certain disguise they will!***

*Beware of the unelected Deep State shadows of government that wish to take away your Independent God given Bill of Rights, and carefully done so through a very EVIL cooperative lying propagandizing multi-serpent headed media spewing their **CAREFULLY CRAFTED BRAINWASHING WORDS** of hatred and dividing messages onto all the lands of America, of '**We the People**'.*

***Divide and Conquer** starting with the families, so BEWARE, for this is my outcry of the teachings of Marxism. Destroy Marxism, destroy it OR it will destroy America.*

*Starting in October of 2014, I began writing to Vladimir Putin using back channels I was able to align with, expressing to him that Russia and the United States show extreme acts of good faith to one another and bring our countries again to be able to*

*peacefully co-exist, and together stop the Diabolical Evil Globalists and Neo'con from their sick twisted macro-managing controlling plans for all sovereign existing nations.*

*And now as for America, I believed that strong Biblical Constitutionalism Foundations should have risen up and returned to the once Judea Christian faiths and believes, but magnanimously all religious followings should have had an equal voice, with truths and human kindness abounding for all.*

*But meanness and utterances of unlawful behavior with sick twisted and bent ideologies **should have not in any fashion been tolerated whatsoever**, let alone been allowed to start in the first place, and then given a chance to breath and grow in their symbolism showings. I am by far and never have been at all a Bible thumber with any ability to spout out only but a very few passages, but I decry what seems to be very slowly taking place, that which is the depravity and absolute total disgusting sexual perversion and gender confusion being very slowly and deviously brought up and even TAUGHT upon all the vulnerable early school grades of children.*

*To even think this is being done intentionally should have been stopped so early on, but IT WAS NOT, and in time if this EVIL is not stopped, then God Help all these little children's undeveloped minds from becoming complete tortured souls in their future. This is EVIL at the doorsteps of these innocent babies and those that laugh and think it's literally OKAY to do, must be brought to RIGHTEOUS JUSTICE and be damned, prosecuted, and forever done with, and never whatsoever be allowed to see the light of The Almighty's blue skies again.*

### **PROTECT, PROTECT, PROTECT THE LITTLE INNOCENT CHILDREN**

*You will see in your times hopefully as you read this in the year 2017 endings, the Evil start of routinely carefully crafted trouble making hate intertwined in their anti-American speeches from within and outside the USA borders. And these person's organizations and others that were out and within growing, were spewing the same radical and perverted ideologies with the intent of turning a prosperous nation into a spiraling death spin of Marxism and even worse.*

*These devious operators got away with much during 2017, 2018, 19', 20', 21', 22', 23', 24' as boundaries were pushed and arrogant said disrespect became beyond too many the norm and acceptable. Too many Trojan Horse Traitorous squawkers got away for too long, and not near enough fighters stepped up.. Now I watched and wondered in those years when will this utter and complete madness, coverups and pervasive lies come to an end and **BE STOPPED~!***

*And you may see it play out by 2025, that in the seats of congress there was a very fortunate once upon her time a female that luck and circumstances allowed her to rise in her northern hometown, which was continents away from where she should be sent back to in chains, but facts being facts, she in dubious time used her manipulative serpent tongue and took advantage of her power and began aiding sibling members through pure tactical ill-gotten moves and eventual large financial gains.*

*In that she was playing on the Devils Side, the main stream criminal media went out of its way again to cover, protect, and lie for this future low life female turncoat, who all along was plotting to destroy America, from inside the halls of congress.*

*And she was not alone by far, for the future years starting in early 2025, the X-so-called black messiah president, who I said for years was Bi-Racial, will be stripped bare and found out that he had all along had Evil Marxist intent to bring into being for all brainwashable fooling Americans, and millions they were, and once upon a time myself early on included. This is wrong, ten hundred thousand times wrong on so many levels what he did and kept carrying on doing after out of office, and millions after millions, and after more millions of Americans should know all of these TRUTHS, but I ponder and really worry and wonder, WILL THEY?"*

***There is a serious evil Storm brewing in the DARK,  
SO BEWARE, PLEASE, , Seriously BE AWARE!***

*~ ~ ~*

Well, what else can I say other than the old man was saying to us from his one of a kind 'Blink of an Eye' perspective, that there are immature and dangerous deceptive country



dividing wrongdoers roaming the halls and chambers of congress, and obviously once at the very top too, and all of us should be alert to it all, and even more, ***call it all out.***

He says in other writings, that they are not a squad, but rather uncompromising rudderless bottom sucking squids, using the willing fools in the media and their hometowns to spew out their dividing hateful ignorant at times spiteful rhetoric to reach uneducated easily manipulated good American people.

But far more important than the negative verbiage of those unwise fools, are his peace bearing hopeful ideas starting with Russia, and then moving on nation by nation, bringing them all into the peaceful fold, before he says, it will be too late.

That's it, plain and simple! It's like he's screaming to us all, that this needs to happen in order for the world's chances to carry on and survive in these very dangerous times.

And what if his ideas and fear for the future are not heeded, then what? These are fair and worthwhile questions we all should ask ourselves, well, at least that's how I feel.

*Again, Pardon My Polite Interruption*

# **‘In A Blink of an Eye’ 2050**

**(The Answer to Why was Iran so Angry-2026)**

Was it Iran who first used terrorizing suitcase nuclear weapons carried in via the wide open INTENTIONALLY unguarded borders of the southern region states of America, and then dozens of timer devised mini-explosive hi-altitude drone flying EMP's that attacked and thoroughly devastated America? And needing to repeat myself again from previous other warnings I spoke of 'In A Blink of an Eye' chapters, Israel and Russia will suffer the same catastrophic fate, YES, you read that right! And what ensued after all these multiple various attacks, were very clever staged orchestrated FALSE FLAGS meant to cause massive untold chaos, fear off the chart, and the likes that all three countries leaders, their intelligence organizations, plus the militaries, and hundreds of millions of the three countries inhabitants never imagined they'd be living in!

**I send this Warning to America now, You Have  
FEMALE TROJAN HORSES in your Houses,  
So With No Hesitation, You Must ACT!**

Fact being, it was many Iran's mullahs who constantly stoked the fires of Hamas in the Gaza strip and Hezbollah in the northern border region of Lebanon and Israel. So as how all this was playing tragically out, how did China and other nuclear holding countries sharpen their knives and feel, prepare, and react?

And here me out, beginning in those times of the early months of 2024, leading all the way to the end of December and into early February of 2025, I collected, then checked and double checked deep backdoor unbeknownst **unguarded intel holes** that I was plugged into via Stacker technology, of a genius but very angry Hacker. In this portal of time, I sit in 2050, I look back and remember how I pushed this genius Hacker to lawyer up and become the most important whistle blower in American History, and I say that with no equivocation, , but he was scared to death and said he'd never do such a thing.

Let me say that this Hacker became so enraged about what he heard Obla bla bla for years directing his two evil female minions to do, and from his difficult trails he left for me to try following him, I inwardly totally felt his anger, but it was to no avail for me to speak with him because he set up our communication for only one way, leaving me with no way of asking anything and thus, never getting any response back.

From it all, it was made clear to me the possible prospects of a total major grand theft set up by rogue workers operating deep down inside hidden bunkers of the enrichment Uranium development Iranian program. But I couldn't put all the pieces together in the first few years when the 2015 horrible deal was getting its feet off the ground, yet over many years that followed, the evil maniacal insane plans lay right at the feet of X-44.

What was truly going on? Why was Obla bla bla so revengeful and spiteful towards America? How did these INSIDE MONEY FOR DEATH WORKING THIEVES get in the interior nuclear chamber locations they were in? Who were the true guilty antagonists who made Iran the first CULPRITS that the entire world would look at? Or was Iran with X-44 DOING A 'DOUBLE-DOUBLE CROSS SET UP' to fully cover their own DECEIT and TRACKS to fool the world? This possible 'DOUBLE-DOUBLE CROSS' was an amazing labyrinth of a plan that would make Iran look like they were innocent, but that fact was more than far from the truth.

What will happen to Iran will SHOCK the world, and all Arab Muslim joining states will look for true spiritual and mental guiding leadership to bring the burning emotional fires of the world to some eventual calm and much needed peace.

In fact though, major peace negotiations must happen before all the above happens. These world changing events are beyond serious and unless cooler heads prevail all over the planet before the start of the new year of 2025, and pass the sixth month of said year, then ***God Help Us All!***

There absolutely needs to be a nation-by-nation fully declared and written binding multi-bilateral document that states 'THAT ALL, presently known and hidden IRANIAN NUCLEAR URANIUM PRODUCTION SITES be shown and declared available for full inspection, and afterward totally unequivocal monitoring capabilities be set up after, PERIOD.

My '***Blink of An Eye***' 2050 passed times experiences and your upcoming future world are still beyond very real visions for all to perceive. Look deep into the political ladder that step by step got America so close to what I'm warning as best I can to be alert to.

Look closely at particular Obla bla bla administrative obvious bad actors, from those closest to him in the working parameters of the ***oval awful office***, to the snake heads on top leadership positions of the FBI, CIA, DIA, DOJ, and all the other alphabet soup corrupted gov' agencies. And look close to those that are the supposed key negotiators with Iran, and repeating myself again, don't drop the ball on Obla Bla Bla's *two female vipers left behind in Washington D.C.* years after his time in office was way behind him. Nuff Said other than they were there to carry out EVIL DEEDS, and evil and brainwashing they did! Now, Nuff Said on that.

All these aforementioned and other EVIL bastards that had absolutely no allegiance to all that is GOOD and RIGHTEOUS about America, will be eventually exposed and dealt with as harshly as needed before the first ending quarter of 2026, so help me God.

In that I can't help myself, I have to repeat myself again, and again as often as necessary, for this needs to be clearly understood and said up front and sincerely before it is too late, that a much more clear and precise Iran nuclear inspection and overall complete nuclear deal must absolutely be re-written by 2021. There sunset so-called clause will run out by 2025, and that will allow them to move quickly forward to producing nuclear weapons.

For the facts that one day will clearly bare out, X-44, (mark my words), he will be known to be the ultimate disgraced X-president, for he along with John Kerry led America in 2015 into a very poorly negotiated nuclear treaty that eventually turned deadly for hundreds of millions of worldwide inhabitants. And what begot in three countries, spread throughout the globe, bringing greater nuclear retaliation events that engulfed the world, leaving nuclear fall out to spread without pause.

All these edicts will be found out in total by the end of 2025, for these two men's complete and sheer incompetence, or worse, being that of intentional activities of TRAITOROUS and or TREASONOUS ACTIONS.

The terms need to be as realistically straight forward as any country involved in negotiations should logically understand them absolutely needing to be. I know one thing for certain, the clock is ticking and by early 2025, we will be right on the cusp of the stop gap point and all bets are off for a resolution, and thus my visions of no later than the end of the third quarter of 2025 will come nearer to fruition. So that being that in the nature of a 'Blink of an Eye', I sincerely ask for God To Help Us All!

Without mincing words, for the sake of a long-lasting nuclear and all other treaty peace plan with Iran, there needs to be complete verifiable on-site inspections WITHOUT NOTICE, of all bunkers (hidden and known), of the Uranium and other mass weapon research and testing going on, so that all NEGOTIATING parties will feel a true trust worthy plan is in total effect.

And without pause, A 24-hour double over-ride monitoring system should be set up also starting immediately in the year 2018, in late February. THIS IS A MUST, or God Help YOU all in the Armageddon future that will be starting in 2025.

I write to warn all who pay attention, so as to wake up and demand Iran is STOPPED from manufacturing any ALL types of materials needed to make any size, large or small stationary or air-born nuclear weapon. IT IS all going to happen 'In a Blink of an Eye' before you know it! FACT<>FACT<>FACT

I can only sincerely hope these sound and realistic peace keeping ideas are understood to avoid the visions I saw coming and WARN OF, and again, they really ??? happen.

Iran was the head of the snake that fed it's proxy evil warriors who chanted 'Death to the Jews and Death to America'. But America had traitors within its government houses but were given free reign and even helped by the criminal aiding main stream media. . . What will the future truly bring? I will only humbly say this, follow the old expression of "YOU GET WHAT YOU DESERVE", and then look closely at past and present leaders, and think clearly about what they are doing to the country.

Nuff Said, other than God Help Us!

**Be Forewarned again America,  
You have TROJAN HORSES  
In your TWO HOUSES**

**Lets get back about Iran, and be honest and face Facts**

**So why was Iran so angry and mistrusting of the USA**, is the question to the heart of the long boiling over serious matter. Let's start out with it all stemmed from the deep seeded hatred going back many decades from when the Shah of Iran in a 1953 Coup d'état was put back in charge of Iran by the CIA, and years later The Shah became the first Muslim to personally recognize the State of Israel.

The mullahs in charge at the time of the devastating attacks never forgot the history of the 1953 Coup', and for many decades despised what was done to their country, and for years the old and new mullahs held onto their deep seeded revengeful thoughts.

All the powers of the Shah ended when he and his secret police were overthrown by the rise of resistance of the people when Ayatollah Khomeini returned to Iran after his years of forced exile. This all happened in early January of 1979, and thus began a long but patient wait by the strong-willed mullahs to one day think to seek their deadly vengeance onto Western Civilization and any and all sworn enemies.

So here's where it all gets dirty, tricky and very nefarious. Let us begin with this, make no mistake the man in the White House in 2015 gave Iran everything they wanted during the nuclear negotiations and even more with some insane back door deals and a last-minute super-sized gift of flying massive government cargo planes secretly into Iran and giving them one-hundred and fifty-billion dollars in cash, THAT'S BILLIONS IN CASH-MONEY!

Just take in and think about that fact alone, being that it was illegally done by president X-44, and after that huge gift, there was just a whimper of words spoken from the corrupt main stream scumbag disgusting media. Shame on you Wolfe chicken shit Blitzer, SHAME.

Now please respect and hear this fact and point being, and that is, that HUGE GIFT NEVER EVER should have been allowed to happen, BUT IT DID!

Only finally through some deep excellent investigative journalism started from various provided whistle blowing leaks, plus some interesting super technological state of the art tapping's gathered continually years earlier, will 'THE TRUTH' behind all of those White House (Obla blab la) X-44 treasonous back story activities with Iran, be righteously exposed.

These people in X's administration and he too will all be looked at one day as Traitors! The two closest women in his group will have Treason, blood, and worse acts on their hands, and it will not go eventually unnoticed. In this time of 2018, it would be years before this will happen, but it will all come out how the principle treasonous leader's behavior was operating since very early on in 2010, as he got comfortable and arrogant with his growing presidential powers. And his media assisted covered up criminal political espionage activities of illegally jailing some of his adversaries, will too be totally exposed by early 2026, but the nuclear fallout held back serious needed investigations.

Be aware of Executive Order (EO) 13818

His beyond the pale of gift after gift to Iran to financially prop them up and give them a future ability to be a military nuclear power, will come out one day, and there will be many other very serious wicked immoral wrongful treasonous acts spelled out in his military tribunal trial held 90 miles off the coast of Florida, starting in late 2026.

And there will be others on trial from his White House inner circle, who themselves were well deserved of what was coming for their treasonous involvement and acts too.

**Why was Iran So Angry?**

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**‘In A Blink of An Eye’  
2050**

Please Scroll Down



## **‘The Night Sky, Cover of Darkness’ - May 5, 1996**

*Stealth is just arriving at O’Dool’s home around 8:45 PM and the night skies are just getting dark but not quite enough for the two buddies to begin their first night of planting. The big event of every beginning seasonal New Year is always exciting and nerve wracking, but it all starts beforehand with a lot of preparation put into making sure the action is as safe and successful as can be.*

*As soon as he gets out of the Bronco the dogs come running out from the barn and pounce on him and he’s immediately wrestling with them on the ground. He still thinks about and misses his dog Ben, that for many wonderful years was like his son but now all his friends’ dog’s give him a smile and laugh and make him feel good.*

*As usual after a couple of fun and playful minutes, O’Dool calls his dog’s off and then helps wipe his buddies back off of all the dry dirt and dust he had just been rolling in.*

“Thanks partner. The dogs had me that round again, especially the mother. She always uses those paws man, I mean she knows how to jump on my chest with some force and knock my air out. What’s she been doing, watching the WWF? I mean that Momma has really got some kick-ass moves!”

Both friends have a quick laugh along with feel good reaction smiles.

“She really is intelligent but I think if she really wanted to play rough and dirty, she would have gone right for your open throat.”

“I believe it. A true killer always goes for that area.”

Stealth doesn’t use that thought at all lightly, with TB always somewhere in his mind’s clear thoughts. He reaches down to give the dogs both a friendly stroking on the back of each of their heads and tells them what good dogs they are. They respond immediately with loving wet and sloppy tongue licking to his hand.

“They love ya but its game time now so let’s load up all the gear. We’ll pick up the babies from our man and then move out from there.” O’Dool practically whispering now.

“Sounds good. I brought a pile of chopped up deboned bar-b-que chicken and other treats along with our usual half frozen canteens of water that’ll melt during the long night.”

“Good, thanks. It’s always been nice to have something to give us that needed recharge.”

“Ain’t no lie about that. Hey, so I’ve gone over my Bronco today already but let’s take a few minutes and check it out again.” Then out of the blue Stealth starts laughing.

“What’s so funny dude?”

“I just had a memory flashback to last year when those mini-miner helmet lights we experimented with didn’t work out the way we thought they would.”

“Oh man, how could we forget that debacle.” O’Dool smiling and shaking his head.

“Those wrapped around forehead lights ended up going in the directions our heads were going, which was usually up and down.”

“Bro, I just can’t believe we didn’t see that one coming. A total freakin’ train wreck.”

“No doubt, but we caught on quick and killed that clumsy idea.” Stealth replied.

“Those beams looked like they were lighting up the night sky more than helping us work seeing the ground we were digging to put our baby’s in.”

That flashback from last year was something else, but it was now time to get serious, so they proceeded to do the safety checks that Stealth always has tucked away in his mind. After the Bronco’s inspection they just waited for the night skies to give them that all important cover of darkness they needed.

It was now forty minutes into having everything in the Bronco loaded up, including the picked-up babies from their plant doctor specialist. After that important task, they’re on

their way traveling to the drop off point for the night's first corn field chosen to put the baby plants in.

The gravel dirt pitted roads were okay at best, being that they were hard, stoney and bumpy due to the constant pounding they took from all the heavy farm machinery that traveled on them. Any decent car that road over those roads enough times would eventually be nothing but a rattling, dusty and sure to have a shortened life span expectancy.

The first field was in sight but as they approached it there was a barking dog coming from outside somewhere near the distant farmer's house and too many lights were still on in it. The partners both agreed to abort the mission on this field for right now and travel to the second alternative for the first planting. The theme like always was no unnecessary forced mistakes or moves and just be patient, that being the key.

As they drove to the second alternative field, the approach looked really good on this one. They had night scouted the area a few times to be sure because picking a field for the summer planting was something they did with important stringent tests that had to pass before the final decision was made to plant in it.

"Things are looking promising so far O'Dool."

"Yeah, I agree. No barking or loose dogs and the houses all around here are all dark except a few barn lights. Everything looks quiet and there's no trucks or cars traveling in either direction too."

"Just like we noticed a week ago, so this field's good to go." Stealth speaking quietly.

"Our notes said this one had the perfect hidden drop off point to unload the water, the babies and all the gear, so it's good to go, but like always, let's keep our eyes peeled."

"Ten Four all night on that partner. So listen, I think we should be able to run the truck to a brakeless stop and empty everything in less than a minute and a half, just like we've always practiced." Stealth had a ring in his voice of calm and confidence.

*After his words he thought to himself that all he had to do was just turn south at the next farm cornfield intersection and then give the truck a good quick pump of gas so he could coast in neutral the next quarter of a mile and come to a rolling smooth stop. From years of experience, the guy's new that it was best to reduce the break-lights from popping on and off in the middle of those farm roads because the action always opened up the possibilities of someone possibly seeing the unusual repetitive break-light activity.*

*He took his responsibility very seriously and before the boy's new it, the drop off was executed with perfect precision and the next plan was now in gear for Stealth to go ditch the car in a pre-selected cover of darkness hiding place.*

***TO BE CONTINUED***

***Please Scroll Down***

## **‘Justice Will Be Served’**

**April, 1985**

How do you tell a story that is so disturbing and just outright bad to the core and leaves you with such sadness, which doesn't want to stop? That's what I'm experiencing but I want to do my best to explain what's going on with these reflections. The problem is I'm just sitting here shaking my head back and forth and realizing how painful this is, but there's no other way to do this, meaning I'm going to need to open up and just give this to you with every bit of raw emotion and feeling that comes to me how it all went down.

It was April 1985 and I was just entering into the old house I rented from my brother, and my two loving children were happy as usual to see me. I'd been gone all morning and my kids were all over me. Benji was jumping up at me using his front paws to connect with my lower thighs, half barking and half yelping, but to me I understood his dog language, saying to me, *'Where ya been dad?'* And then there was Muffin, the cat of all cats, purring and trying to rub back and forth on my lower leg area. She was really trying but her younger brother was jumping as usual so out of control that he was accidentally sprinkling a little bit of his pee-pee on my legs, and her back.

Well me and Muffin were both saying, like *'CUT IT OUT BEN!'*, but he couldn't help himself that day, or most every day for that matter.

So I quickly gave him a few easy pats on the head and a few *'I love You's'*, then went over and picked Muffin up, then I headed slowly backwards out the side open door I just came in and headed for the backyard. We were all there in twenty easy steps, and then I released Muffin from my clutches and both of them were again at my lower leg begging for attention. I'm all for that, but I wanted them to go off and take care of their bathroom business, so after reaching down and lovingly petting both of them, I then ran off and went a short distance scurrying around all the small, medium and large trees growing throughout this great woodsy backyard.

This move which I've done so many times before, was so they'd get the hint and start running off and go and do their own thing, and as usual it worked. Ben began doing his

business on every tree in sight and Muffin took off into the woods to go hunting like she did from the very first day she joined our family after we adopted her as a tiny kitten from a shelter. That was just the kind of cat she grew up to be, a pure happy hunting and serious family member that would usually come to me when I called her, and as cat lovers might tell you, that's not a very normal thing for a cat to do.

Maybe a couple of minutes outside with the kids passed by when I heard my house phone ring a couple of times, so I ran inside to catch it. Ben as usual started to follow but I told him, *'It's okay boy, stay, , stay'* and he knew my voice and simple word commands well, so he stopped, gave me his head nod and that special animal to human look of *'Gotcha dad'*, and then turned around and went looking for his sister to hang out with. I then moved quickly and caught the phone just before the answering machine was about to engage. I knew the voice;

"Good, I caught you David. Listen, this is an emergency, but you know protocol, so we can't talk here."

"Give me fifteen minutes because the traffic is bad this time of day and it's going to slow me down,"

"I know, I remember,"

"And T, remember to catch me at today's coded scheduled payphone. I'll be there waiting for your call."

"I got the index code card in my hand right now. Talk to you soon. Thanks man, , bye."

That was TB calling and I don't think in our first twelve years of life spent with action and true times of some crazy shared events, he ever once used the word EMERGENCY.

I reacted calmly and kept myself cool but I was down deep freaked and wondering what's going on. I had to move fast now to get to the designated payphone but I first had to round up my kids. Ben would be no problem, I'd just scream out *'CAR'* and he'd be up and at it, and then waiting for me in it.

I made the quick decision to take him with me to save time and avoid hurting his feelings by locking him back up so soon after I just arrived.

Muffin was another story, but that was an easy no brainer also. She being a typical cat, meaning independent and always going her own way, I quickly decided to just leave her be, so she could enjoy doing some hunting and whatever she pleased.

Things were happening so fast though, I don't remember shutting and locking the side door but it didn't matter at that moment, for there was more pressing caring feelings rushing through my mind to take care of. EMERGENCY, , the word never used before!

Ben was sitting all proud and happy in the front seat, and he got there by jumping right through the driver's open-door window of my new car.

He dug sitting anywhere in the front seats but I preferred him to hang out in the back area for safety reasons, especially today because I seemed to have grown a heavy foot on my new sports car ride and that vehicle and me were still in a learning curve with all the power it was capable of.

We got to the destination quick enough and the first thing I did was put Ben's leash on, then we walked to the front area of the local 7-11 where the payphone was just fifteen feet from the front door. The local big High School was across the street and usually there were a lot of kids milling around and using the phone, but today it wasn't being tied up, thankfully. I then grabbed the phone off its holder and listened for a dial tone to make sure it was in working order, and it was, so I then put the phone back on the jack and just waited for the call. Not more than three minutes passed and it rang, so I picked up the phone on the start of the second ring. 'Stoney,' the voice says, and then I quickly gave him today's code, so he would know immediately it wasn't some stranger walking by and just picking up the phone. After that, TB began.

"Somethin' bad happened in Tennessee to Fitz and Shirley. There seems to be nothin' physically wrong, but it's in a way a situation much worse than that."

I'm clearly hearing my dear friend but I don't have a clue to what he's talking about. I'm just letting him do the talking and I'll know when it's time for me to speak.

By the cracking emotional sounds coming out of his voice, I quickly picked up something was seriously wrong though.

“I know this is all rather sudden what I’m goin’ to ask ya, but can I fly up in twenty-four hours and pick ya up? I know you have to find a baby sitter for the kids, plus figure out what excuse to give your parents cause we’re goin’ to need you for at least three or four days on this situation,”

“DONE, all of it. Call and give me the instant quick signal at my house phone tomorrow fifteen minutes before you leave your Kentucky runway. We’ll figure your arrival time using the usual flying point from that start of your wheels up, and after that I’ll be waiting for you at the Wixom strip.”

“David, I’ll explain everything once I’ve landed.”

“I know man, , you know I’m with ya T, always.”

“Thank you, , seriously, thank you.” T’s voice was slightly weak and sad just then, and that picked up sad vibe made me feel almost instantly the same, but I had to show strength and stay collected.

“Hey man, do me a favor, try and get as much sleep tonight as you can, because it sounds like you really need it.”

“As always David you’re readin’ my health’s situation cause I am really exhausted, and also very angry.”

“Listen to me, , please T, whatever’s going on we’ll figure it out together, I promise you that, okay? But I can feel it, you seriously need to get some sleep, yeah-no really, as much as you can, because you need to keep your mental strength up, so do your best of what I’m asking, please.”

“YES, you’re right and I swear I’m hearin’ ya loud and clear and I’m gonna take your advice. Hey David, again, thank you.”

“It’s okay man, we’re solid and a team, always – always having each other’s backs.”

“I know,”

“Ok, so I’ll be waiting for your quick call tomorrow at the house, and you’ll confirm in basic Bible code what time wheels up.”



“Exactly.”

“Alright, we’re rolling now T, so please man start recharging all you can to get your strength back, because that’s the key right now for yourself.”

After that TB thanked me again but I could hear and feel a sad emotion coming out of him. There was nothing more I could do or say, so we then said our goodbyes but now my mind was racing out of control. I’m just totally without a clue of what’s going on but in twenty-four hours or so I would know everything.

From that point on I had a lot of hurried work ahead of things ready so I could leave. I began quickly getting things in gear the minute I got back home. I called up my most trusted young glass cutting employee I had and asked him if he wouldn’t mind sleeping over starting tomorrow night.

He’d been helping me around the house for a few years and knew and got along really well with my kids, plus this would be a good change of pace for him to have a few day of some freedom because he still was living with his parents. He had done this baby sitting before, but not on such short notice.

The next issue was my parents. I’m a big boy, a grown adult but I always was respectful and did the right thing, meaning not just disappear without letting anyone know where the heck I’m going to be. Well anyway, I eventually while packing a small suitcase of stuff figured out some lame but close to the truth excuse for me needing to go away for three or four days. Like always I contacted my dad first because he was much easier and accepting of my spontaneous occasional all of a sudden quick out of town exits, and then he’d do a good job of handling my forever worrying mother. The key for me and my dad was, I always ended all my chats with him by saying, *‘I’ll stay in touch’*.

The morning before leaving I called my mom and she already had heard about my going away deal like I had hoped, and so now it was easier for me to say hello, goodbye and I’ll keep in touch. Thinking back over all the years I used the phrase *‘I’ll keep in touch’*, I think somebody should write a song using those words because they might make a good relatable title for millions of people around the world. Hey, maybe, just sayin.

The truth though was, I'd disciplined my mind to get past the untruths I'd been telling my parents for many years, and just internally believed the white lies in the scheme of things were always necessary when working close with TB and the Israeli boys. What can I honestly say, the little white lies just seemed to always over the years work for me, so that being that, Nuff Said.

Well anyway, this turned out to be just about the slowest twenty-four hours I can ever remember. TB had called just like we planned, giving me my heads up he's on his way and I waited the right number of hours after his call before taking off for the mini airport we'd been meeting at for years.

One thing though during our quick call, was he asked me to slightly change the plan, and the change was he asked me if I could bring Benji. I heard him clearly yet I didn't understand why at the time, but if my friend asks me to do such an easy request, for sure like always I'd gladly do it.

And because Ben has flown with us down to Kentucky before and enjoyed himself fairly well in the little plane, well now he was about to begin and have himself another doggy good time adventure.

The kids baby sitter, Dan, arrived and a combination of me and my suitcase and him walking in the door with his little overnight bag, well animals are smarter than maybe we give them enough credit for, so simply put, they knew I was going to be disappearing again for a while from lots of experiences they had from the past. But then when I told Ben to go get in the car, I swear I saw him literally put on a smiley face, seriously, and then he dashed out of the house heading straight for the car with the window intentionally in the down position waiting for his perfect zoned in big leap.

Fast forward in time with me now, and I see TB coming in for his landing. He wasn't flying one of those short landing bush planes but he was skilled enough to be able to land on any short kind of runway. Even before Viet Nam he started out at thirteen as the cleaning boy, plus shop mechanic in training, and include the all-around kid handy man at a helicopter and plane repair shop. This combo flying outfit was located in two places within five miles of Fitzzy's family's home where he lived with them.

At those business's he began to seriously learn multiple repair and flying skills, and out of it all, he really became an excellent aviator up in the sky's and being free as a flying Eagle. Finished piloting his plane way off to the side, T then shut it down and made all the securing actions necessary, then we greeted each other with smiles and handshakes, then did our easy arm slaps and a quick glancing over each other. Usually, my buddy looks fit and good to go, but today from what I could see on my first glance, he appeared a bit haggard and even sadder than the vibe I picked up yesterday on the phone. But as soon as we finished our good to see you greetings like we've always done for years, he got down at ground eye level and had a serious moment of loving face time with Benji.

After nearly twenty full seconds of the two of them lovingly touching base eye to eye, TB got back up and said to me, *'I'm so glad to see ya and I really needed to look into Ben's lovin' eyes and interact with em, but now I want to talk with ya, but I just don't know how to explain all that's been goin' on, I really don't!'*

Again, his pain was becoming my pain, but I fought from any of it showing on myself.

I understood his deep love for Ben ever since they met nine years earlier, and it seemed whenever TB had a lot of stress, he was noticeably better when Benji was around him. And it was right then that I realized why he wanted me to bring the little guy with me, but I would come to find out a little later while we were flying, that he wasn't just thinking of himself when he asked me to bring Ben along.

And what I mean by that is, he also had in mind Cousin Fitz and Shirley because they both had shared some fun and loving time also with Ben on many of our other trips down, and the big guy sensed Ben's presence would be a nice positive happening for whatever was going on that I hadn't yet found out about.

I could see my TB hadn't really gotten much sleep like I hoped he would, so I coaxed him to take a breather to recharge before we took off on another long flying leg for him to make again.

I brought with me two small ice chests packed with ten cans of Vernors, TB's favorite Michigan homemade thirst-quenching pop, plus I brought along a few fresh bags of his favorite cookies, and mine too, Oreo's.

So with those goodies I was able to persuade him to go with me off to the far side of the runway and sit down under some shade trees and rest up and enjoy a little snack. He was totally okay with my idea so we went over and were standing in a well shaded area of large trees that led into a thick forest. There were lots of logs laying around, so we quickly set up two small ones across from each other and made seats out of them.

I know TB well and he would have preferred for us to just jump into his plane and get back in the air, but I wanted him to stretch his big long legs and get some fresh air and just walk around, plus take a probably needed whiz and most of all get his blood circulating throughout his body again before we flew off. I also figured he'd be more relaxed after this bit of ground body stretching and moving around and then he'd be in a better mind set to sit down and explain to me everything that's going on.

I've been flying with him enough to know that I prefer him to be focused on his flying and he completely felt the same way plus the fact was, TB was upset, so talking face to face at ground level was really the logical and safest thing for us now to do.

I was able to lighten the mood for him when I suggested he take a walk and act like our shared son Ben, and pee on as many trees as he can. He half grinned, smiled and I even got a quick real chuckle out of him, and that was what both of us needed. He thanked me for my wacky bit of humor, then went on his way taking all of my advice, from the fresh air gathering to the blood circulating short but important walk he needed, and then doing what Ben does on any tree near him when mother nature calls, and that move made much needed room for his big quenching thirst for those Vernors I mentioned I brought along. While he did all his business, I situated the logs just right for our seating arrangements and put one of the small ice chests right in front of his log.

My buddy could finish off one tasty Vernors in less than a minute, and then a quick burping round come over him, and then gear up for another shot of delicious goodness. During all the goings on, Ben hung out tight by my side or T's and I could tell he was pumped up because he knew he was going to be up in the air with us flying again. When T came back after doing his business and leg stretching, he knew me well and understood how I felt about the importance of giving the mind and body a chance to recharge, and letting that gift of life, our Blood, get its needed constant important flow going after being

jammed up in my friend's body, after sitting in his small cockpit area. Now in front of him, just like clockwork, he reached down and took out two Vernors and enjoyed them to the max.

The fact though was, we were meeting up for some serious reason and I was more than ready to get down to business and find out what this situation, or to be more exact, what this emergency is all about. We'll pick up there.

"Okay T, it's time to talk."

"Yeah, you're right."

We were comfortably away from the whole world and what he began to tell me started making me feel gut wrenched sick inside and then at the same time as that, my anger started stirring up and all of that went down in the first thirty seconds.

T told me Cousin Fitz and sweet loving Shirley went to have a weekend visit with both their divorced parents who lived in the back rural areas of Tennessee. Everything went well, but on their way out of that little one Road Town, they came across a group of six red neck hillbilly bullies, with two of these guys being no strangers to them, dating all the way back to their junior and high school days starting in 1961.

TB tells me that the specific two scumbags were always the bullying type wherever they hung out & all through the high school years bullied and picked on Fitz in the worst way. Cousin Fitz was ashamed to say anything to TB about what was going on in his first two years of school but when he finally opened up about what was happening, the big guy made his move, hunting down those two guys and then he began snapping their arms like dried out sun scorched chicken bones and then pummeled their entire bodies, breaking ribs, jaw bones and knocking out multiple teeth on both of them.

When it was over, all their facial pain and broken body parts would take a long time to heal, but the big guy didn't have any sympathy or regrets in any form, whatsoever.

Yes, he got in some real serious Juvenile legal trouble, but for him it was worth every minute of the payback beat down he gave those two low life punks.

It was only by accident after our second year of knowing each other that I learned all that information from Fitz and Freddy, and hearing about what my close friend did to them didn't shock or disturb me one damn bit, yeah-no really, not one bit at all. And what made me love Big Freddy even more, was he went along with TB to back him up, but the big guy told him to just watch and don't worry, everything would be fine.

And now TB is telling me these six animals grabbed Shirley and Fitz as they were leaving the small out of the way back roads little general store, throwing them into the rear end of a white delivery van and then took off with them on a real wild ride out of the area and all around the county and crossing through other locals.

They eventually ended up in some totally out of the way back woods hidden hide out cabin where these six-low lives proceeded to brutalize, humiliate and sexual abuse both of them and two days later dumped them off on some dead-end road far from the scene of the kidnapping.

"Fitzzy barely could talk to me David. He's a mess, , and I, , I've never seen em like this in my life, , and all he kept askin' for was you. As soon as I found out what happened to them, I, , I felt so sad, then sick to my stomach and then kind of felt like I was totally losin' control of myself, with blindin' rage comin' over me and goin' to pieces inside."

TB paused right there and started gently petting Ben, then went on.

"I've never felt so crazed in my mind like this before, and my poor cousin feels so ashamed about all that happened. . . This is just killin' me David, and one of the problems from all of this, is he's havin' trouble lookin' me in the eyes, but I swear I can feel all his pain. . . And, , and of all the people I know in life, you understand exactly what I'm sayin' bout' feelin' his emotions."

TB was so distraught and in such deep unstoppable personal pain, it was almost driving him to the point of letting completely go and crying as he unleashed his heartfelt sad feelings. I could only nod my head, acknowledging I understood everything he was telling me, but I couldn't even imagine his pain and anguish because he loved his cousin so-so much.

All I could do was continue to listen as he explained everything to me, but as he did, he could now see how angry and upset I was becoming, just like what happened to him.

He went on.

“Everybody is flyin’ in, I mean everybody. I need you to come up with one of your finest stealth plans so we can capture these pricks, and then I’m goin’ to need you to step back David, , you hear me, and I really mean that cause this is deeply personal for me, , and, , and I don’t want your hands gettin’ dirty on this one from what’s gonna go down.”

Yeah, I’ll work up a plan alright, is what I immediately definitely thought. My quick gut reaction to help seemed to have flashed throughout my entire being, because of what I just heard made me have no kind of reservations whatsoever to get deeply involved.

The love and devotion that TB had for Cousin Fitz and Shirley was pouring out of the big guy, and now this became quickly personal for me too. I was feeling so sad for Fitz and Shirley and I have to include TB too, but I’ve got his back and these low life’s have done an evil deed, but rest assure their payback is coming.

“David, I want you to come up with a full-on stealth capture operation, and they’ll be no expenses spared. You decide how it’s all gonna go down and what we need to get the job taken care of, and I mean it, whatever you say and need, it’s done!”

Right there the big guy paused, but I could tell by no means he was done, and I was right.

“I know how you use the moon phases for my pentagon and private contract work, so have at it like always. Whatever your plan is to safely without a trace capture these guys, it’s all your call. I want everything you’ve got in that operational tactical mind of yours to run this entire OP.”

During those last serious words of what T was explaining he wanted from me, he delivered his thoughts very slowly, and during it all we were making strong eye contact and I was nodding my head slowly in agreement, slightly up and down. He had a little more to let out.

“Fitz kept askin’ for ya D. He kept sayin’ to me when can I contact ya, when can ya possibly be here, , when can he see ya. You know me man, I can handle any kind of shit, but, , but this was killin’ me David, just breakin’ my heart down like I never experienced.

I almost had to go outside and puke, but I had to stay cool, just like your dad always taught you to be whenever you got bent out of sorts at times. Yeah-No, your father’s words of wisdom in those moments really rang in my mind and helped me. Stay cool son, ok, , just remember -- **stay cool.**”

At that moment, I was looking in the eyes of a very angry human being but we were very tightly bound together friends and I knew it was now time for me to step in and try and speak some unarming thoughts.

I knew the big guy would do as I asked of him, which was first do our breathing exercises & then dig deep inside himself and slow down his anger filled emotions, & then listen to me like he always did since we first met. My calming thoughts I spoke slowly worked, and then soon after TB filled me in with some other recent details but in a much more at ease mental fashion. Now again it was my turn to listen carefully to my friend.

“Fitz’s words to me were as painful as any could be but I sat there with em and tried to be like a rock, and at the same time assurin’ em that I’m gonna fly up to Michigan and get ya as soon as possible.” He took a quick pause, then came back and opened up more.

“The truth is, I wasn’t feelin’ like a rock at all, cause I just wanted to get out of that room and get in touch with ya as soon as I could. So I told Fitz I’m headin’ out to a pay phone right now to call you up and make plans to get ya. When I came back after talkin’ to you yesterday and told em I’m flyin’ out early tomorrow to go pick ya up, well after he heard me say that, he thanked me and finally made a little eye contact with me at that moment. So Help Me God, I needed that so bad, cause it helped me so much.” My good friend paused again, then,

“David, I’m gonna tell ya somethin’, right then when he was speakin’ to me, I could see and feel he was doin’ every~thing he could not to breakdown and cry, , and the damn same for me too. I’m, , I’m telling ya, , I, , sorry man, I’m sorry, , ,”



“I’m with ya T, , I got your back.”

*I’d never heard or seen my friend so distraught like this in all our times, and I was worried about him in many different ways. I told him repeatedly that I’m there for him, and he knew that and thanked me several times.*

*But my close friend is a very tough guy, and he was going to put his loved one’s way before taking care of himself, that I knew for a fact.*

*I also knew one thing we shared for sure, and that was everything was going to be done to help heal Fitz and Shirley, no matter how much time it would take.*

*But there was also the other serious matter to T, regarding myself getting fully engaged to help him with his personal request for a full-on capture take down plan. This was a big-time future REVENGE Op, and in the back of my mind I was feeling a little concerned what he was going to do after my work was done.*

*Actually, I was a little more  
than concerned!*

~ ~ ~

**TO BE CONTINUED**

## **‘Thickness of the Forest’ - June 9, 1996**

### **The Night Golf Game continues**

Stealth pulls away from the drop off point and travels very slowly about a quarter of a mile up the rough road to a pre-selected vehicle drive-in spot where he has to carefully back the truck up and into a sparse opening of thinly wooded trees. The back in maneuver was something he'd been practicing and doing since his long-ago days in Mexico with TB. It was done because if an emergency came up, the truck was already in a quick front wheels exit mode position, and the need for speed might be the crucial difference of a successful getaway.

This spot was tested on two different occasions by the guys to make sure of its thoroughness to hide the truck and carefully exit without too much difficulty at the end of the long and exhausting night of planting. Just like in the practice runs, this real ditching move went without a hitch and once he left the truck and got to the gravel pitted road, he couldn't see it and he wasn't more than thirty feet from it.

During their practice night time runs, they tested multiple times to see if a car with it's night lights on could possibly see anything dark off to the side in the thin wood's. They found out even if a car was crawling down the road and someone was looking for something that might be suspicious off to both sides, that person wouldn't be able to see this particular spot with Stealth's truck stashed away in it.

The Broncos dark blue paint and the thickness of the forest combined to make the perfect camouflaged hiding spot. For the boys, it was all about preparing, practicing, and then executing.

Stealth skillfully wound his way through the thick woods along the side of the road to the drop off spot where O'Dool was full chest flat to the ground waiting for him. Once back together the boys for the next half hour slowly, quietly and carefully in the dark of night moved all the gear, then came back for the water and lastly, the trays with all the baby plants.

The goal here was to locate everything to a specific counted and marked out row somewhere thereabouts in the middle of that corn field, so they then could begin the slow process of putting the babies in the ground. It was an absolute needed strategic mapping move that had to be exactly counted out and made, or they'd never find their own little plants when they returned a week later to check on and water.

The moon was only a quarter full and the sky was filled with a lot of clouds, so their cover was improved from any chances that the moon might give their night time activities away. The action was going along relatively fine, but after many hours in the two massive fields the guys were getting completely exhausted and soaked in their own sweat by the sheer overwhelming physical demands the work called for in order to do it right.

Their blue-jeans and shirts were both sweat drenched and full of dirt and gravel from being on their hands and knees. From all the tense raw and full on hours of crawling nature action, both guys hands were getting really beat and badly knicked up. Their work with the baby plants was too delicate to wear gloves, but the weeds, rocks and dirt that had to be constantly cleared or lifted away took it's toll on their exposed hands skin.

So this was the reality of what they were doing and every night and day even if they weren't working, the after pain was something that they had to get used to and live with.

They started the real ground work at about 10:30 and by the end of the night when they finally returned to the second fields hiding spot to load the truck up of all the empty plant trays, along with the tools and used up water jugs, it was 3:30 in the morning.

After that they quietly exited and safely drove back to O'Dools place and now they were both feeling relieved and content that all the hard physical work for the first night was done.

Both guys could hardly walk, being likd mentioned before, their pants were covered in dirt and sweat plus their boots were feeling like led anchors attached to their feet. Their aching backs and tired knees from all the hours of punishment was definitely taking its toll.

Stealth had the worst of the two because he had to make the long drive home just like he had done so many times before over the years. He was beat down tired but always somehow found that little extra reserve to call up and use for the long dark haul back to his place.

But before the drive even started, inside a special welded hidden compartment of the under-carriage of his truck, he took out a large plastic bag and then walked over to an area behind the barn where a hose was hooked up to a pipe. He completely stripped off every last thing he was wearing, and then turned on the hose and put it over his bent down head.

At first the cold water was a real total shock, but it eventually felt very refreshing and that's exactly what he needed. He then straightened his back up and ran the hose again over his head and let the water cascade down his entire body, front and back.

Actually, his thoughts were that the shock of the cold water really never let up but it felt great anyway. After lastly hosing down his body in every nook and cranny humanly possible, he then turned the hose off and took out a large terry cloth towel from the large plastic bag.

He pretty much in slow achy motion dried himself off and then proceeded to put on some very large and flimsy stretch pants. Then he sat down on the chair that was their for him like on so many other occasions, and slowly and meticulously dried his feet and in between his toes. After that, came the baby powder and lots of it from the ankles on down. That needed essential grooming move taken care of, he then put on a fresh pair of thick custom sox. Just this simple entire foot cleaning and finishing off ritual made him feel incredibly refreshed and almost light on his feet again, , okay, well almost!

After doing all his ritual practice of cleaning himself, he didn't even bother putting on a shirt because his body temperature was still running warm and the layer of material would just hold the heat in. He like many times before would deal with a shirt after he cooled down and once he felt the need for it, he'd pull over and put one on.

And one other important mention again, was he put on those special stretchy thick sox because his feet and ankles were too raw and swollen up now to put his dirt-soaked heavy

boots back on, and truth be told, he was hurting big time but kept moving and dealing with it like always.

He and O'Dool walked back to the Bronco, shook hands, and said good-night after making plans to speak in two days. Stealth was now fully focused and ready to make his journey back home.

This night he put in one of his favorite cassette tapes of Bob Seeger and blasted the volume up because he needed something to keep him alert and pumped up for the next hour of driving. All he could think about was how hard they worked and how much he was looking forward to getting back home and laying in his big bed and just sleeping and resting till his aching body said thank you and eventually slowly recovered.

He as a young boy and all through his life made the mistake of burning both ends of the candle and then being nearly completely drained and needing bed rest to recover and recoup his strength, both mentally and physically. And that being that, the summer time action was just beginning, and the full body beat down was now in full swing.

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Please Scroll Down

# **‘We All Have Different Strengths’**

**April, 1985**

## **Justice will be served--Continued**

The weather and lack of turbulence was good to us flying down to Kentucky but we had to stop once for me because of personal reasons, so while we were on the ground TB topped off his hundred-gallon tank and I took care of my problem and then we stretched our legs.

Practically flawlessly leaping out over my legs was Ben who then made a dash to start sniffing around to finally decide to lift his left leg right smack dab in the middle of T's planes right wheel.

We both caught Ben's action and that gave us a much-needed reason to loosen up and crack smiles. My little buddy's a good flying passenger, but me, well I have to admit sometimes TB's plane makes my head and my stomach get the feeling of I'm on a never-ending death-defying roller-coaster ride and I come out feeling like my stomach and head are totally out of sync, and the nearby barf bag sometimes is my closest friend up in the skies and clouds. All and all with my issue, we made it to T's private home airport base in little less than five plus hours.

Big Freddy a childhood dear friend of TB's and a really good guy I've known since 1974 was there to flight direct us safely in and after he came out of the tower, we all secured the plane together. Then T and Freddy did some technical mechanical run downs and then Freddy and I chatted a bit but did more of that in the truck ride to the compound. Freddy knew Ben almost as long as T, and those two for a joyful twenty-second had a playful eye to eye happy reunion like always, and for sure proving again dogs are truly man's best friend.

Big Freddy was TB's right-hand man with every plane, helicopter and motorcycle and they shared those powerful machines from riding, flying and toying around with them since they were both thirteen years old. I also learned they did a lot of crazy over the top smashing and crashing road vehicles and then tested themselves when they were young

on how well they could mechanically tear apart and then put anything back together. They were wild and had tons of fun and perfectly well suited for working together, and all that beautiful time spent together over the years, created their strong life-long brotherhood kinship. Freddy was even closer with Fitz and Shirley, going all the way back to when they all were kids in Kentucky and now this horrible situation was as much a concern for Big Freddy as you can imagine.

The plan now was to head straight over to the home and small underground laboratory TB built and sporadically shared living and working at over the years with Cousin Fitz and Shirley.

Whenever Freddy and me were together, he always would find time to tell me about TB having the most generous heart and how he was always taking care of him and his family. He also talked about how TB took extra special care of Fitz and Shirley, always making sure the house and the lab had everything they both needed, with never any questions asked. The laboratory was Fitz's baby where some very serious and amazing technological and computer wizardry and other very interesting work and creations came alive. And I got to tell ya too, that TB hung out in that unique lab whenever he wasn't in Michigan, playing in both locations with some of his own whacky spy toy ideas, and always encouraging Fitz to tinker around with some of his own visions of futuristic unbelievable gadgetry.

Freddy, T and me knew that maybe less than a hundred brains in the world were in the league of Fitz as a scientist, calculus and mathematics wizard and pure genius as an inventor and electrical and computer engineer, and the super neat thing from his incredible talents, was Fitz always came to the rescue and made T's and my ideas come frikkin' alive. You can't imagine the satisfaction that gave us, but the most beautiful and best part was our cool constant flowing camaraderie. There's nothing like it, nothing!

Now though the three of us were all preparing to step into an unimaginable sad situation the likes of which none of us has ever dealt with before.

During the long flight down, I made up my mind that I was going to walk into Shirley and Fitz's home and be the best supportive friend possible, and you know I have to say that that night I truly came to realize what a strong supporting dear friend that Big Freddy was for TB.

As we slowly pulled up the long winding hidden driveway, Freddy stopped the vehicle at the draw down bridge security gate and then TB and Big Freddy got out of the truck and had a brief meeting with the two guards on duty. T then walkie talkie communicated with the other two roving perimeter dudes that basically circled and kept a tight eye on protecting the house and underground entrance to Fitz's hidden laboratory like bunker.

These four young men were more than security guards working at some basic front gate post or roving around, no, not even close. To the point, they were four but of many who were a serious part of TB's elaborate International circulating mighty army of specialist, taking serious care of the mini compound this go round. And to be blunt, at times very heavy international game changing private research was going on in the hidden lab, so TB decided a long time ago he wanted his own reliable and well-trained men here guarding Fitz and Shirley, & the entire area. Yeah-no, the big guy wasn't messing around when it came time to watch over and protect with all his might his dear sweet cousin and his wonderful loving wife.

A large fully equipped and stocked good size wooden cabin was constructed in the early 80's and it became an honor for all the guys in TB's group to take their breaks from all the various operations going on in the United States and throughout Central and Latin America, to come and take part in the important security role of guarding and protecting the large private compound T built for Fitz and Shirley.

After the short meeting and security check-in, TB used the gate phone to call the house and let Shirley know we're less than five minutes from all of us walking in the front door.

The moment arrived, and as I entered into the house it felt different from the usual pleasant greetings done by sweet Shirley. She met us but she was far from herself on this night, and I felt her pain and sadness immediately. I gave her a hug, then T and Freddy did the same.



Her eyes were full of sorrow but she did her best to put on as strong a front as she could. As soon as she realized Ben was with us, her face truly lit up and then she bent down to receive and give hugs and kisses to the little buddy. Benji was doing his magic again, and Freddy and T and me broke into a nice feel-good smile as we all saw what just happened with Shirley. After that sweet encounter with Ben, she took my hand and asked the boys to go in the kitchen and help themselves.

T with Freddy's help the day before made sure that the kitchen and pantry were stacked and supplied with everything imaginable, just like two loving brothers would naturally do for their sister. So now as asked, the boys went to the kitchen and then Shirley led me into the bedroom to now be with Fitz, and Ben was with me following along every step of the way.

I will tell anyone who ever has a situation of any kind of sadness of any nature, go be with your friends with the goals of being strong, supportive, protective and a good listener. Always make eye contact and do everything you can to keep a positive vibe going and letting them know everything is going to be alright, even if it is not.

I'm not saying to lie and put on a fake happy presentation, but just remember to be calm, kind and loving.

As we walked inside the bedroom, Shirley let go of my hand and then went off quietly back into the living room.

My eyes quickly picked up Fitz sitting off to the side in a chair TB told me he brought in for him yesterday. The TV was on but the sound was muted, so now the flickering picture supplied our only room available light. I walked up to my dear friend and put out my hand to shake hands with him, and he responded but Fitz's was a sad and weak kind of non-type grip. I understood, , no expectations needed.

As we were releasing our hands TB was bringing in a comfortable chair for me to sit down on, and I turned momentarily from Fitz and thanked the big guy.

I'll swear and think this point now and into the forever after of my life, that TB and I had some kind of telepathy going on between us almost from our first minutes when we met in Acapulco, and tonight was more strong and clear evidence of that continuing mental telepathic connection.

This latest mind interacting experience with T just came about in this natural quick and fluid pure poetic motion. How it happened, was as I was letting go of Fitz's hand, I flashed in my mind that I want to sit down eye to eye with him because that was the sincerest human way to be with someone, and as I had that instant thought, in walks TB with a chair for me, right on cue. Best way to simply sum up my feelings, would be that my big buddy and I were always truly in sync.

Now the three of us were in the room and I felt love all around, and sadness too though. TB bent his knees way down and put his big hand on Cousin Fitz's top right shoulder area, then asked him at eye level if he needed anything. The answer came back with a low audible sound, saying 'no' and 'thanks', then TB shot in with his soft yet special kind of grizzly voice, telling Fitz that Freddy was here too and that he's going to go out now into the other room so I could have some private time alone with him.

Fitz shook his head up and down, closed and opened his eyes slowly and did his best to vocalize 'Thank You.' Before TB left, we had this quick clasping natural hand shake, and I could swear at that moment we gave each other an energy surge of strength.

Now as I sat down and made myself square up sitting eye to eye with my friend, I had just enough TV light that allowed me to see the mental pain going on in his eyes and into the back of his mind.

What do you say to a soft hearted dear good friend who has gone thru such trauma? Well, it goes to what I said before, you must be strong, supportive and a very calm acting good listener.

I let Fitz know that I'm here for him and that all the boys are flying in and everyone is going to be here soon. I told him I love him and we all did and we are going to absolutely help him get through this.

I followed that quickly up with telling him that we were all going to be there for Shirley too, and I would talk with her, be a good listener and help her in any way possible.

After saying those words, Benji came right out of nowhere and smoothly jumped up on Fitz's lap. It was incredible how I saw a smile come over my friend's face, and his hands go around Bens body to give him a deep holding onto hug.

Just like T, Fitz practically knew and began loving Benji just a few days after I found the little guy many years ago as a tiny little puppy.

There truly was a flicker of joy happening there and it was then I immediately realized the wisdom of TB's idea to bring Ben along. And if I may, I have to add this and that is I truly believe that my intuitive smart dog picked up on the human sadness in that room and when he jumped up on Fitz's lap, it was his intentional loving doggy way of doing and saying *'I'm here for you too Fitz, and I love you, , I really do.'*

During our time together he spoke to me very slowly and quietly with hardly any emotion behind his tone, but what he said to me left me shaking my head like I have never done before in my life. Besides that small amount of verbal exchange from Fitz, he did do something I thought was important which showed me he was responding to me. And what I mean by that is, was I made sure that I was sitting in my chair with a show of good posture as a sign of strength, because that's how I always represented and physically appeared to him, and tonight was no exception. He's always seen me upright and doing my best to keep my back from hunching over and after a few minutes of me just doing my best to speak with him, he changed his body posture from a heavy slouchy way, to getting around in his chair and putting himself in a much more or less upright position. For me this was a little victory, a start you could say and that helped me feel he and I were mentally connecting with things I wanted him to do for himself that I hoped and thought would help him.

Ever so slightly I asked him some very basic easy question about subjects involving our work and library research we had going on, and little by little he was giving me longer worded answers and trying to speak up. Fact was though, he just didn't have a lot of fight in him on this night because of all the horror he went through was still fresh, , but we were just beginning, with lots of time, lots of time...

So after about fifteen minutes together, he wanted to go lay down in his bed and rest.

I helped him out of his chair and he walked on his own to the bed, then took a seat on the side and said softly to me, *'Thanks for coming'*.

Then he put his hand out to shake mine and I could feel this time a little better grip now and a show of his strength coming through. It wasn't much, but then again it was because I felt a surge of hope and willingness on his part happening in my mind, and that alone was a great forward step. Then I told him I'll be outside with the boys and to please do all the resting he can do.

Fitz knew how I light heartedly always lectured TB about getting enough rest and being careful about running his heart into the ground. He's known for a long time about my rolling up in a ball and taking my catnaps whenever possible because after those timeouts from life, I woke up strong, rested and ready and raring to go for another eight to ten productive good hours. TB, Fitz and the boys plus Freddy too started over the years trying my catnap idea out, but for all of them it wasn't as natural a situation to do like it was for me.

Before I left the room, I asked him if he wanted Ben to stay with him, and he softly asked me if I wouldn't mind. Of course I wouldn't mind I told him, and so he patted the bed and called Ben's name and in a flash my son jumped up and nestled right tight by his side. After that I excused myself, but repeated we're all just outside in the kitchen and that we'd all be bunking down in the house tonight. He half smiled, waved a thank you and then as he made his move to get under the covers I slowly backed up to the door, paused, double checked a look at him, saw Ben was hanging in a snug and protective caring way right next to Fitz's body, then opened the door and walked quietly out.

I felt spiritual surges of strength going through me and now I wanted to speak with Shirley. We met half way between the bedroom I just left and the kitchen where she was just with the boys. We went over to the couch and sat together.

She was showing far more signs of mental strength and that translated into wanting to communicate.

I'm sure TB and Freddy from the first minute they were with her after she and Fitz returned from Tennessee, were her Angels on earth giving her strength and comfort and doing everything possible they could to help her.

Now I was sitting with her and thinking those very thoughts of what can I do to help her after all that she's personally been through.

Right then the magnitude of what happened to my friend's hit me and I almost lost it. My eyes welled up but I held myself together as best I could but I was looking into the eyes of a sweet good-hearted caring lady who just went through an unimaginable hell.

Shirley and I had a sincere down to earth chat and I thought to myself she definitely is the rock between her and Fitz, and I remembered what TB told me years ago about her love and strength meant the world to Fitz.

Sitting there I could only hope now that over time she could help her best friend in life get back to whatever normalcy he could. She said to me she realizes this situation of Fitz's pain and sadness is going to take time to heal and get over, and then she grabbed my hand and looked deep into my eyes and thanked me for coming right away. Afterwards she expressed that Fitz loved working and sharing our learning experiences of our multiple various library research projects that regularly were going on long distance.

It was just natural for us to get into studying a wide range of subject matters from the Revolutionary War, to my ideas about pushing the inner workings of the brain to higher pure God given uses. But Shirley also told me Fitz really got a kick out of all our long-distance communications because he loved the way I insisted it all had to be done at all times in the most secretive possible ways.

She also told me he enjoyed how I with my sometimes-wacky sense of humor, pushed him to one day figure out a better way we could scramble and totally make our home phones free of any outside listening activity, and we would never need to run to a distant pay phone again. But to that very point, Shirley also told me that Fitz loved the action of the payphones none the less, because it made him feel like he was in on and part of the secretive activities just like Cousin T and I were constantly involved in.

She knew everything about my world I lived in with the big guy and the boys, plus my Israeli brethren and she also knew about my childhood close friend who was now a liaison deep-cover operator with Interpol International.

I never talked about him much to any of the guys because it required just that kind of needed operating secret manner, but over the years, TB, my childhood friend, my Israeli buddies, and myself had more connecting activities that brought our worlds carefully closer together. The true beautiful thing was though, the real connection for all of us was Fitz, because his genius was something that we all marveled at, and over time his amazing computer scientific engineering talents secretly became widely internationally used and needed, but our friend was never outed or known by anyone but our gang.

Nuff Said.

I slightly just got off point and maybe said more than I should, but my love and admiration for the sweetest guy in the world I know, is unexplainable. But just know this, we all loved Fitz and all of us forever will have his back, , always!

Shirley appreciated the good things we all were trying to do in the underworld we lived in, and the need I humbly preached for all of the boys to always be keeping an absolute low profile and practicing a no-loose lips policy on anyone's home phone and the same out in public too.

I told her how much Fitz motivated me and changed my life in so many positive ways, especially my outside of the box way of pushing myself to think, plus use and expand my brain and learn and study things I never thought in any way I would be attempting to understand.

He made me into a believer that I could pick a subject I knew nothing about and over time dig deep down with laser focus and effort, to truly begin a foundation of understanding everything about it. The key was for me to be always practicing that laser focus with total energy behind it, using pure honesty from my heart, perceptive clarity, and steadfast effort.

In a pure good life thinking way, he and I were perfect for each other because he pushed me to expand my mental horizons & he said I did the same for him. And I must add, that

TB, Fitz and all the boys felt this feeling of fortune that God was watching over us, and I was always mentioning look for his signs, because he gives them to all of us to recognize.

So there Shirley and I were, making each other feel better with our light-hearted fun conversation about her man and me.

I was so happy I could see her eyes had life in them and her sadness was barely showing, albeit it was I'm sure deeply still there. But her strength gave me strength for her future recovery, and then aid greatly the efforts to help Fitz one day hopefully fully recover too.

She made me smile out of nowhere when she thanked me for the hidden six pack of Vernors I brought specifically for her and Fitz, but then I joked with her she'd have to fight off TB from devouring them. As soon as I finished saying that, she lightly chuckled and smiled, then told me to go now, be together in the kitchen with Freddy and T and have some milk and cookies. As soon as she finished with that long-ago childhood saying, '*Milk and Cookies*' we both had a spontaneous outward laugh.

It was just the cool way she said it to me, you know, like a mom telling her son to go sit with his brothers and enjoy having a snack with them at the kitchen table. Well, I guess you'd have to be there to appreciate the moment, but we sure did, and we really needed that lite laughter together.

After we settled back to the real matter at hand, I helped her up and then gave her a big heartfelt hug and then I went towards the kitchen and she went to check on Fitz.

I entered the room and T and Big Freddy were sitting across from each other at the extra-large wooden kitchen table. I pulled up a chair and made easy eye to eye contact with both my good friend's. At first I didn't say much, just still thinking it all over, shaking my head back and forth and biting my lower left bottom lip area. But then I realized I was so caught up in deep emotional thought, that I damn straight had a lot to say but I felt all three of us had to step away, be in private, out of ear range, and I told my friend's that, because of any chance of Shirley and Fitz hearing me from inside the bedroom, or if she should come walking out and *hear* by chance any of my words.

T and Freddy without pause said, *'Whatever you want, let's go'*. So after we got up I asked the boys to give me one minute and then I'll join them outside, but I suggested we not go too far from the front door. They agreed, and after those words then went to the outside porch, and I went over and knocked on the bedroom door, and then heard Shirley's soft voice say *'COME ON IN'*. I quietly entered & then told her me and the boys are just going to step outside for a few minutes, but we'll be right by the front door if she needed us. She came back with a thank you, and then asked me if I want to take Ben for a walk. Okay, so here's the deal on that little quip that I'm sure millions of folks share around the planet, and what I mean by that digression of thought, is right from the beginning of time when Ben came into and blessedly joined and changed my life for the better, he learned certain one-word gestures, and one was 'BATHROOM' and if he needed to do his business, he would always respond when that word was spoken, but remember now, the key tactical phrase was *'IF NEEDED'*.

And in this case he definitely must have needed to do his business because he made his move off that bed so fast and then shot past my lower legs in a flash and zipped right through the slightly open bedroom door. And because of that little wild almost like flying action by Ben that we all caught, well I gotta tell ya it put a spontaneous happy quick smile on all of our faces.

I swear and feel strongly that a mystical kind of goodness again just took place because of Ben, and call me crazy but I believe animals all over the planet make that sort of happening with their beautiful God gifted unique spirit! So, you know, Amen to that, that's all I got to say.

Yeah, call me wacko, but I know exactly what I'm putting down here, and pleased of it!

Yes, , ok, moving on, so after that wonderful shared moment I excused myself, then walked out and closed the door but not completely and then went outside to meet the boys, and also to make sure the free wild child spirited instincts of Ben weren't immediately off chasing any skunks or bigger animals than himself. Oh yeah, I knew my son's spirited ways and I cannot lie, I worried about him at times too.



It was a cool pleasant night, the kind with a comfortable nip in the air which took away all the bugs, and Mother Nature provided a beautiful full moon, but maybe that was the chilling cause of why after my short time with Fitz, I couldn't help myself from having one of my rare cold-blooded disgust and payback vibes running through my spirit, and that's what I needed right then and there to talk privately with to T and Freddy about. But I wasn't alone in that way, being that I knew TB and Big Freddy were way ahead of me in how angry they really were, because this ordeal for them was very personal with old history behind it. Here's our talk;

"These guys who did this to Shirley and Fitz aren't any kind of humans, they're monsters." I paused but by no means was I done and both my friends totally sensed that.

"The horror and filth that Fitz barely could bring out of himself to tell me, changed every payback plan I had on our plane ride over here."

"What did he say to you David?" T asked me.

I clearly heard my dear friend but I was hesitant to open up but yet I had to be honest.

"He told me the disgusting sexual things those animals did to him and Shirley. He spoke in the saddest sounding whispering tone imaginable, and it all boiled down from my feelings, that he felt and still feels hopeless and helpless."

"Freddy, David, , I'm sorry to say but that's exactly what he said to me... I gotta tell ya guys another thing that hurts me deeply and I know I mentioned this before, but it's that Fitz wouldn't look me in the eyes. Tell me D, did he make eye contact with you?"

"Not much at all T, but when he did I could feel and see the sadness and horror he went through, and the situation now is the fresh mental pain he has, is eating away at him. He slowly repeated the words to me *'I'm ashamed'*, *'I'm ashamed'*, and after that he just stared off into space, but his mind possibly was re-living what they went through."

“Shirley told me he kept saying those same words on the ride back from Tennessee. She also said he felt helpless, and repeated it often. She told me he also kept repeating he couldn’t stop what was happening to them, and he kept on apologizing to her.”

That was Freddy speaking to us, and as his words came out, I could hear and feel the pain and sorrow he was in. He was like this great big caring brother to Shirley as they were growing up as kids and that love for her and Fitz was shining bright tonight.

“Those mother F\*!#!\*S bullied them, cause that’s how they operated goin’ all the way back when they were twelve, thirteen and, ,”

“Yeah-no, he touched on that past history T, and, , and, ,”

At that moment was when I again was feeling that deadly payback rage going through my mind, but that was the last thing I needed to even go near and open up about to my already very emotional deeply pained close tight friends, especially TB.

I needed to get back in the game and be here tonight for Fitz and Shirley, and sometime tomorrow put on my professional thinking hat of the *‘Art of War’*, and do the complete planning task that TB expressed over and over in the plane ride he wanted me to do. So it was right then I took control of myself and put my heartfelt focus and concentration back on for our devastated sweet friends. I went on speaking with the T and Freddy.

“I told Fitz to take his time and I understand there’s no way I could feel his feelings and the emotions he’s going through, but we’re all here to talk to him whenever he wanted.”

“Freddy and me gave em those very same kinds of words, hopin’ they’d help em and tellin’ em we’re here for whatever he needs.”

“Yes, exactly T, that’s what I’m sure he needs to know. We’ll all listen carefully and do whatever it takes, and be ever so patient every step of the way.” After that we had a comfortable silence with the three of us standing there together. Then I went on.

“Listen guys, we all can only be as good a friend as a friend can be. He’s mentally deeply in pain and hurting in a way we’ll never understand. I mean it’s like something is driving

him insane right now, and he truly might need a psychiatrist to talk with or someone like that, and you guys know I don't mean anything bad by that."

"I appreciate your honesty D, and I've been wonderin' bout' that myself." T's words were softly spoken.

"Please listen guys, he's not like us, he's sweet and tender, and innocent, and such a kind hearted loving genius, , and now those monsters have shattered his mind, , shattered."

"They really have David, , and it all pains me so much to see and think about."

"I feel you Freddy, I really do, and I know we're all strong but I'm sure there's going to be times when we'll need to lean on each other, just like we've done before from other situations that's happened to us."

"That's right, that's right!" TB just then speaking up.

"Guys, being truthful, our sweet friend may really need professional mental therapeutic help, so if so, then let's make sure he gets the best."

"Absolutely David, you know Freddy and I agree a hundred percent with that thought."

"Nobody in the world could imagine one guy to be so incredibly bright but now so shattered like you said David. I don't know, but damn it's killing me and I'm heartbroken." Freddy was in a lot of pain.

"This is what happens to good hearted people sometimes. You guys know we all have different strengths, but still, who knows what happens to the mind when this type of disgusting kind of horror goes down. It's just beyond sad, and even beyond infuriating."

"It definitely is, totally D." TB softly in his grizzly voice speaking, and he had more.

"I feel beyond horrible guys, but I will keep goin' in there bein' with em, and I know he'll start makin' eye contact with me, and, ,"

“He will T, he loves you so much, and believe me he needs you so badly to be strong, and keep looking him in the eyes and have faith in yourself that you are going to get him through this.”

“You give me encouragement just listening to you.”

“Oh I’m not done here Freddy. We talked about you, and he said some beautiful loving kind words about all the good things over the years you all shared. So now everything I just spoke to TB about, believe me, I know you will do the same strong heartfelt moves to help your little brother out with, , and sister Shirley too.”

“God’s working in mysterious ways tonight fellas, I can tell you that right now.”

“Oh I agree with ya on that Freddy, I really do.” TB straight up saying.

“Listen guys, I agree with you both, but the task at hand is one day at a time helping Shirley and Fitz, and our good loving hearts and actions will be their strength.”

“I feel your words David, , thank you.” T at that moment making strong eye contact with me and lightly swiping his big paw on my upper arm.

“I know we’ll get our friend back on his feet, and I’m here for him all the way.”

“He loves you so much Freddy, and Shirley told me the same, and she’s so glad you’re here.”

“Thanks David, , I, I,”

“It’s okay Freddy, just continue to have faith and be strong, and everything in time is gonna work out. Fitz has known you and T since you all were children and I truly believe this caring foundation of love he has with both of you, is going to pull him out of this nightmare he’s in, but patience is going to be needed.”

“You’re one of us David, and he asked for you and now you’re here, and I truly believe his healing process took a big positive leap the minute you stepped in that room with him less than an hour ago.”

“TB’s right Mr. David Stone, I really truly believe he is. You’ve been a time or two a life changer around all of us, so I’m so glad you’re here with us now.”

“Thanks Freddy, but the fact is we’re all in it together to help our friends.”

“Hey guys, we’re always thinking on the same page and tonight’s no exception.”

“Agreed Freddy, totally.” T saying and giving a positive nod to his longtime friend.

“So let’s break this meeting up, go back inside and sit and chat with Fitz and Shirley.”

“Great idea Freddy, good call.”

“Well thank you T. Okay guys, let’s go in there and show togetherness and strength.”

“Exactly Freddy, , well said. Yeah, I really liked those last words, so let’s *Mount Up* and go, and that means you too Ben!”

That was T again, and his last words made us all have a few seconds of a childlike outward laugh, and for sure we needed that and we all had even though short term be as it may, feel good smiles afterwards. . . Yep, I gotta tell ya, we needed that quick shot of humor just put out there by TB, seriously, we really did.

*The sad fact was though, that night the three of us stood together and were so affected in our own human ways by our two close friend’s difficult pain and suffering they were going through. It was just so angering, and I really don’t know what else to say.*

***But you Better Believe, Justice will be Served!***

## **‘Delmonti--911-911!’**

*It's December 24, 2012 and David is making a planned out emergency Internet phone call to his boys in Israel. He gave them the signal of needing to talk with them through their pre-arranged Yahoo finance message board coding relay system. Their Internet messaging operation was set up many years ago and within 24 hours like the plain in site yet simply camouflaged code requested, they were all speaking on a secured self-contained communications system. Here's the meat and bones of the conversation;*

“I know Fitz told you he’s studying the internal cross coding metric systems along with many other major variables and specifications in an attempt to try and figure out how to build the next more advanced weaponized generation of the Stuxnet virus program, but I have to unfortunately tell you boys we’ve got our own in-house counter measure stop gap computer program death-con active situation going on big time at this very moment.”

“Regarding Delmonti?”

“Yes, and it’s gotten so way beyond serious Mosh. Listen my friend’s, I can tell you safely this much for now, it’s beyond what we ever imagined it would evolve into.”

“We remember our last coded message you sent, and Delmonti was really invading the towers of power, and uncovering true taboo going on in the big house.”

“That’s it Mosh, and I like how your wording things because this is so damn serious and I don’t care how secure we think we are, this is the highest of security-purity we have to stay in and maintain, until maybe Delmonti screams to the world all he knows. And believe me, we hope he absolutely does.”

“We hear you loud and clear David about Delmonti blessedly coming alive to the world, and regarding your forever mantra about no-loose lips as you have taught and preached to us, well we’re your best students, so no slippage my dear friend on our end whatsoever.”

“I know Yoni, I’m just being my paranoid self, but that’s got to be our world we’re in!”

After that security protocol serious reminder, a quick pause ensues, then David goes on.

“The fact is, most likely Delmonti is somewhere out there in his native Caribbean world running free with Fitz’s master but duplicated PEEK A BOO creation of creations.”

“Yes, without a doubt we agree, but now the PEEK has been hi-jacked into a world game changer that none of us could believe how and what it turned into and was capable of,”

“Oh Cousin Mosh is so right, and now Fitzzy’s got to build a Stuxnet program himself to counter act his own amazing creation that Delmonti helped amplify and now abusing beyond your worst nightmares.”

“Boy you just did more than hit the nail on the head with that one Yoni, you crushed it!”

There was a pause now on David’s end of the line after he spoke, but the Israeli boys knew he wasn’t done speaking his mind. They were right and their friend delivered.

“Fitzzy’s working to create a specialized in house Stuxnet program like you just mentioned, but it isn’t easy to create such a counter measure and we know that because he’s already tried several times, but nothing seems to be stopping his masterpiece that Delmonti duplicated and is now controlling... So yeah guys, we really have a problem.”

“Do you want to elaborate the situation more with us, but switch to your code talk?”

So right there David answers back *‘I can’t, it’s too heavy’*, and then explains in their own conversing coded language they’ve worked out over the years, that he would send them a Yahoo Finance and then direct them to another board with a more heavily scrambled message breakdown of the issue, but it would all be done in his Da Vinci reverse mirror code reading way. Hearing all that and knowing the next messages they’d be receiving on Yahoo and the other board would be at best tricky for them to decipher, thus that making the boys really having to be on their decoding game, and now realizing the matter was really a serious one they’d be learning about.

“Okay, so write us and scramble it up as much as you want and we’ll figure it out.”

“Good, and I’m confident everything will be fine... Okay, so give me 24 hours, and then just follow the prompts I’ll give you to where to go, but I’ll bounce you around on just two starter point websites and I’ll take that code reading for you easier this time.”

“That’ll be fine, don’t worry, we’ll break it down and get there.” Yoni jumping in.

“You guys always do, so we’re good to go on that front but you better believe for the sake of the highest purity level needed, I’m going and have to be challenging your decoding skills with what I’m going to write out for you regarding Delmonti.”

“Your heavy concerned tone of this matter hasn’t let up one bit. . . Listen man, you know we appreciate everything Fitz’s always willing to do to help us and Israel, so if there is anything we can do for you guys about this matter, please don’t hesitate to let us know.”

“Yeah--No, thanks Mosh. I got to say though guys, just the fact that Fitz’s hidden away in one of his two labs breaking out a hundred and ten percent of his brain power to figure this big problem out, in some ways has me worried, and yet he’s such a wizard, I calm myself with confidence that he’s going to get a handle on this deal and make the issue eventually stop dead in its tracks.”

*The boys carried on for a while longer, talking about the possibility of some upcoming talks developing about a nuclear deal that Obla bla bla wants to initiate with Iran, plus other countries being involved.*

*After this emergency meeting covered everything on David’s agenda plus some other much less important matters, it was time for all of them to get going, but another date was set to link up again. Shalom as usual is said by all, and then they separately undid Fitz’s technical specialty miniaturized high tech voice blocking and scrambling gear and once that easy task was done, they all went on with their daily routines of life.*

## *Shalom*



## **'HARVEST T-TIME' - Oct. 11, 1996 - 11:00 AM**

*Stealth and O'Dool are talkin' to each other from pre-arranged payphones about the upcomin' golf outing, but they're speakin' in their special code of words and phrases that only they clearly understand. The code game talk is all about the big upcomin' final night known to them as The Harvest, and it's a night they approach with the utmost of trepidation. Here's the boys;*

~ ~ ~

"Its almost time for the U. S. Masters, old buddy." Stealth to O'Dool.

"Yes sir, and all my club's are cleaned and ready."

"Mine too, so cool biz on that front, but when I get out to the clubhouse with ya, I'd like us to go over all those fairway traps we gotta be prepared for."

"Sure, I hear ya. So we on for the usual T-Time?" O'Dool says while looking at his watch.

"That's sounds like a plan. The weather looks like its gonna co-operate and gives us a good clear rainless round."

"Yeah, I saw the forecast, but now we gotta hope the Master's fairways are in the same mint condition like we practiced a few days ago, so we can end up with much better scores than our last few years of play." O'Dool rolls his eyes thinking back to all the frustrating final night harvest gatherings, or the boys would say lack there of.

"All right O-Man, I'll be on time for T-Time and ready to Rock N' Roll."

*The boys golf game is sort of like most American golfers, meanin' there's no guarantees of how well they'll shoot and what their final scores will end up bein'. Now though, the basic difference is they play in the dark and they don't really have to worry much bout' hookin' and slicin' that little white hard ball.*

*OH, and another deviation to their game, is they hope to score as much as possible, if you're catchin' my drift. Yeah Baby, Kick Ass, for its;*

***Harvest T-Time,  
A Different Kind of Masters Tradition***

*Please Scroll Down*

*Keep Scrolling a bit More*

# 'Blink of An Eye' 2050

Continued

## Why was Iran So Angry?

~ ~ ~

**Will Justice one day be Served with all the New Evidence?**

**A Nation will have to Wait and See!**

**And will it even be Around to See!**

But so many years back, what my close tight nit working group and I always wanted to know was, why would he make and do such a terrible treasonous atrocity against his own country? Did he secretly hate America and Israel that much? And if so, then WHY? What was Oba bla bla's true deep hateful motivation?

**The 2025 nuclear attacks, can you wake up and conceive the possibility?**

The only thing that I will say of the future you all will see coming from these unusual trials, even during the possible nuclear recovering process, is more shocking revelations and realities that will come forth and make suspicions grow of many who were once top echelon leaders from the FBI, CIA, DOJ and other once respected American agencies. And I will advise you that the United States with all its heartfelt good intentioned patriots, was under at first a clandestine acting threat of ruthless and unrelenting revengeful elitists, then after mid-June of 2021 and going forward, these evil people will begin to INSULTINGLY & BLATENTLY abuse their double standard controlling powers. And without any question, it was an in your face major media assisted lie driven Coup d'état taking place immediately after the 2016 presidential election, and continued on for almost ten years against an innocent sitting president until the Almighty Hand of Righteousness began FINALLY TO SPREAD throughout the angry awakening Nation.

**ENOUGH IS ENOUGH, was finally the overdue rally cry!**

There was a pure Evil demon'cratic political party force dangerously taking root by 2019, using constant bold face bad intentioned lies pushing for total socialism across the nation, and all the while being aided by the unbelievable willing propagandizing corrupt controlled main stream media.

From these irresponsible thoughtless decisions being made, multitudes upon more multitudes of Patriotic human shining lights will rise-up starting by September-2024, and from this awakening hopeful well-intentioned sparks will create the most modern revolutionary Patriotic nationwide resistance to *overwhelmingly stop this dangerous communistic and socialistic rise.*

I can only say now that you all will be facing very serious heavy times, and it will be up to everyone to use logical and morally clear and heartfelt thinking on how to stop the disintegration of the once greatest Free Nation on earth. So my warning to all who even see, feel and perceive my vision, you collectively can be the **RIGHTEOUS FORCE** that stops the United States from turning into a shit-hole third world poverty stricken communistic, socialistic and marxist ideology mindset existence.

All true loving Americans, regardless of your religious believes, and non, should unite and secure your lives with a strong purposeful foundation, built on **FREEDOM of SPEECH, THE ABSOLUTE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS, AND ALL PUT FORTH WITH MORAL BALANCING HUMILITY, ANCHORED BY STRENGTH AND HONOR!**

These marxist idiotic self-serving idealistic confused immature known as then 'WOKE' fools, have no idea of what they are doing, and I wonder if many of them even care. If you really want to know what can come of America from their ignorant idealistic socialistic ideas, then I suggest you learn all you can about the once very rich country called Venezuela.

Just know this, in 2005 that proud nation was the financial powerhouse in Latin America and now the people are starving to death, eating their own pets and zoo animals for food, rummaging through garbage dumps and all the millions of once well to do middle class, are on the verge or past a turning point of financial utter and sheer collapse.

Take hold of those facts, and think long and hard about who you can trust as your country's representatives pushing for a socialistic form of government. Venezuela is now in your time (2017) sadly the people are suffering and dying in total!

## **BEWARE AMERICA OF TROJAN HORSES IN YOUR TWO HOUSES**

**There as obvious as the nose on your face!**

~ ~ ~

*MOVING ON, or shall I say staying back in your real time:*

And even though dating back to 2002, when the United States was on the very beginning cutting edge of offense and defense cyber warfare technology, it still wasn't able years later to stop the relentless enemy viruses and crushing server stacking attacks, which ended up being the key to breaking through our military defenses by the last two months of 2024. But please be forewarned and stay sharp, in that beyond your imagination, trouble can and **will come from within**, not always from afar like most would be suspicious and first to suspect, and blindly propagandized to believe.

It will be proven that the USA wasn't just under cyber-attacks by Iran, no, it was massively happening from the growing evil globalist influence. When their master plan of putting their supposed to be anointed looser queen angry bitch like no other in power, was thankfully a thousand times STOPPED and righteously destroyed for all the world to see in 2016, and from that thankful defeat they then had to conceive and dream up new unsavory schemes to cover up all the party's misdeeds, along with the angry bitch and the X-44 man needed to be doing the same.

Had they won, then all the corrupt activity which spurned unfathomable criminal lying, along with massive cheating, endless greed, and unimaginable human slavery and bondage from Haiti to Libya, would have never been unearthed, instead, just swept under the rug forever like they have been getting away with for years, and these traitors would have gotten fully and easily AGAIN away with this and much more evilness they had been getting away with.

Had they been successful, the real evil intent of all this queen's mentally deranged followers in political seated power positions, would have completed the mission of

dividing the American country and allowing millions of unwanted illegals from far away and near in 2017, to flood in through their open border reckless policies. But this evil will still be active and be forewarned the globalist desire is to destabilize all western nations by flooding them with millions of illegals, and very possibly destroying these countries once normal functioning societies. The globalists goals were never clearly spoken but divide the family was part of the plan, and to weaken the said country's culture, undermining it with total outsiders who cared not to assimilate. EVIL DOINGS WAS THE GOAL.

ANOTHER goal of this evil treacherous New World Order and World Economic Forum, was to eventually turn the United States upside down and pervert and destroy the country's inner core institutions little by little from within itself.

***This by late October of 2024, is all going to boil down in all of your lives to absolutely think long and hard about how important it is to control and seal your countries borders, PRESERVE YOUR FREEDOMS, MAKE SURE TO REALIZE YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS ARE YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS—NOT THE GOVERNMENT, ‘AND HAVE THE FULL FAITH AND BELIEF TO THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS’, and protect your culture and ABSOLUTELY maintain Your Countries FIRST AND ONLY LANGUAGE, THAT BEING ‘ENGLISH’.***

~The above are EDICTS you must have Faith and Believe in~

You have been completely warned now about the evil intending ruthless controlling provocateurs, so now it will be up to all of you on deciding your long-awaited futures.

## My Future Perspective

Beware Iranian leaders leading up into 2025, for this is a double edge sword you are dealing to yourselves, and the outcome could lead to the total complete annihilation of your country, , complete fatal! And God Help Us All after that!

For the fact that you will be the ones thought to be in the middle of the suitcase nuclear and eventual greater EMP attacks, and I speak to you sincerely looking back in time, fore

if you do not see the writing on the wall of how devious the globalists are with all their future evil blueprints for the planets sheeple, then you Iran IF YOU DON'T TAKE STEPS TO STOP THE FUNDING OF TERRORISM THRU YOU PROXIES, then you will be looked at as being the ones who did the dastardly nuclear deeds. . . OR, IN FACT DID YOU PULL OFF THE DOUBLE-DOUBLE SWITCH that worked until **IT DIDN'T !!!**

Iran, you have made yourselves by your own actions to be **known by all to be a terrorist state**, supporting the Hamas group in the Gaza state, and Hezbollah in the north of Israel, but you deny such already proven factual claims. But if you do not see what is coming from the signs setting up and the elitist globalist evil operators are not stopped, then the blame of all blames **VERY WELL** might be cast your way.

Iran, you must look deep from within, and stop the razor rattling and warring events outside your own borders, so as to prevent the finger pointing that will be headed in your direction by the eventual law abiding and peaceful world countries. You will not be able to hide inside the corrupt 'UNITED NATIONS'. And never forget this fact, for Israel is backed by the United States, and for all of America's faults, your mullah faults are much greater, deeper and most importantly in the eyes of Righteousness, well known by your innocent good people of Iran.

For the millions of totally innocent good people of Iran, formally known as Persia, there will be no hiding from your countries possible one day needed entire total destruction, if your leaders DO NOT change their position on becoming a nuclear bomb making threat to other countries, especially all the neighbors, and of course, THE UNITED STATES.

I made this vision point of mine above earlier on, that being this highly dangerous nuclear material could inadvertently land in the wrong hands on the black market, done by an unsavory evil person(s) working inside your Iranian hidden manufacturing bunkers that produce such future all out death.

And all these visions I have spoken about in this Blink of an Eye Quantum leap of time for me, were all made explicitly clear and put forth in almost a hundred letters to Vladimir Putin, starting in October of 2014, till late 2024.

And I will ask anyone who doubts what I say about writing for many years to Putin, why would I lie and go out of my way to make up such a claim?

***In the Passing of Life's Time,  
The Maturing Process Takes Hold,  
And Signs & Recognition  
Of One's Place Can be Foretold,  
And Thus with The Movement  
In This Time & Space,  
If Blessed With Strength  
Then Make Wise & All Moves  
To Save The Human Race!***

~ ~ ~

***MOVE in the right Direction Iran,  
For I DO NOT want to see my Visions  
Come to Fruition!  
My Visions are Real & I Trust Them***

~ ~ ~



**There's Time, There's Time, There Is!**

~ ~ ~

*More Hopefully Coming,*

***In A***

***'Blink of an Eye'***

***2050***

~ ~ ~

***Please Scroll Down***

## **‘Everyone’s Coming, You Better Believe It’**

The night ended well with our hopeful best wishes coming through. Fitz liked the idea of us all bringing in chairs and sitting around and just being with him, and of course Shirley also. Overall, the night went as well as we all again could have hoped for, and most importantly, by the end of the night Fitz was now at least trying to make full on eye contact with everyone.

This made TB so relieved and I was so glad for his sake this was taking place. After a good while, I took Benji out for his night business and you can be sure that every tree in sight was his target, and T was right there with me and we cracked up watching our boy do his thing. Benji gave us that much needed break from the heaviness that was on our minds, and I’ll say it again, TB new bringing Ben along would be a true lift in spirits for all of us.

It was a long day, but before we both crashed for a much needed recharge we had a deep conversation and came to the conclusion that maybe this is a slow and careful step of his awful feeling of shame getting out of his mind, and we both thought this was all part of the needed healing process taking place, but being realistic and careful coming to any unprofessional conclusions, we could only hope and pray for our friend to come back to us like he was before this insanity entered he and Shirley’s lives.

The next morning came quick, and I have to admit my heart was a little slow and tired because I didn’t get much sleep, and I had some of the usual palpitations and then they’d disappear.

A slow calm heart rate but a mind that was racing over thoughts about Fitz’s well-being and all the ideas that were popping in my head to set up the snag and crab operation that TB entrusted me to do, I was actually feeling strong un-nerved conviction and more than up to the task at hand. I was mentally fine and because this wasn’t my first rodeo with my man and the boys by no means at all, it was all coming in clear to me that sometimes our minds can get going on something and never want to quit, and that’s a damn straight on FACT I believe the case for all of us.

I needed to just do my breathing exercises and remember the strength of the great friendship and team of total trusting camaraderie that we all had, and that being Howie, Jacob, Cowboy, Big Freddy and of course TB. The words that kept ringing in my head that T said to me many times when we were flying, ‘Everyone’s Coming, You Better Believe It!

*Those were TB’s exact words he said to me once he picked me up at the little Wixom airport and then again multiple times in the air, and I believe from all the love and care he had for cousin Fitz and Shirley, those deeply felt personal protective words just strongly floated out of his inner being. Life can be unpredictable for most, but when the word goes out to ‘Mount Up’, the call is quickly heeded with all of us, and that you better believe!*

Howie, Jacob and Cowboy arrived early the next morning and Big Freddy and me plus Ben went to the small private airport to pick the boys up. I don’t think I remember in all the years of our meet and greets we’ve ever been such a somber group. I mean it was great to see the guys but it was obvious the damn circumstances had us all reeling.

But I got to say this again, it was Benji who helped us all in the big truck break the tightness and angry nature that was in the back of all our minds. The boys were sitting in the big back cab area and Ben was easily lightening up the mood, going from one stone cold tough guy to the next, putting smiles on each one, and all the while my friends were talking to Ben, and I swear we all were listening for answers back. So yeah, what can I say other than Thank God for Benji being with us throughout the entire first five days of our shared ordeal.

And if I may, a little back story to that early morning pick-up of the guys. The night before we all crashed, I won the battle with the big guy that he’d have to stay behind and let me and Freddy pick up the band of brothers. My broken-hearted good friend was totally mentally and physically exhausted, but being his stubborn self at first would not have any of my idea he seriously needed to sleep-in as long and as much as possible. We went back & forth on this matter, but when I realized I had to come in for the kill for his true betterment of his mental health and well-being, I damn sure did without hesitation.

He knew I was right, and after our serious hard-fought tug of war was over, we laughed and then had this pure heartfelt hand shake with natural big smiles come about.

That being that, ten minutes after I got situated in one of the many high-quality sleeping bags, I realized that I wasn't just there for Fitz and Shirley. My big bad ass dear close friend was really deeply hurting inside, and the fact was he seemed almost lost, but I wasn't going to let that happen though, no frikkin' way. I always had my friend's back, and truth be told, (sorry I'm repeating myself), but it seemed right from the first minutes we met in Acapulco in 73', we were meant to have each other's backs, spirits and total inner soul's.

When we got back to the compound Howie asked me if we could have a private chat before we all went into the house together, and I said sure off course. Apparently, Jacob, Cowboy and Big Freddy knew the deal about what was happening for the need of the one on one, and I can say that in all our years looking back, there were never any secrets amongst all of us.

Howie intentionally directed us over to an area where it was out of sight from where TB might accidentally see us if he was near any windows or just come outside for some air.

I saw this unfamiliar pensive look in my friend's face, and I say that because Howie and me were a perfect match for our general light-hearted attitudes we had whenever together. Oh yeah, we had plenty of serious times that went down, but we were like two failed comedians practicing our jokes and schtick on each other, trying to crack one another up, but this time my friend was in a very serious mood, and it all related back to TB.

He came right out and told me the big guy broke all our public telephone line 'Loose Lip' protocol rules I set up and pretty much demanded since 1974 when I returned in April of that year from working in Acapulco Mexico.

TB always agreed and followed everything to the letter, never any questions asked once the agreement of security-purity was set up, because he knew how I felt back then and agreed about myself possibly getting implicated from his past weed cargo plane load dealings out of Acapulco. So that is why my protocol rules were accepted and agreed by all, but that was a long time ago, yet now Howie is telling me that T's anger has gotten the

best of him, and even worse, while talking with him long-distance he wouldn't have any of Howie's thoughts and reminders about phone security-purity, and most importantly, calming down and just being fucking careful.

Our friend like I said was really hurting and I'm going to say partially crazed, and Howie told me that after the planning and detailed work TB was placing on me to set up and do a clean Snag-Grab-Capture Op, he was going to kill em all. And as soon as Howie said that, the words T said to me in the plane and later when we were on the ground about running the operation with anything I wanted and needed, and on my planning timetable, it all came home to roost. Yeah, it all now made powerful sense, and it all quickly turned very deeply troubling in my mind.

In this conversation we were having, it was like now Howie was asking me to somehow be the conscience of our friend, and make his battle field stone cold killer ways not happen, especially on American soil, because we had specific down and dirty rules made about that too... This talk we were having was just heavy beyond words, but it was now real and raw, and causing my mind to be going in all kinds of directions that I'd have to sort out and somehow make sense of eventually.

Summing up our short and to the point chat, Howie and myself have never had such a dark talk, but from it the two of us grew closer, and we along with Jacob, Cowboy and Big Freddy, were going to help TB somehow come to grips with not stepping out of bounds like never before. There was no other choice about what I just said, but that was going to be easier said than done, and really an understatement of the situation developing with our stone cold big bad ass buddy.

There was no doubt in my mind that everyone would pitch in and help me come up with a plan to securely *flush* those awful human beings out, but after that, the serious matter of how to control TB and serve some definite serious hard core needed JUSTICE was a situation we would all have to delicately figure out.

Now I'm going sum up what this is all about, and that is something straight to the point that I didn't like hearing my dear friend say out of the blue to my face in a cold and chilling

manner months earlier, and now is angrily breaking all the security-purity phone call protocols with Howie.

And what I'm talking about TB once said to me in an out of character deep dark foul uncontrollable raging mood in an usual super-fast speech pattern for him, is this;

*'They throw `round and use the words Killer and Hit Man real cheap like on all those damn TV cop shows & Hollywood movies, but those actors make light of a sick twisted reality for some folk, and I'm speakin' truth here now bout' me... So I'm gonna say somethin' straight out you've never respectfully brought up face to face with me, but you damn well flat out know my mental weaknesses and ills David, and I'm truly sorry, and I'm pained you taught me that God see's all, and I believe He knows I try though, but still just can't help myself, and I try not to, , but 'Once a Hit Man, Always A Hit Man!'*

~ ~ ~

We greatly appreciate all who took the time to learn of our time and space in this life!

## ***Strength & Honor***

### ***This Completes Book Three***

~ ~ ~

## ***Below are insert pages of BOOK 4***

***TITLED***

## ***You're All Sadly In***

## ***'The Blink of An Eye Line of Fire'***

**Chapter One Name:**

***It's All On The Line Now-2050***

~ ~ ~

***Permit me to say, In Your coming years  
there is going to be so many ways One could  
ask and answer THIS,***

***Will America Survive***

***The Multiple Nuclear Suitcase***

***Bomb Attacks Coming From***

***Within and Out (in 2025) !!-??***

***Is what I WROTE and WARNED***

***ABOUT GOING TO HAPPEN?***

~ ~ ~

***Will Complacency take place in all of 2025?***

# Make No Mistake, I **humbly** *know* what I am sincerely putting into words

All throughout my writings in ‘**A Blink of an Eye**’ 2050, perhaps I’ve *overly* here and there in our Trilogy ‘***ranted and raved***’ from My Fast Portal Moving Quantum Cellular Energy Leap At Times Position of Life.

I humbly have no doubt I was very fortunate to be able to mentally hold myself in deep concentration and analyze and balance all the goings on of the world far away and then in a clap of my hands, just simply totally adjust and carry on in my life and exist in all the vast complexities that we all face during our lifetimes. Maybe it’s an escapism baptism type portal leading me into a real fire storm of the future that’s coming, but if any of you were living in the almost unlimited high stakes accumulating spying trade craft holdings that over decades I wanted and wittingly gravitated to be in, well those years of well-kept secretive clandestine position were the cause of at times my deep worrying thoughts about mankind’s future existence. And so what am I getting at, well I believe you would be pissed off to the maxim damn *MAX as me*, and then seriously end up YOURSELVES pissed off and ***ranting and raving*** absolutely BIG TIME at times too. So my apologies kind of sort of, but nah, not really for my repeated ‘***rants and ravings***’ way too many times in Book 4.

Just thinking and looking back at the many ‘**Blink of an Eye**’ Trilogy inserts, you the reader should by now be able to connect some if not all the DOTS of the criminal behavior of so many **EVIL** bad acting politicians, unelected bureaucrats, and include too many bad acting so-called federal agent top dogs who are so out of control with power, plus the likes of such others who are bastards who yield a gun and a badge, and think they are the almighty above ***The Almighty***, and come at you with forceful intimidation, and BACK AT YOU AGAIN with a gun and a badge of pathetic on display arrogance, and then with pure evil disdain, scream at you with impunity. WELL F\*\*K ALL OF YOU EVIL PRICKS!

The utter lies, the deceit, the sheer incompetence, and arrogant gall, along with utter blatant treasonous acts, and continual failure of any kind of moral compass and believable



semblance of order or so-called leadership, all began first with Oba bla bla starting in his first hours of office in 2008,, FULL STOP--*period*. Then, years after with the *eventual* obvious provable mail-in ballot master played fraud, and so-called 'ballot harvesting', and coupled with the rigged programable corrupted voting machines, along with the evil deeds by Zucker-Bucks, Soros, and others, thus, all of these actions allowed for the stolen election to go down in November of 2020.

Oh, believe me, you will ALL see ONE DAY the complete breakdown of how it ALL WAS DONE, and WHO WERE THE CRIMINAL MASTERMINDS BEHIND IT ALL, AND THEY WILL BE PROSECUTED '**IN TRIBUNAL COURT SETTINGS**'. **And let no one forget about** THAT WEASEL EVIL PRICK NAMED fauci, THE one and only anthony scumbag lying *evil* monster face fauci. He will wish he was dead when it's over!

'biden' (never ever will deserve capital letters like fauci) will bare out that the man and his ignorant useless inept perverted drug addict son were both TOO STUPID to figure out how they left a trail of evidence a first year law student could piece together, , but wait!, **STOP**, NUFF SAID for now ABOUT THOSE TWO EVENTUAL JAIL BOUND p.o.s. M\*\*\*\*R F\*\*\*\*G TRAITORS.

The criminal blatant in your face **EVIL** double standard of justice being doled out by a weak and sniffing little winey pathetic low-life scum bag attorney general of biden, who was continually playing an important part of the engineered corrupt coverups that went **ON** and **ON** for the entire perverted lyin' biden and his family, that is until the BOOK OF KARMA **right on Q** PLAYED OUT THE RIGHTEOUS HAND, AND CRUSHED ALL THE **EVIL** FOR ALL THE BRAINWASHED AMERICANS TO FINALLY WAKE the F#@\$ UP AND SEE!

This really bad actor (AG) for biden, got away with a major cover-up in regards to the horrible crime in the Oklahoma Federal building bomb catastrophe on April 19<sup>th</sup>, 1995, but he was and still is even more arrogant with power, and blind, reckless and smugly craftily cocky during and all through his rise to achieving more power. But tragically the diabolical plan of the murder of a supreme court judge stopped the thought-out plan of putting this sniffing snaggy winey ugly cowardly face prick in the highest court seat in the land. He was denied, THANK GOD, and the rest is history except for the truth to come

out regarding the slickly managed drug injection induced murder of a fine gentlemen who sat on the supreme court, and had many more fine years of doing so ahead for him. You will all learn and see one day what I speak of, mark my words. It's beyond fitting KARMA for all to one day see what will end up happening to this high positioned powerful but really nothing but a sniveling wimpy cowardly little slouched over **evil** man. WATCH IN LATE 2025 to the first quarter of 2026 HOW HIS LIFE CRIMES OF INJUSTICES WILL BE EXPOSED AND HE WILL GET WHAT IS FINALLY SO JUSTIFIABLY COMING TO HIM! **{TRIBUNAL COURT}**

Americans will one day finally realize and come to want to watch X-44 charged with TREASON and seen in the TRUE light he was always acting in, that being a TRAITOR working with the muslim brotherhood, plus Iran and other world bad actors, always plotting one day to destroy Israel and afterwards use all the illegal special trained terrorist border crossers to cause unimaginable total chaos and physical destruction inside America, and be damned what happened to the rest of the world after that.

Believe these words, Obla bla bla is scum, disguised as a loving family man, but watch how KARMA will give him a lesson one day 4 all those to see. Time is moving against him, and the shallow water will be a part of his undoing. His crumb trails are everywhere, from paper trails to spying satellites, recordings off of many computer engineering technology few ever thought were possible, human witnesses and sources, plus much more interesting computer to cell phone leap-frogging vibration capture. Vault 7 was the ultimate for the pentagon, but rogue geniuses were abound and one close to me who stole my dear close friends own Vault one of a kind creation, thus doing so betrayed our respect and trust, but still used his anger to capture untold government principal bad actors. He captured biden and his henchmen in particular ordering spying on everyone in the new alternative streaming platform world, and using the Internal Revenue to viciously attack all his enemies. This rogue X employee of my dearest sweet friend who I knew personally really well, once warned both of us about 44, right from the get-go when he began running for president, and he ranted and raved in a pissed off form forever, and from his deep seeded disdain for 44, he was all over everything 44 participated in during and **after** his time as president, capturing everything with the Peek A Boo of all Peek A Boo's.

And perhaps even more shocking, Patriotic once completely brainwashed Americans will DEMAND the entire crime family of joe biden (REPEAT, never deserves capital letters) that his PROVEN entire criminally involved TREASONOUS family be INPRISONED FOR LIFE, and all their ill-gotten financial gains be absolutely clawed back!

MY RANTING I REALIZE IS OVER THE TOP, BUT IT'S BEST I DO THIS, , U WILL C!

And the cable mainstream networks that constantly lied and looked the other way to protect and even worse, make this pervert biden out to be doing a so-called very good job as president, well they will be slowly EXPOSED to their gullible public that listened, watched, and trusted them. THEY LIED TO YOU PEOPLE, DAY AFTER DAY AFTER DAY, and they laughed in your faces while receiving huge sums of money yearly.

MSNBC will be sued, destroyed, pillared & the likes of each scumbag lying low life hosts hour after hour starting in the morning with 'Morning joe Schmuck Mr. MaGoo Face', will all **B** under eventual careful scrutiny for their role in deceiving the country year after year.

And the queen queer lesbian filthy bitch who was a side mouth *talking* forever *lying* over-paid snot ass-*ug*-manure-face ilk, will see her life completely go up in abysmal flames & be bankrupted for all the criminal charges brought upon her for playing a major role in perpetrating for years an ongoing total gaslighting propagandizing crime against all Americans.

She will know that human decency matters more than her greed and lust for fame and the holding of power over the sheep who devotedly watched her, and believed her, UNTIL THE SHIT HIT THE FAN OF HER UGG FACE. And for her, it was all in the name of money, BIG MONEY, BUT SHE WILL PAY, SHE WILL PAY.

ES&D,B, YDEBOHC2U, FU~O&OA! F Y! any ? code break Delmonti-qQ-Anons whistle **B**

AGAIN OVER THE TOP RANTING & RAGING BUT STEP IN MY SHOES, U WOULD 2

These SLIMIE cable owners who totally allowed this interjecting government brainwashing to happen, will one day pay an eternal price figuratively and literally, and as you read this, they will think that their untouchable and nothing will ever happen to them, but indeed you will start to see, hear, and come to believe the TRUTH slowly unwind and happen by March of 2026, even during the countries slow painful recovery

from the attacks of the dirty nuclear suitcase bombs. The crazy thing from the portal that I sit in now, I observed like millions did this drumbeat of talk about RESET... Well, maybe the scum that were behind the RESET hub-bub, didn't have a clue and see the surprise attacks coming to America, Israel and Russia, but one thing I saw and shared with billions of other human beings, was now there really was a TRUE RESET going on world-wide.

**YES<>it will all unwind tragically, , Sadly...**

**AND** you will see the likes of every single one of the all-day and night broadcasting two-faced lying MSNBC personalities, **CRUMBLE AND EVENTUALLY BE OVER, GONE and DONE WITH THEIR TREACHERY!**

And finally all the world will learn and see evidence that this monster of a human being named 'fauci' (anthony), was lying over and over when the 'COVID-19' started, and it was this **EVIL** prick that started going on nationwide television in and around the third week of March of 2020, and began his tyrannical position of power that put fear and trepidation out into the AIRWAYS OF THE WORLD, '**THE WORLD**', and thus all that began the unraveling of sorts of the small businessmen, and even more sadly I must say, our American normal way of living life, & the destruction of sorts of all civilization around the Globe. IT IS ABSOLUTELY '**SICK**' WHAT THIS ONE LYING PRICK GOT AWAY WITH!

~ ~ ~

**YOU WILL SEE AMERICA ALMOST SUCCOMB TO THE OUTRIGHT EVIL FORCES FROM WITHIN, BUT 'U' WILL ALL HAVE YOUR JUDGMENT DAY IF 'U' RISE UP**

This **EVIL monster** named 'anthony fauci' will HANG UNTIL HIS LAST BREATH ONE DAY FOR THE CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY HE IS GUILTY OF COMMITTING. And you will see his highly paid government security flinch first, then relinquish for him to put up a fight, , this U will C! The man is the pure vision of evil, and history will mark that!

And we must not leave out the long/loud ass face dush bag himself, **John THE Ketchup Kerrythebucketofoblalashit**. He will be literally & figuratively exposed for the alleged slimeball TREASONOUS America back stabber he is, & all this globe-trotting to lie to the world about any of his pet projects, will come to an end & he will be totally found out &

FINISHED, & then be advised to go crawl back to his **Ketchup** catch, and nest with his queen, for as long as he can, but and for his crimes will be OUTED and his freedom will crash like it so deservedly finally should...

You make plenty of us feel disgusted who know all about your alleged games & sexploits you frolic & play in with your Iranian bro's wherever & whenever you go pushing your global warming jerking off HOAX crap, , but guess what, walls & screws & unlimited microphones & amplifiers, plus satellites have amazing ears for listening to big mouth like you *mustard ketchup* man, so in time I allege one fine day your TREASONOUS ACTS AGAINST AMERICA WILL ALL BE ON FULL DISPLAY, and game over 4 U Douch Bag.

You are treading on this ice Mister long hypocrite pale ass-face man, and in time you just might fall thru and not see the surface like you once did when you were so high and mighty and thought to yourself to be so special and important... *It will END,,* 4 sure, IT WILL !

~ ~ ~

## **ADDENDUM – August, 2020**

**Change of subject if I may, and that is, for the Boys, TB, Fitzzy and myself, much wilder and off the chart high and low life and action will come forth from our 4<sup>th</sup> book when the time is right in the future to publish all that needs to be known.**

**We thank you again for taking an interest in our Trilogy, and we hope we have taught you some worthwhile life lessons to help guide yourselves on your life's journeys. God Bless<>Strength & Honor**

***MORE BOOK INSERTS YOU WILL FIND IN THE FUTURE***

~ ~ ~

***“Your Power Is In Your Knowledge”***

# ARTEMIS ACCORDS

## ELON MUSK

*The ARTEMIS ACCORDS are a long way off before any serious implementations or actual usage comes into a real necessity.*

*But in my humble opinion, now in early December of this year of 2020, right in the middle of the screaming covid criminal manipulated fear mongering mind control insanity by fauci and many other PURE EVIL DEVIL WORSHIPPING monsters on Earth, I sense there is no better time than now for Elon Musk to begin his legal positioning for his dreamy plans for Mars to become a site for future homes and much more for pure adventurers like himself, and please, please, please sincerely count me in with your plans to go at it also.*

*I can help you Elon in many ways, especially for the designs and plans for the fabricated specialized Styrofoam structures that will be constantly in action for re-useable in space production to build your future habitable living quarters, and eventually your vast entire new world on MARS.*

*Oh brother, I can humbly explain in detail if you ever so curiously want to know what I have learned and done over many years of vast experiences.*

~ ~ ~

**{Solar Flares and Geo-Magnetic Storms}**

*Learn about Solar Flares from an in-depth chapter the likes of which you've never heard much about before in your lives!*

*Learn about how for decades the WEATHER has been controlled by cloud seeding, and technology born out from the hidden HAARP program.*

*The actions of manipulating Mother Nature will astound those that learn and pay close attention to all that has been done.*

*You will see in your time and space in 2024, just what I speak of with the manipulation of the Weather, will be just that during the Hurricane Season, especially for the Eastern Seaboard of the United States.*

*The Weather controlled manipulated activities will happen and play a part all the way thru the 2024 critical presidential election race.*

*Learn about how Human Beings have the capacity to push forward with their TELEPATHIC abilities, and enhance their clairvoyance, intuitiveness and sixth senses that live inside their brains. Those interested will come to understand and utilize how the fact that 'Most Functions of the Brain are Simply Lying Dormant, Waiting to be Awakened! IT'S TRUE, IT'S TRUE, And when this occurs for those fortunate enough to find these truth's out, their lives will take on new meaning, in many aspects.*

*Learn about one of the secrets of the search to find true wise health measures to do for enhancing longevity in one's life.*

*{The unbelievable importance of the Endothelial Cell Inner Lining Walls of the Human body will become profoundly clearer in coming years.}*

*Telomeres and The Hayflick Limit will have new*

*Amazing Discoveries and Life Extension Enhancement!*

**A GLOBAL WORLD CHANGING MAGNETIC  
POLE SHIFT WILL **POSSIBLY** CREATE A**

***GEOMAGNETIC STORM THAT WILL  
SHATTER ALL OUR LIVES & POSSIBLE  
HUMAN EXISTENCE UNLESS WE PREPARE  
WITH NEVER BEFORE ADMITTED KNOWN  
HIDDEN TECHNOLOGY THAT TAPS INTO  
**'THE FREE ENERGY ALL AROUND US'*****

***The Sun is Heating Up, and the Truth about  
The Global Warming Scam will finally be let  
out of the bag and totally be DEBUNKED!***

***Answers to how to Help Mother Nature are  
put forth in our 4<sup>th</sup> Book.***

***Once it is totally and clearly understood that  
The Oceans Are The Womb of the Planet,  
then changes and helping our Oceans will  
begin by all Nations of the World***

***All Amazing 'TRUTHS'***

***Will Be Uncovered:***



*The Total Planned Destruction And  
Mass Depopulation of the Middle Class  
By The 'WEF', The 'WHO', Gates, Soros,  
and include the*

***CORRUPT UNITED NATIONS.***

***THEY ALL PERPETUATED THE  
GLOBAL WARMING 'HOAX' SO THEY COULD  
BEGIN THE DEPOPULATION PROGRAM,  
STARTING BY DOING A SLOW ROLLING  
DIOBOLICAL BANKRUPTING PLAN AIMED AT  
THE MIDDLE CLASS***

*~ ~ ~*

***THE ABSOLUTE NEEDLES COVID  
VACCINES POKED INTO KIDS  
BLOOD CLOTS WILL BEGIN TO SHOW UP  
BY THE MILLIONS BY THE END OF 2026***

~ ~ ~

***And The Radiation Poison From The  
Multiple Suit Case Nuclear Bomb Attacks  
Will Take Their Toll on millions of  
Innocent Americans***

~ ~ ~

***The years of hidden Facts and Truth will  
finally come out about (biden). This  
mean sick pervert p.o.s has been given  
protection and cover by the corrupt  
propagandizing main stream media  
almost his entire political career.***

*(never capitalize this horrible man's name)]*

***Americans Will Learn  
biden SOLD AMERICA OUT,***

***SPECIFICALLY To China.***

~ ~ ~

***{THIS IS A MUST HAPPEN EVENT}***

***STARTING - 2024***

# ***The Main Stream Media Must Be Destroyed!***

***The MSM lied and got away with covering up the FRAUD and CORRUPTION of the 2020 STOLEN ELECTION, and it is now midway thru 2022 and the Silicon Valley criminals and the Main Stream Media need to be TOTALLY DESTROYED, and it CAN BE DONE!***

***I see the potential of so many streamers, podcasters, working together in a collaboration to EXPOSE ALL THE EVIL GOINGS ON OF THE GOOGLES, ZUCKERBERGS, GATES, WEF, UN,***

***PLUS THE SICK AND TWISTED TALKING HEADS OF CNN, MSNBC, AND ALL THE MAJOR NEWS NETWORKS.***

***PLUS, (NPR)-which should be immediately defunded because of propogandizing and fraud & deception that has been going on for decades.***

***ABC – NBC – CBS – +CANADIAN BRAODCASTING COMPANY. These huge main stream lying news outlets should be irradiated like the cock-roaches they all are. Sorry but then again not sorry for my ranting and raving. Its just criminal what they get away with, day in and day out!***

~ ~ ~

***All the young and new political streamers can consolidate their strengths into a powerful TRUSTED VOICE, and slowly win over the NEEDED ‘LAGGING’ TRUST AND ADMIRATION OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.***

~ ~ ~

## **VALUETAINMENT:**

*(PBD), sir, you are young, smart, always on point, coolly wisely aggressive, Sincerely God Loving, a cagy savvy successful businessman with a very positive thought process to reach your desired future heartfelt good outcomes. You have a quick on your feet to the point after point questioning mind, and to be a bit cagy and straightforward with my intentional shine upon caring words for all to read, I can at times see what your business mind is thinking, and I (100 percent) agree with your visions...*

*Your organization can one day be the lead news INTERNET platform for the world to go to, and much much more than that DOWN THE ROAD.*

*I applaud what you are planning and step by step putting together. I humbly know a little bit about a little bit of your strategic moves you are making. I pray for your success. You will find us in your corner, having your back and we will be attacking*

*the mainstream media full boar, 17 plus 7 hours a day, rain, shine, good/bad weather done by HAARP or not. The evil must be shown to all the brainwashed and just plain ignorant Trump hating fools around the world. No one but The Lord and His Son are PERFECT, and JOHN 12:37 should be carefully thought about by all on Earth.*

*Your streams or podcasts, (which ever this world today calls or labels them), but all I can clearly see is IT IS TIME TO COMPLETELY WITHOUT ANY HOLDING BACK, **DESTROY** THE MAIN STREAM MEDIA. AGAIN, I WILL DO ALL I CAN WITH THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT PATRIOTS, WHICH WILL SET SAIL IN 2025.*

*The MSM must be stopped in the future from controlling the outcome of the next presidential election.*

*If biden and his 'vp' knee pad specialist rise to power again by stealing another 4 years with the help of the powers that be, then the United States*

*of America is **FINISHED!** I am sadly speaking from my heart and my clear visions.*

***BUT IN TRUTH AND CANDOR, THE LORD IS NOT GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH ALL THE CHEATING AND DASTARDLY PLANS THAT WORKED IN THE 2020 ELECTION... NO, IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, BUT THE DEMON'RATS WILL DO THEIR BEST AND TRY THOUGH.***

~ ~ ~

*Again, our TRILOGY tells it all, but*

*'In A Blink of An Eye'*

***AMERICA CAN BE DESTROYED IF GOOD MEN DO NOT FIGHT BACK, STARTING NOW!***

***I SINCERELY ASK FOR GODS HELP***

~ ~ ~

***The World Will Be Rocked By More Savory Destructive Viruses***

***FOR MANKIND & COMPUTERS***

~ ~ ~

***More Revelations coming in Book 4***

***The Diabolical True Cold War Past***

***And Present 'TRUTHS'***

***Will Begin To Unravel From SPIES***

***Who Came In From The Dark:***

~ ~ ~

***Human Secret Cloning Projects:***

***Mind Control beyond MK-Ultra:***

***Body & Face Exact Look-Alike***

***Doubles Via Amazing Masks***

***And Major Plastic Surgeries:***



***The truths about plucking out entire families that were MK-Ultra engineered for dozens of years and then called upon to follow whatever their handlers had for them to be explicitly doing in the desired future.***

***When the TRUTHS come out, that is when the TRUE AWAKENING BEGINS FOR BRAINWASHED AMERICANS ASLEEP FOR TOO LONG.***

~~~~~

THE UNRAVELING OF THE EVILNESS TIED TO THE WELL KEPT SECRET OF VAULT 17 MINUS 10

And The List of Horrors

***Goes On and On and On
'Until The Next Revolution'
"America Reborn"***

This Matters



Look for Book Four Cover Below

***'We are Not Alone
In the Universe'***

Please scroll down & check out our art work of

'We are Not Alone in The Universe'

"Your Power Is In Your Knowledge"

~ ~ ~

JOHN 3:16

JOHN 12:37

~ ~ ~

'THE LORD IS ALL PRESENT'

~ ~ ~

Please Scroll Down One Full Page

~ ~ ~

The Art Work for Book 4 is Introduced

